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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXII., No. 3.

SKETCHES OF MODERN INDIAN LIFE.

BY FATHER A. DIOMEDI.

(*Continued.*)

Chapter III.

Tour of a Missionary.

People, who form their opinion of missionary journeys from books written for pastime or from newspaper anecdotes, have very little knowledge of the real state of things and small appreciation of their trials and hardships. It is very romantic, one may say, to pass the summer travelling along magnificent rivers of transparent water, sheltered by thick woods from the scorching rays of the sun, and refreshed by the bracing breezes that sweep down from the Rocky Mountains. Apart from the busy hum of towns, and with no care to disturb the heart, it must be pleasant for a man to spend his life among the picturesque spots of nature. Many may have such ideas and may look upon the life of the missionary as one of ease, rather than of self-sacrifice and self-denial. But, in reality, although to some it may appear poetic and romantic, it is to the last degree prosaic and full of trials and privations for those who embrace it. A missionary does not travel for a few weeks, or months, but during the entire year; not in favored spots, but all about the country; not for pleasure's sake, but in the discharge of stern duty; not provided with every comfort,

but often destitute of even the necessaries of life. I have had experience of this kind of life for about ten years, and I know that it is not only hard, but about the hardest life that can be imagined. Permit me here to relate a winter's excursion which I made from Colville Mission to the mouth of the Okinagan, from there to Lake Sooyons and thence back to Colville, that you may judge for yourself, kind reader, how poetic and pleasant is the daily life of a missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

Colville Mission is situated upon an elevated table-land in Washington Territory, about four miles from Kettle Falls. Its church, ninety-five feet long and sixty wide, stands on the top of a hill commanding the narrow flat irrigated by the Colville River. At the foot of this hill begins an Indian Settlement which extends along the Columbia River for several miles. I left this mission December 2, 1879, for my winter trip among the Indians. It is rather a long journey, requiring from three and a half to four months, and the roads are somewhat dangerous; therefore, it was necessary for me to secure a good, faithful Indian guide, whose services would be all the more useful to me, because I had barely recovered strength after a long attack of mountain fever during the autumn. I called upon a pious Indian, by the name of Edward, and asked him whether he would accompany me on my winter trip. "Those poor creatures," said I, "hardly ever see a priest, so that they have no chance to go to confession nor to be instructed; we ought to take pity on them and give them, this year, an opportunity of going to their duties. Now, my good man, you can help them if you go with me on this expedition." He rather hesitated saying that the journey was a long one; "but," said he, "let me go and see if my wife has provisions for the winter; if she is willing, I will go with you." After three days he returned to tell me that he had arranged everything and was ready to start. Then I got together my provisions, consisting of a sack of flour, a few pounds of bacon, some tobacco to pay the ferry on the Columbia River; also a buffalo robe and two blankets for bedding and a case containing everything requisite for saying Mass. We started, as I have said, on December 2. I took the lead wherever there were Indian Settlements; because, according to Indian customs, the guide should follow and not go ahead; and my Indian would have been reproved by the others had he been seen in front of me, so he drove the pack-horse. The snow was not more than six inches deep on the little flat adjoining the mission hill, and, after travelling a mile and a half, we entered the woods, which are densely supplied,

mostly with pine and red fir, which would furnish an immense amount of lumber for building purposes. When we had travelled something like six miles, I saw an Indian coming along, who, taking off his hat, went to speak to the guide, whom, by this time, I had sent on ahead. He said to Edward; "Tell the father to come to my house to-night, I would be glad to see him." Edward brought the message to me. I inquired why he did not come and speak to me himself. Then Edward told me; "He is too much ashamed of himself, because, last summer, when he had been drinking, he wounded one of his friends in a fight. After getting sober he despaired of recovering his good name among the Indians, but he was so sorry for what he had done, that he went to see his friend and gave him fifty dollars, with a good horse and sleigh, by way of satisfaction. For over three months afterwards, he was still ashamed to show himself in public. So, father, do go and see him; you may do him some good." "Well," I answered, "ride up to his house, I will see if I can do anything with him." At sunset I reached the door of the Indian's hut, and he received me very kindly. After remaining for some time in silence, he began: "Father, I was very bad last summer, while I was working with the whites. I had several chances to drink and I did so with some other Indians, disregarding your advice and your reproof. We became intoxicated, and not knowing what we were about, we had a fight. This ended with my cutting one of my friends badly with a knife. I am very bad, father, and I do not know what to do. My friend has forgiven me the injury I did to him and I have given him what satisfaction I could, yet I feel so bad that I have no courage to do anything even for the support of my family." "Poor man," said I, "I feel very sorry for you, but you must learn hereafter to listen to the priest. You know very well that if you had minded me and kept away from the town, you would not have brought yourself to this misery from which arises such fearful remorse of conscience. Make your peace now with God; go to the church and listen to the instructions which the father there is giving the people, and then on the feast of the Immaculate Conception you can go to confession. After that, arrange matters with the chief, for a permanent peace between you and the family of the wounded man, and begin to live again in an upright manner as you were doing last summer. God will have mercy on you if you are sincerely sorry for the wrong you have done and are earnest about amending your ways." He answered, "I must do so," and I learned on my return that he had followed my advice. The next morning seeing that

my riding horse was lame he came to me saying: "Father, that horse cannot carry you through such a journey; let me lend you mine." So he went out, caught and saddled it for me, and with a feeling of gratitude for my short visit to his family he bade me good-bye.

I then travelled along the Columbia River, making about twenty miles that day. I invited all the people, as I went along the road, to come to the church the next morning, as I intended to say Mass in a little chapel which had been built in the year 1878 by a chief of a little tribe of Sempuelsh. I reached there towards evening and the chief meeting me said: "Good evening, father, it is quite cold; come into my house. I will keep you warm." I readily accepted this invitation and passed the night there. After supper, while giving me some information with regard to his people, he told me: "Father, you know the Indian L. P.; well, since last autumn he has been gambling and he has collected gamblers even from the Spokane Indians, in spite of you." "Why so?" said I. "You know," he replied, "that L. P. some time ago became dissatisfied with his wife and accused her of a crime to the chief of the Sgoielpi last summer. We had our court, and found her innocent; yet he insisted that we should have punished her. From inquiries made we found out that he had been anxious for us to condemn her, because this would have made her appear as guilty before the people and thus have furnished him with a pretext for killing her. So the chief went to see you and you said that it was not lawful to punish an innocent woman. This made him angry against you and in his wrath he swore to kill you. So I warn you, father, not to go down where L. P. is, because he is so exasperated at not having succeeded in his plans that he may kill you." I told him that I was astonished to hear all this and that on the morrow, after church, I would see what I should do. I had service the next morning, gave an instruction and administered about thirty communions. Then, after taking a light repast, I called a man by the name of Timothy and I said to him; "Let us go to see L. P. and his gamblers." I saddled my horse and went three miles down the Columbia River with Timothy. When we had come to within about thirty yards of the gambling lodge I asked Timothy to go and call them out, and tell them all that I wished to see them. After a while, he came out and told me that they did not want to see me. I bade him go back again and tell them that I was waiting in L. P's house to see them all. At last they came; there were about fourteen or fifteen of them, sitting on the floor, and they surrounded me, with L. P. just

in front of me. Standing in their midst and addressing L. P. I said: "Now here I am, alone, without arms, surrounded by your men; get up, take your bow or your revolver, and shoot me." For a moment there was silence, then he got up and said: "Yes, that was my wish and I had sworn to kill you, but now my mind is different." "Then," said I, "the injury you would have done to me by killing me would have been great, but yet not so great as the offence you have already given the Sacred Heart of Jesus by your criminal behavior and threats of killing me; your words have been so many arrows wounding the Divine Heart, and your continued anger has been the cause of its bleeding. You all here are enemies of Jesus, because you have transgressed His law by gambling and drinking, and much more by threatening His Minister in my person. He has been merciful to you, but you have been ungrateful to Him. Now, the road lies before you; whosoever wishes to follow Jesus Christ, let him come with me to the church, and do penance for his sins, and whoever wishes to follow the devil, let him go with that chief L. P." I went out, mounted my horse and took my way slowly back to the church, but I could see that all the men, women and children were following me. I went into the church, and after saying some prayers, preached quite a long time and with a good deal of strength, and then I told them that they were to walk their three miles every morning and evening for five days, that they might hear God's word explained. I gave them a little mission, which was more fruitful than I anticipated. During those days they had several meetings with the chief, a man of faith and of experience, who helped considerably to restore the good order and morality of that infant tribe. The mission induced about fifty to go to confession and communion; all but L. P. showed signs of repentance, and good order prevailed in that locality for some time. After that, L. P. found himself left alone and consequently he began to stop gambling and drinking and to behave better.

This mission caused me a delay of about six days, so that I had to hurry on to visit the other tribes. We travelled about thirty miles the next day, reaching the mouth of the Spokane River, where a few lodges of Protestant Indians were set up. I found there a man named *Gulguizulem*, "The Living Bull," with two lodges of relatives. They perceived at once that I was a priest, and, although I wanted to talk with them, I found them very sullen. I then asked them if they would not help me across the Spokane River Ferry, but none of them wanted to do it. I offered to pay a squaw for the use of her canoe, but she only looked at me indignantly

and answered, "Never!" I then walked away telling my guide to go and speak to them while I offered a silent prayer to God that He would touch their hearts and make them treat their fellow Christians, at least, humanely. After a few minutes Edward returned saying: "It is no use; they hate you and would not ferry you across for any amount of money." "Well," said I, "let us cheer up, God will help us." Then I made one more effort, saying to the squaw: "I will pay you in money, if you will let me have the use of your canoe." "Never," said she, "the priest is our deadly foe, never!" While I was debating what in the world we should do, happening to look around we saw an Indian chasing horses. Approaching him, we discovered him to be one of those poor people of the Nzalim, the elder brother of L. P. We called him and asked him to help us to cross the river. "Yes," said he, "let us go a couple of miles down stream and we shall find a canoe there belonging to one of my relatives, we can cross there and swim the horses." We followed this suggestion and so got across that same night. Next day, we started again, and, after a few miles, we found a little camp of Indians, five lodges in all, of the Sempuelsh tribe. Here again trouble awaited us. A woman of that tribe had married a white man, who kept a little store, and professed to be what the pagans call a dreamer. I went into the house to buy a kettle to boil my flour, because the one I brought with me from the mission had begun to leak. As soon as this woman saw me she became like one in a fury. "Why have you come here among us? To convert us, I suppose! You are always preaching against our dreaming, but your own religion is worse than ours. I know how to read; I have been to Portland, and I know that you priests are thieves! Where do you get your coat, your pants, your clothing?" and so she carried on in such an insulting way that it required Job's patience to listen to her. I kept cool and let her talk until her breath gave out; then, said I; "Did you ever know me to ask anything from you? or from any Indian that you know? If I go around, it is only for God's sake and to help those who wish to become good and upright; those, however, who prefer to remain pagans and dreamers are never molested by me." This answer seemed to exasperate her and she began again worse than before; so much so that her children interfered and endeavored to quiet her down. But now, my Indian, having lost his patience said: "Shut your mouth; I am just tired of this." Seeing that the adventure might end badly, owing to my guide's growing too excited: "Come," said I, "let us push on a little further." So we started and made

several miles more, satisfied that on the two preceding days, if there had been no gain of souls, there had been at least some trials patiently endured. We next camped at White Stone, where the snow was about fourteen inches deep. While preparing our evening meal, we laughed over the crazy fit of that learned Sempuelsh woman, until Edward cried out "all is ready," and we sat down on the soft snow to take our supper. By the way, perhaps you would like to know what my fare was! It was very wholesome. First we melted some snow in our kettle and then poured into it a couple of handfuls of flour; this we stirred quickly and when it had boiled and thickened a little, we poured the contents into two tin dishes, and cheerfully swallowed it. We acquired such proficiency in this manner of cooking, that after the snow had melted, it took but a few minutes to prepare our meal. The same bill of fare served for breakfast, dinner and supper. Boiling the melted snow destroyed all the impurities, but the odor was very disagreeable. Besides this, we had a little tea nearly every day, and we thought it a feast when we could get a little dried venison or fish. However, in summer we change our food, as the Indians do, and eat their roots with them, especially their camas, which are nourishing and not bad when fresh. Once, while among the Calispelem, I had nothing else but camas to live upon, with some bad water scarcely fit for human beings. At that time I was preaching to them four times a day, and this work, upon such fare, impaired my health. I became quite ill, and the Indians thinking I was going to die, went to Colville Mission to ask for a father. One came with some provisions, so I got better. Still my case was not so bad as what happened to Fr. Joset among the Cœur d'Alene. Whilst on one of his journeys, as he told me himself, he was so destitute of food that he lived for about two weeks on the moss which grows on black pine trees.

But this is a digression; to return to my story. We put up our tent and endeavored to make it as comfortable as possible. We removed the snow from a spot in the centre, to make a place to build a fire; then taking some pieces of bark, we spread them over the snow to keep the moisture away from our feet and bed, and lastly having spread our buffalo robes and a pair or two of blankets, our night's shelter was prepared. Early the next morning, soon after prayer, we made ready to cross, by the short Indian trail, the prairie which is called the "Grand Cully Country," or sometimes, the "Big Bend of the Columbia." The land is good, and bunch-grass grows all over it; still there is lack of water for such an immense district, and lack of woods, so that travel

is dangerous there in both winter and summer. You must know all about the few willow-springs and the few willow-thickets to be found in it, or else you will be liable to suffer from thirst in summer, or to be frozen during the winter. This land is now beginning to be settled very rapidly, its great fertility being an attraction for emigrants notwithstanding the difficulties to be overcome. From the place where we then were, it was necessary to travel at least forty-five miles, before reaching any of those willow-thickets, even going by the shortest trail. We started and went along briskly for about three hours, but, at half-past nine or ten o'clock, a snow-storm, which had been threatening since the evening before, came down so heavily, that the woods behind us, as well as the mountains on our right, were soon lost to view. After a while the beaten trail began to disappear, so that, being unable to follow it, our horses were plunging in the deep snow and could hardly make any headway against it. Consulting with the guide, I said; "What are we to do now? There is no fuel here; it is very stormy; we cannot camp for no tent can stand the blowing of the wind across this open prairie; we have lost the road and cannot hope to find any landmark in this blinding snow." "Well, really," he replied, "I do not know what to say; the river must be on our right though." Stopping for a moment, and looking around, imagining that I saw something, I said, "There is a wagon coming, how is that?" Looking sharply my guide answered: "there is no wagon at all to be seen." It proved to be that some deer running before the storm had scented us and disappeared behind a hill, leaving a trail which helped us greatly. We stopped for about half an hour until the storm had somewhat abated, so that we could get a glimpse of the mountains of the Columbia. Taking that direction, and going down hill, it became clear enough for us to observe a tree about three quarters of a mile distant, approaching which we found some fallen timber and encamped there, at about three o'clock P. M. Towards evening, when the sky cleared up a little, we found ourselves beside the Columbia at about four miles from its banks, just in front of the mouth of the Sempuelsh River. "Now here we are, among our enemies again," said I to Edward. He answered: "I will go down and see the camp of Kolaskan and ask them to take us across the Columbia." "Well," said I, "if you succeed in that you will be a great man." He went and came back about dark, telling me that all his efforts had been fruitless. "Kolaskan," said I, "is a poor wretch who has greatly deceived his own people. He is a dreamer who sometimes shuts himself up

in his tent and allows no one to see him. Then he comes out and tells his people that he has had a revelation from heaven during his seclusion." The revelation he had a few years ago was this: There will be a great flood over the whole earth; all human beings shall be destroyed; but the Sempuelsh Indians shall be saved, if they do what I command them. Then he told them to set to work and build a large boat in which they were to take refuge as soon as the flood began, which would be in the course of eight years from the time of his revelation. The people began to saw lumber with the whip-saw and had prepared about three thousand feet of it for the building of such a boat. He endeavored to persuade some Catholics to do the same; they informed me and I spoke several times to the people to caution them against such nonsense. Then he began to preach against the priest and the Catholic religion, and has excited his own people so much, that at present it is impossible to do anything with that tribe, nor is it safe for a priest to go among them. When Fr. Vanzina went to visit them, Kolaskan, crippled as he was, took a knife and tried to strike him, while he was preaching, seeing which Fr. Vanzina jumped on his horse and rode off. "So," said I to my guide, "if that learned woman, the faithful servant of such a man, abused us so furiously at White Stone, what will he do to us himself? It will be better for us to go on to other pagans, who may be willing to hear the word of God, than to lose our time here." So the next day we travelled along the Columbia, and after two more days' journey reached camp Okinagan. There I found the commanding officer so kind to me that I began to forget all past hardships. He invited me to stay a while with him, but I was obliged to decline his pressing invitation in order that the faithful discharge of my duty towards the Indians may not have given him any annoyance. I saw at about a quarter of a mile from the camp two lodges of pagans of Moses's tribe. I went to see them and to manifest the object of my visit. I assembled some of the people in a tent, where I began to explain the Apostles' Creed, telling them that it contained the whole of our faith. While looking around upon the assembly during my speech, I noticed a little girl so seriously ill, that she seemed to have but a short time to live and I was very anxious to give her the life of grace through the saving waters of Baptism. However, I concealed my desire for the time being. Her father, whose name was "Little Wolf," told me that he could not be the first to become a Christian and was very desirous that I should speak with their chief; "for" said he, "if you can convert him, you may be able to do

something with the rest of us." I thought such an answer friendly enough and took leave of him, saying: "to-morrow I will see you again." The next day I visited him twice and pressed him to allow me to baptize the little girl; "her soul will become as white as snow," I added, "and if she dies, will enjoy eternal happiness." He told me that as yet he could not permit me to do such a thing, because, as there were then no Christians at all in the tribe, Moses would be angry with him if he were to be the first to let a priest baptize children." Finding that I could do nothing, I left, saying: "I will send for Moses and see what I can do with him." The next day I saw that the little girl was worse so I suggested going for the doctor of the garrison and speaking to him about her. To this the father agreed and seeing that I took so much interest in the sick child said to me: "When she is going to die, I will send for you and then you may baptize her, if you please." Finally, on Christmas eve, the father said to me: "I give her to you." This expression meant a great deal in the case of Baptism, for it signified that, not only would he permit me to baptize the child, but that he himself would not interfere with her Catholic education, and would do his best to see that she observed whatever her religion might require of her. So, I called in my good Edward to be her godfather, and with as much solemnity as possible I baptized her. Six days later, the father sent a messenger to the mouth of the Okinagan, telling me that Mary was dead. Poor little creature! how much happier she is now than she would have been in her poor home! And how consoling the thought that the first flower of the Sinkaensi has been safely transplanted to a garden where it will never fade!

Meanwhile the winter took a very bad turn. Wind-storms raged all over the mountains and through the valleys, uprooting the most gigantic trees; and frequent and heavy snows covered the ground, while the thermometer for two weeks had been ranging from 18° to 29° below zero. This extreme cold caused great destruction among the cattle and horses, and the rivers Smilgami and Okinagan were frozen over. Even the swift Columbia was frozen, with the exception of about fifteen or twenty feet in the channel. This sudden change caused a return of my fever and there I was prostrate upon the snowy bank of the Columbia. About the 27th or 28th of December, it being a bright day and the thermometer indicating only 10° below zero, I said to my guide: "I am feeling somewhat better to-day and think that we had better hurry on. It is impossible to cross the river here, so we must go further down and ask help from the

Indians; most of my work is on the other side of the river." We set out and travelled six miles when kind Providence directed us to go to a place on the Columbia where five men were at work hauling fuel for the soldiers. The cold was so intense, that they were forced to work to keep themselves warm; and though their huts were mostly under ground, they kept a large fire constantly burning to avoid being frozen to death. I requested them to be kind enough to help me to cross. They said that it was impossible as there was no place to land on the other side. "Well," said I, "let us try it at all events. To-morrow being Sunday, you will be free to do this great act of charity; for God's sake, help me to cross. The salvation of many souls depends upon this act of kindness on your part, and you may be assured that God will not fail to reward you for it, upon your death-bed." Touched by my earnest entreaties, they all volunteered to assist me. The next day it was not so cold when they set to work; they had a large scow for hauling timber; and after cutting away all the ice around it and opening a channel in the middle of the river, they went down the bank to see if they could recognize a fit landing-place on the other side. A mile below, they discovered upon the opposite side a large bay with ice-banks, and they thought that if they could only get into that bay with their scow, it would be easy to land the horses. As it was somewhat late in the afternoon when they returned, they were afraid to venture out again into the icy current in the darkness, so they decided to wait over night. The next morning, the ice, newly formed in the open channel, was hardly a quarter of an inch thick, so it was quickly broken, and taking my four horses, they put out into the stream. As soon as they were in the current, they were carried down rapidly and after working hard succeeded in entering the bay. One of the men jumped upon the ice and secured the boat with a cable to the bank. They then opened a new channel for a few yards, until they found the ice solid enough to bear the horses, and thus easily transferred them to the other side. But, coming back, the four rowers, and two men with a rope, had very hard work to pull the scow up against the strong current and a worse time still in getting back to the landing to take me across in turn. I was glad enough to get into that scow, but to take me across was no easy matter; however, by about noon it was all accomplished. How kind these men were to me! My guide remarked that but for their charitable assistance, we should have been drowned in crossing, for the floating ice would inevitably have upset any of the Indian canoes.

We packed our horses at once and proceeded on our journey. Old black Jim, going over the steep bank of the river, missed his footing and tumbled down so clumsily that he slid upon the ice of the river for five or six yards, but the snow and the pack protected him sufficiently, so that with our help he got up again and went on unhurt. We travelled about six miles, the weather becoming very cold again, when towards the close of the afternoon we reached "Fort Okinagan," where the Hudson Bay Company used to keep a trading post. There I found a camp of wild Indians, about five hundred in number, of the Sinkaensi, Tecoratem and a portion of the Mitgawi tribes. They were indeed the real Indians of old. Here I saw that spirit-dance of which I have already given a description. The next day I rang the bell for church, but nobody came; they were all too tired. I then sent my guide to call them to my lodge. There were about ten Catholics who had assisted at the spirit-dance; these came to see me and then little by little some of the pagans came in and among them the chief himself, Nmosize, who seemed to have the intention of getting something out of me. When they were all there I began to speak to them. "Last night," said I, "was for the devil, let to-day be for God." Hardly had I said these words when Nmosize got up, furious, saying to me: "Go away from my land; you always come here to reprove us for our customs. Your Americans spent New-Year's day worse than we did. I saw them drunk and still drinking, quarrelling and fighting. You are worse than we are, and yet you come here and urge us to become Christians." I told him that those who spent New-Year's day, as he described, either were not Christians, or if they were, then they were not living up to their religious belief. Hence, even though their behavior were as bad as he represented it, no discredit was thereby thrown upon their religion. He interrupted me by saying: "Now give me your buffalo robe, it is very cold here." "No," said I, "for if I give it away I shall be frozen to death." "Do you answer the chief in that way?" "Yes," said I, "for I, too, am a chief. But now let me talk to the people. I came here for the purpose of teaching them the word of God and of giving them the opportunity of embracing the Christian religion." He then said: "I will not allow you to talk to them: nobody asked you to come here; we do not want your religion, we follow that of our forefathers. You heard our prayer last night, you saw our customs; these we learned from our fathers who were a noble and glorious people. If we follow their example, we shall be as they were. And you have come here to tell us that these customs are bad,

that we should give them up. You are an imposter." Then he added, to change the subject; "Now give me your buffalo robe and I will give you two horses." I replied: "I value my life more than the two horses you offer me; even were you to give me your whole herd of horses, I would not let the buffalo robe go." "Now," answered he, "I have caught you, I gave you the right name when I called you an imposter. You call yourself a father and you say that we are your children, I never saw a father refuse his children either clothing or food. I am freezing, and I asked you for a robe to cover myself, and you deny it to me. You are deceiving us; you are not our father, go away from our land." "Nmosize," said I, "you know better; you are making use of this pretext to excite the feelings of your people against me. You know very well that I am poor and that my only object in coming here is that you may embrace the Christian religion. Your people know this too, and if you were not present they would come to hear the instruction I am waiting to give them, Then, after having thought the matter over, some of them, perhaps many, would bring their children to be baptized and, in a short time, would make up their minds to become Christians themselves. You alone will be to blame that God's will is not manifested to them. Before long you will appear before God's judgment-seat to give an account of your wrong-doing, and I assure you that God will deal with you as you deserve. If you had not been here, there would have been no scandal last night and all these people would have listened to my words. I will go now because I have no time to lose in idle and unprofitable talk, but next summer I will go down the Cheilán where your people live and I will build a chapel among them." He said again: "Go away, and do not trouble me any longer," and so the meeting ended. I kept my word, however, and the next summer, I went to the Cheilán and built a chapel, while he was absent, where I had two baptisms and made many friends among the people. When he returned and saw what I had done, he became so enraged that he set fire to the chapel and destroyed it.

At this time the chief of the Mitgawi Indians, Kolossaskat, approached me saying: "These people are bad, they do not want the priest; come to see us, we are nearly all Catholics." I said: "very well, get ready, I will start with you." It was then the 4th of January, and I was about two hundred miles from the mission; my provisions were getting low, and my horses growing thin, and I was still about a hundred miles from the central object of my mission among the Catholic Indians. I soon started and travelled

about twelve miles north along the Okinagan River, and at dark I reached the small tribe of Kolossaskat. The Indians had seen me at some little distance and so came out of their lodges and were waiting to welcome me. Dismounting, I shook hands with every one of them; and they put up my tent, brought me fuel, and after half an hour I rang the bell for prayer. There were about seventy souls, all told; some of them had not seen a priest for two years and were very anxious that I should remain a week with them, but I could not, my time was too limited. I told them I would remain three days, spending the feast of the Epiphany with them. I preached to them four times a day and spent the rest of the time in private instruction. I was truly edified to see those wild creatures so earnest to do right. Although their chief was a man of no account, and a few pagans among them were rather immoral, still the general tendency of the tribe was very edifying. All day long, between my instructions, men and women filled my tent, to learn how to baptize children in danger of death, or when the Ember-days would fall, or when Lent would begin; or what kind of work should be avoided on Sunday, and what was allowed. They listened to my explanations with great eagerness and divided themselves into three different parties, each in its own way to mark those things either in the mind or on some sticks. Some had strings, made of deer skin; in one they made as many knots as the number of weeks to elapse before Lent began, and in the other the number of days. They were very anxious to learn their prayers and their catechism, and they knelt whilst learning their prayers. After having repeated them so many times with me, they would go home and spend all their time saying them over and over again, until they had learned them by heart. On the day of the Epiphany I baptized three boys, calling them by the respective names of the Three Magi; one of these was the son of a pagan. I said Mass and had about twenty-five communicants and they were all very sorry that I could remain among them only so short a time.

When I left they helped me to cross the Okinagan which was frozen, though insecure at some points on the other side. The road was bad on account of deep snow, still the Indian trail was sufficiently visible and we were able to advance that day twelve or fifteen miles north-west along the frozen river. The fever which had returned was troubling me greatly; the quinine I took seemed to do me no good, but only to affect my head very disagreeably. Some snow began to fall the next day, and in the evening we had such a great wind-storm that it was impossible to keep a fire in-

side our tent; for the little time we had it we were in great danger of a conflagration. We travelled another day along the Okinagan, and then my trials began to be very severe. There was no fuel to be had but some willow-brush, in the midst of which we camped and to which we tied our tents; there was no feed for the horses and the snow was deep. The guide said to me: "Father, the horses are giving out, I am afraid we may have trouble." Looking around, we spied on the other side of the river some wild rye sticking out above the snow and we drove our horses over there. I shall never forget that place; the mountain on the east side of the river is rocky, perpendicular and almost bare, with a space of about twenty yards between its base and the shore. The river forks, and forms an island which is over-spread with very thick brush. To the north, there is a narrow passage between two immense rocks; this is the spot where the Okinagan used to lie in wait to fall upon the white man and surprise him, as he peacefully passed through the country on his way to the gold regions. As soon as he was in that narrow passage, they would rush down upon him, rob him and kill him. These things happened many years ago when there had been trouble and war with the north-western tribes, which was put an end to by Colonel Wright. If what my guide told me be true, the Indian, who was chief at that time, put a stop to such lawlessness in a very summary manner. He knew of an Indian who had murdered a white man, and there also happened to be a white man around there who had murdered an Indian, so he took them both and hanged them, the Indian at the northern entrance to that gap and the white man at the southern. This proceeding spread all through that part of the country and put an end to such deeds. It was a gloomy spot, and in my feverish condition suggested the thought that this would probably be my last trip. In the evening, my Indian guide said to me: "Why did you ever leave the mission for such a horrible journey as this; here we are in danger and our horses all giving out." "Do not be afraid," said I, "God is with us." During the night, more snow fell and as we were about to start the next morning the storm increased. I was so exhausted by fever and was so very dizzy that I could not mount my horse without great distress and the assistance of my guide, and then I found that I could not keep my seat in the saddle. Our animals refused to face the storm that was raging, and so we could not make any headway, but were doomed to spend another day in that sad spot. The following day, however, we started again; the snow was so deep that often our horses were obliged to plough

through it chest-deep. After going on for about two miles, we came upon the trail made by a herd of cattle moving southward to avoid the storm, which was coming from the north. As they came from the quarter to which we were going, we thought that to retrace their footsteps would lead us in the right direction, but after going on for about two miles or more we discovered that we were wrong. We then turned and crossed the prairie, and after being in the saddle from half-past eight in the morning till after three in the afternoon, we had made but six miles headway owing to the difficulties which we had encountered. We were in a gulch, that is to say, a narrow strip of prairie, about an eight of a mile in width, bordered on the west by the steep and rocky range of the Smilgami Mountains, and on the east by hills whose summits were sufficiently uncovered to allow the bunch-grass upon them to be seen. Here we stopped to camp. My horses were so exhausted that I gave them some flour, which they ate very eagerly; then I let them loose to graze, thinking they would not go far away. I was mistaken, for while we were putting up our tent and preparing our fuel, they, scenting a coming storm, set their faces southward, and how they disappeared is more than I can say. We had pitched our tent on level ground in the midst of a pine-grove, nor had we any thought that it might be a dangerous place. During the night we had another heavy fall of snow with a high wind, and in the morning all trails and all traces of the horses had disappeared. My guide went out to search for them and was gone the whole of that gloomy day; at night he came back crying. I was lying prostrate with the fever, seeing which he said to me: "Father, you are already a dead man; our horses have disappeared, leaving no trace behind; the cold is intense, our provisions are nearly gone and we are very far from the nearest Indian house." "Don't fear," said I, "God's will be done! He will help us." Then I began to talk to him and to prepare him for any event, and what he said to me in reply showed his piety and spirit of sacrifice. "I am ready to die; I thought of this when I started, and I am glad to give up my life for the sake of Christ and for the salvation of the Indians." He then began to prepare supper, thinking all the time what he had better do; but seeing no means of escape he kept repeating: "Poor priest! You must die!" After supper, quite late in the night, he awoke me, telling me that the next day I must chop wood all day long, and he would go out to reconnoitre the place, and try to find out which direction to take in order to reach the nearest Indians and to send them to my rescue; and on the follow-

ing day he would start off for help to save himself and me. I told him that I would rather follow him than remain alone in that wilderness, but he said; "No, it is better for you to die here in peace than after a long struggle to be buried in the snow." The next morning, right after prayer, he went off and when he came back in the evening and looked at the little pile, which I had split with such labor and difficulty, he was surprised to find it so small. "I have enough here," said I. "Now tell me the result of your observations." "I think we are about thirty-five miles from François (one of the chiefs of the Okinagan), and it will take me three days to reach there. To-morrow morning I will set forth, and if God helps me not to miss my footing in the snow, I will see you again; if not, then you will never hear of me and I shall see you no more." He baked all the flour we had into three little cakes, upon which two people were to subsist for three or four days. Looking at the cakes, he began to cry, saying: "O, father! You will die! No fuel! No provisions! How can you live?" "God will take care of me," said I. "You must take two of the cakes for your provision, one is enough for me." Early the next morning he said to me: "My heart is all right now and I am ready to die; let me make my confession and start out; if God helps me, you shall see me again; if not, I am satisfied. pray for me!" I tried to conceal my emotion, but his words fell heavily upon my heart and my fever was increasing. After he had made his confession, we partook of a portion of the bread together with some tea. Then he took the axe and two blankets, and making all into a little bundle, fastened it on his shoulders with straps. Then he took a long slender rod to sound the snow in dangerous places, and kneeling down before me, asked my blessing, saying: "pray for me, father." Getting up he grasped my hand, saying: "I leave you alone, but if God helps me I will come back for you; otherwise we shall never hear of each other again, but my heart is good." I watched him until he disappeared from my sight, tears flowing freely from my eyes. Good, faithful Indian guide, who willingly ventured his own life to save mine!

Imagine for a moment what must have been my feelings, when first left to that unbroken solitude, afflicted as I was with that burning fever. However, summoning all my courage, I began to prepare myself for any event. The first night I passed alone was a sleepless one. Every time that I adverted to the roaring of the wild wind upon the moun-

tains and the constantly increasing depth of the snow, my heart sank at the thought of the fate that might befall my devoted guide. As for myself, being in a thick pine-grove I was sufficiently sheltered, nor had I any thought of what might be under the snow, but the idea of Edward's danger caused me great anxiety. The next day, towards evening the weather took a sudden change; the air grew warmer, so warm, in fact, that I perspired under my heavy covering of buffalo robe. The whole night the south wind, which is called *chinook*, melted a great deal of snow, so that on the third morning of my solitude I awoke to find my feet in water, and I discovered from the water running through my tent that I had encamped upon the bed of a creek. I got up in a hurry and taking my bedding, saddle and all the rest of my traps, went and hung them upon the small pine-trees to dry. Then, with very great effort, as I was so weakened by fever, I pulled down my tent and brought it over to the slope of the hill. I lost several articles in the water, among others my spectacles, so I was worse off than I was before. By working hard for several hours I was able to save some of the fuel and my bedding. I put up my tent the best way I could, and then quite exhausted I lay down upon the ground.

Meanwhile, my good guide with undaunted courage was facing the snow and the wind, and having found his direction, travelled upon the frozen bed of the Okinagan and in two days reached the house of François, one of the chiefs of the tribe. He told the people of the danger in which he had left me and urged them to lose no time in going to my rescue. Two men, asking information as to where I was to be found, started at once; but they missed the place and sought for me on the other side of the hill, about two miles from where I was. Seeing no traces of any human being, they came to the conclusion that the powerful wind had blown down my tent, and had buried me in a drift. As they were very much attached to me, they remained in that place for two days, removing the snow all around to see if they could find any trace of my person, but they did not succeed. Another Indian left the next morning for the Smilgami, about seventy miles from that place, to give the news to Father Pandosi, of the Oblates, and to tell him to be ready to come down for my burial, as every one said I certainly could not be alive. This news spread immediately among the Indians and produced a great sensation; they mourned over me and said to each other: "The father died for our sins."

The chief, François, having heard my guide's story, said to his eldest son: "Look for the horses before daybreak; pick out five of the best of them, also the easiest and gentlest riding pony." Then to his wife; "bake bread now." So she baked three loaves in a Dutch oven. Then he prepared a quarter of a yearling, he had dressed that day, and made everything ready for an early start. He told Edward to be off the next morning as soon as they could get ready, and not to mind the horses; "drive fast enough to make the trip in one day; if they die, they will be sacrificed to save our father's life." Thus they came to my rescue.

Meanwhile, I was lying upon my buffalo robe with very little hope of being saved. Towards evening I imagined that I heard the voice of a human being, and starting immediately out of the lodge, I cried aloud so as to be heard at a distance; but no answer came back save the echo of the mountains and so I went back to rest again. After a while I thought I heard the trot of horses, and placing my ear to the ground I heard it more distinctly, and just as I was preparing to go out, I heard a voice calling me by name; "*Oh, Alexa!*" It was François with my faithful guide. As soon as they saw me looking so much better than they had expected, they greatly rejoiced, and as for me I could not help weeping for joy over such evidences of the charity of my spiritual children. They immediately began to arrange my tent in a more comfortable way and drew out the provisions they had brought to refresh me. I was surprised to see so much and asked; "why all this bread and meat?" François replied: "You have been starved for three days, and we want you to do as we do in such cases, and that is, to make up in one meal for all you have missed." I laughed at the idea, but still it showed their good feeling towards me. He then tied his horses to trees for fear of losing them, but they had nothing to eat that night. He said they were destined to die to save me, and they could not do it any better than in that way. After supper he related to me all that I have told above and early the next morning we left. The snow was deep only in places, but the horses were pushed on so fast that they scarcely had a chance to see where they were going. One of them fell down a little precipice and we had a great time to get him up, and one of his legs was so badly hurt that it bled all the time. By evening we reached François' house, and there I found about forty Indians, who had come from their farms around to see the success of the expedition. They were all sorry for my misfortunes, and all said that it was for their sins that I was

suffering. Poor people! they were very good considering the few opportunities they had, not seeing a priest more than three times a year. I recited prayers with them, and then gave a short instruction, telling them that the next Sunday they must all come to Mass at Michael's place. The next morning I said Mass in François' house, where about twelve persons received Holy Communion, and I passed the rest of the day there to recruit a little, going on the following morning to Michael's. This Indian had always been very good to me and had put up a very nice little room adjoining his own house, with a comfortable chimney for the use of the priest. As soon as I reached there, he sent word to the Indians all around, and for a couple of days my house was filled with them, coming and going. Seeing my destitute condition, they brought me such quantities of provisions, flour, sugar, tea, meat and fruits, that when I started again I could not take half of the gifts away with me. My past hardships were now forgotten. I had church for two days, Saturday and Sunday, and I remained there about a week to help and instruct the Indians. I had about fifty Communions; and in order to spare me, as I was not very strong yet, they brought the sick people to my house for confession. These Indians are doing wonderfully well; they all live in good substantial houses, have good farms of their own and are well advanced in civilization. The kindness they showed on this occasion was truly wonderful.

These Catholic Indians are really very nice, indeed, in their ways. Nearly all of them are settled upon farms and raise wheat, oats and vegetables, not only for their own use, but also for market. They live in good, substantial houses, have cooking stoves and utensils; some of them are so far advanced in civilization as to be as well supplied in this respect as their white neighbors. One striking feature of their civilization is neatness, to which they pay great attention. I once accompanied an army officer, who was traveling on duty through that Reservation. He could scarcely credit what I told him regarding the civilization of these Indians, and when he saw it for himself he hardly believed his own eyes. "This house or that," he would say, "must belong to a white man?" "No sir," was my answer, "it belongs to such an Indian." He needed oats for his pack-train, and provisions for his escort, so he inquired whether there were any whites around from whom he could purchase supplies. I told him there were a couple of old settlers there, with their families, but I did not know whether they

could serve him, but I was sure that any of the Indians could supply him. He went to see the two families whom I mentioned but they could do nothing for him. When he came back in the evening, I said to him, "you can get what you want from any of the Indians along the road." He said: "well, to-morrow we will try it." The next day we reached an Indian house, and I suggested that we should try there, so I knocked at the door, but no answer came. I opened it and we went in. The officer was astonished to find everything so nice and clean and in such good order. "Father," said he, "you don't tell me that this is an Indian's house? This family surely must be full-blooded American." "Well," said I, "they are, no doubt, full-blooded Americans, but of the race which was here before the discovery of the continent." I went out to the field, where the Indians were at work, and called them; they came in, and supplied him with all the things he asked, and as much as he wanted. This seemed to make an impression upon the officer, and while we were at supper, he remarked to me: "Here we are in the Indian country; we find white men, who have been settled here for twenty-five or thirty years, that have not so much as a grain of oats nor a pound of butter to sell, whereas the Indians have enough not only for themselves, but to help the traveller." "Well," said I, "it appears that these Indians are just as capable, and more so, of civilization, as the class of whites so long settled among them." Such is the condition of these Catholic Indians called Okinagan; the difference in behavior and customs between them and the neighboring tribes of Snipkein (American head) and the northern tribe of Nespeelem is very striking. These latter live almost altogether in lodges, and make little or no progress in tilling the soil or in earning a livelihood by farming. If we could have had means to establish a mission and school among the Okinagan, they would by this time hold a foremost rank among civilized Indians. What a pity that some generously disposed persons cannot be found to supply this need and thus enable the missionaries to go on with their work of Christianizing and civilizing such a large number!

My next journey extended farther north, across the boundary line above Lake Sooyons, to visit a small but noble tribe of which *Tekomtiken* is chief. Towards evening, I reached their little town, which is situated a few miles above the line. They have a nice little chapel and around it twenty-five or thirty dwellings. As soon as they saw me, they all came to welcome me and received me with much pleas-

ure and kindness. I learned from them how they spend their winters there, for the rest of the year they work on their farms. Father Pandosi, of the order of the Oblates, who lived not far away, came down from the Smilgami to see his own Indians, so we met and spent two weeks together. He was unable to say Mass for several days on account of having sprained his foot by a fall from his horse, so I had to preach daily to the Indians. The Okinagan from below the line also came to spend Sunday and we had some sixty or more communicants. From there I went back to Michael's house and then started off for the Smilgami, to keep my word to the chief *Zagzagpakein* "the bare or bald head." When I met him travelling along the Okinagan he said to me: "Black robe, do not fail to go to see my tribe; there are many Catholics there waiting for you, to go to confession. I am not one myself, nor are my three wives, but all my children are. I have a baby to be baptized, so go there by all means." So I went to a place on the western side of the Smilgami River about four miles from the 49th parallel. The mountains are very lofty and steep, and the southern slope generally bare or with very little vegetation. The country extending from there down along the western bank of the Okinagan is not generally very good soil for farming, compared with that of Washington Territory or Idaho, but it is one of the best stock-raising ranges that I ever saw. The ground is covered all the way through with bunch-grass; the powerful winds, which blow nearly every day during the winter season, keep the tops and the sides of the hills clear of snow, while the many gulleys, which run in every direction, afford good shelter for cattle during heavy storms. As many as twelve thousand head of cattle have been herded in this place at one time. The Smilgami Lake is about four miles from the Indian settlement, which I reached at about dark, and spent some time with Mr. Phelps, who had his headquarters there, so as to watch over his immense herds of cattle. While there, the son of one of the chiefs of the tribe came to call me, and to tell me that his father was dying and wanted to see me. The man's lodge being near, I did not take a horse, but went on foot. There was a creek to be crossed, about sixteen or eighteen feet wide, which was not frozen, but was flowing very rapidly, and seeing that a tree laid across, as I supposed, I ventured to go over on it. When part way over, I discovered, what I had not perceived in the darkness, that the tree reached only to the middle of the stream, and in trying to turn back, my foot slipped and I tumbled into the

creek. I then found the current so strong, that I was in danger of being carried away by it, but fortunately, before being drawn under the tree, I managed to seize hold of it, and it was only after some time and with much difficulty that I succeeded at last in drawing myself out. I found by experience that a winter bath in that region was not so pleasant. While I was getting dry by the fire, the chief's son came again to ask me to hurry up and come to see his father. I told him that I did not care for a second bath, and that if he wanted me he must take me over. He agreed, but there being no other way to do it he was obliged to carry me on his back to the other side. When I entered the sick man's lodge, he got up and asked me to take his place. Then he addressed me in this way: "Black-robe, my soul is black and I am afraid of burning in hell; have pity on me and baptize me now, and make my soul as white as snow. All my children are Catholics; they say their prayers daily and have taught them to me. When I first heard the black-robe, I was struck by the holiness of the Christian religion, and I wished to embrace it, but it was too hard for me, as I had walked so far along the muddy road. Still the beauty and holiness of prayer was always before me, and I tried my best to become good and to be baptized. Then I began to keep Lent and to abstain on Fridays, and to say my prayers regularly. I went to see the priest about being baptized, but he required of me to promise to avoid all evil. I began to think that if I should make that promise and then fail in it afterwards, I should be unfaithful to God and a liar to Him, and this frightened me greatly. I came home, dismissed one of my wives and tried my best to be a good man, and for four years, now, I have not failed in anything grievously. Sometimes I tell the children a small lie, or talk loud (get mad) with the men; but that is all. So I think, now, that I am fit to become a Christian, and I beg you to baptize me." "Very well," said I, "if you are ready, to-morrow morning I will do so." The next morning, after I had baptized him and his wife, he said; "I am very glad now that the whole family belongs to Jesus Christ." In the afternoon he came to tell me that, although he was very glad in one half of his heart, he was wrong in the other half. The reason of this was that his daughter was dying, had already received the last sacraments, and he thought she could not live more than two or three days longer. "I wish," continued he, "that God would restore my daughter to health." I told him that the day of Baptism was a great day, and that, as God had bestowed such a

favor upon him as to make him his adopted child and heir of Heaven, perhaps, if he prayed very hard, He would give him the additional grace of his daughter's restoration to health. "Then," he said, "I will pray and you pray for me." He did so with great faith, and on the third day, as I was making my preparations for departure on the following day, he came to me saying: "My heart is all good now; my child is well; come to see her." I went and saw her playing with other children apparently in good health. This good man died some time after I had left the Okinagan country, to go back to the mission.

The time for my return to the mission was now approaching. Rock Creek Mountain, over which the 49th parallel passes, was covered with snow about five feet deep, but not hard enough to bear the weight of the horses. I was at a loss how to plan out my trip and so I had recourse to the Okinagan Indians. The chief told me that it would not be possible for me to cross there then and advised me to wait awhile. I told him that I must be back by the 18th of March and therefore hoped he would find some way for me to get over that mountain. He left me and after three days returned saying: "Get ready to-day, and to-morrow you are to start." At about noon, five Indian guides, each one provided with a tall gentle horse, a pair of snow-shoes in his hand, and a herd of about fifteen horses, not yet broken for riding, came to my door saying: "we are starting now and you will follow us to-morrow." So they left and made not quite four miles. When I went after them the next day, the snow was not yet so deep as to prevent me from riding, and I reached the party at about five miles from Michael's house, the place I left. Then I became aware what a tremendous effort those poor Indians were making. One led the way, walking on snow-shoes, and his gentle horse, seeing their prints, ventured to put his own foot there, and then began to plunge in the snow, which was deep enough to cover his body, often only his head appearing above it. The little band of horses followed slowly, and so they opened a trail in which I walked, it being altogether impossible for me to ride, as the trail was only the width of the body of a horse. The snow was so deep, that, for about three miles, I could not see above the wall of it on either side of me, and when from the roughness of the trail I lost my balance, it held me up and kept me from falling. The direction was hard to find, and consultations among my guides were frequent. The cold was so intense that, although walking and struggling to get along, we were obliged to set fire to sev-

eral pitch trees to warm ourselves and be able to go on. By noon the worst was over; but we dared not stop for dinner, because unless we got through that day we should be exposed to the danger of losing our horses, which had gone without food the previous night. So by struggling the whole day, before sunset we came in sight of the mountains east of Rock Creek and just at dark arrived there. We refreshed our horses as best we could, but the anxiety about them in such cases is very great, since our lives depend upon their strength and good order. I visited that little tribe of Indians and then left for the mission arriving there just on the 18th of March.

From all this it will be seen that the conversion and civilization of the Indians is no small undertaking. The fruit of this journey appears very small; the Baptism of three adults and five children; 250 Communions and about 300 Confessions. The field is vast, the pagans are numerous, and often, in spite of all our efforts, we can see but a small portion of our Catholics in each journey, on account of the difficulties arising from the season and the state of the roads and streams. Yet our labors have had a sufficient result. We first started the mission of the Flat-heads, who all became Catholics. After they were settled, we opened the St. Ignatius Mission among the Pend Oreille and they, too, all became Catholics, taking in the small tribe of the Kotonie below the line, camping above and along the Flat-head Lake. From there we went among the Cœur d'Alene, and these, too, without exception, became an addition to the Church. Then the Calispelem were all gained to Christ, and from there the Colville Indians and Snaisesti and Kettle River Indians embraced Christianity. The Colville Mission has been our advanced post for conquering the Sempuelsh and Okinagan Indians, and with no small progress, as the northern Okinagans and Smilgami have all been gained. The difficulty of their conversion suggested the idea of opening another mission at the furthest end of this family, admitting also the Jakima Indians to share the fruits of our labors. Yet, pagans are quite numerous between the Colville and Jakima Missions, with small hope in the near future of conquering their hearts to Jesus Christ. Besides these, we have some Catholics among the Spokane Indians, the Nez Percés and the Jakima, so that west of the Rocky Mountains we have been blessed by kind Providence. To the east the field of our labors was barren for many years; at present, God seems to have touched the minds and hearts of those wild beings and to have opened them to the influence

of his grace. The conversion of the Blackfeet, Assiniboin, and Crow Indians has far exceeded our expectations, notwithstanding all outside difficulties arising from the malice of interested parties. Two other missions among them are greatly needed, and two more missionaries stationed in their midst would find more than sufficient to keep them employed. Besides this, the west, too, needs a new mission in the Colville Reservation, as Catholics there have multiplied to such an extent as to require a resident priest and schools. Whoever knows anything about our missions, will see that my statements are really below the truth, still, I have said enough to show that our work is going on rather fairly under God's favor and providence.

A question, though, which the general reader may consider more important, is this. Admitting that missionaries have converted numbers of Indians; have they hitherto succeeded in civilizing any of them? The next chapter shall be the answer to this question, by giving an account of the tribe which has, at present, made the greatest advances in civilization.

(*To be continued.*)

A PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM.

(*Continued.*)

JERUSALEM, Dec. 28, 1892.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

When I wrote last, I said I would continue describing some other remarkable things to be seen in and about Bethlehem. I have been frequently asked: "Is there any winter, any snow or ice in Bethlehem about Christmas?" I answer, that as a general occurrence during December there is no snow; though at that time snow may be seen, but this is unusual. There may be occasionally some cold weather; but the winter properly commences about the middle of January and continues till the end of February. The rainy season usually commences about the middle of December and continues till the end of March. During that time, travelling on the heights in the interior becomes difficult because of the mud, dampness, and slippery roads; but along the coast, the lowlands and plains it is almost impossible to travel and always dangerous, because many of the rivers are swollen with rain-water and the whole country becomes a mud-hole, and besides is to a great extent very rough and stony. Many, travelling in this way, have lost their health, their money, their baggage, and, not seldom life itself, through their imprudence and temerity in trusting more the reports and assertions of persons interested in gaining money from the stranger who may be taken for a wealthy person, than by yielding to the counsel of disinterested persons who have had a long experience from being many years in the country. During four weeks of my stay in Palestine, I saw frost but once, on the higher parts about Jerusalem, and that after the middle of January. During December and January I saw hundreds of people going about without shoes and stockings through all the rain and mud.

Now we shall leave the great Basilica of St. Mary and go along the market-place which is in front of it, as far west as the next small street just beyond the Armenian Convent, and then turn to the left or south till again on our left we

meet a small path leading eastward; which we follow for four minutes till we have passed two gates and arrive on the right at sixteen stone steps cut in the rock leading down to the Milk Grotto. This grotto is almost entirely hollowed out of a whitish limestone, similar to chalk. The form of the grotto is irregular; its greatest length being about 30 feet, its height about 7 feet and is supported by several columns; and in the midst of it is an altar where Mass is frequently said. Tradition says that the Holy Family was hidden here for a short time through fear of spies sent out by Herod. The Blessed Virgin giving nourishment to the Holy Child let some drops of milk fall upon the stone, giving it thereby efficacy to supply milk to mothers for their children. The fact is that Catholics, Schismatics, Turks and Bedouin women scrape some of this stone into some water and drink it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and they obtain the desired result. St. Paula built a church here with a convent where she lived as a religious with her daughter and other pious women. Coming out of the grotto we continue our way on the right for a few minutes, and we arrive at a place where we have a most delightful view over Beit Sahûr or the Shepherds' village, 20 minutes eastward, which is well built of stone on an eastern declivity of a hill, but most of it is visible from where we stand. It counts about 700 inhabitants; 130 Catholics, 500 Schismatic Greeks and some 50 Mahometans. The Catholic parish priest of the place found in a cave near by many stone knives such as were prescribed for the ceremony of circumcision (Jerem. xli. 17); he also discovered several cisterns, of which the largest is in the middle of the village and is called Bir Mariam. Beyond the village extend the large fields of Booz de Rahab, where Ruth, the Moabite, gleaned the ears of corn; it is an undulating land of great fertility, nearly a mile in length and width. In 12 minutes' walk, eastward from the village, on a stony road, we come to a walled-in square with many olive trees; in which is the Grotto of the Shepherds where formerly stood the tower of Ader from which the glories of the Messiah were announced. Here the Christians had a church called *Gloria in Excelsis*, because here the angels sang that hymn after manifesting the birth of Christ to the Shepherds. Here also by descending 21 steps into the grotto below can still be seen in part some Mosaic floors. The shepherds, to whom the glad tidings had been announced, after their death were buried here; and some of their children became martyrs among the Innocents slaughtered by Herod.

Having cast a glance at all these interesting scenes, we

may use some minutes in contemplating the high mountains of Moab over 30 miles to the east, beyond the Dead Sea, stretched before us like an immense wall running from north to south, in some places over 3000 feet high. In a south-easterly direction from here seems to be the highest point, at the side of which Herod of Galilee had his summer palace, at a place called Macharunt, not far from the salubrious hot springs of Callirrhoë. St. John the Baptist was put in prison there, and beheaded on the feast held on Herod's birth-day; but his disciples buried him afterwards at Samaria where his tomb is shown to this day, at the side of the one where the Prophet Eliseus was deposited. When snow covers these eastern heights, the mountains of Palestine are apt to be covered also with snow, which generally lasts only a day or two; but when the snow buries the ground for eight days or more, one half of the animals, horses, donkeys, sheep and goats die of hunger and thirst, because in the whole land no provision of fodder or water is made for any such emergency; for the lazy Arabs and proud Turks consider it below the dignity of their character to be employed in manual or agricultural work. To this indolence the Ottoman government greatly contributes; for, if any man would be willing to work and make improvements, the government officials would at once levy such heavy taxes upon the produce, that no man could make a living, still less lay up a little income for a future rainy or snowy day. But, then, look at the dreadful consequence. When the animals after a heavy snow-storm are lying about in every direction by the thousands, a pestilence is sure to come and the accustomed laziness of the people keeps them from applying a hand to conceal under ground these sources of an epidemic.

It is time for us to return to Jerusalem. It is already 3 o'clock, P. M., on Christmas Day. I need not tell you that all the objects of interest which were on our right coming from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, from north to south, for six miles, will be on our left returning from Bethlehem to Jerusalem; so just look at them as you pass, for they are all instructive, moving, and consoling, bringing up before your mind scenes either of the old law or of Christianity. First, as we come out of Bethlehem, look down into the deep stony valley, north and east, and count the endless terraces winding around in every direction, holding up the fertile earth by strong walls, and you cannot help admiring the happiness of the cheerful and devout Christians of Bethlehem, so much blessed by God in their abundant vineyards, in their olive and fig-trees and excellent vegetables. We pass Ra-

chel's tomb, Beit Djallah and the road leading to Hebron on our left; the Field of Lentils actually appearing as such, but all stone in our days, to our right; next the Medicine Hospital on the site where Rachel died, on our left; then the Convent of St. Elias with its abundant well of luscious water on the roadside, and almost opposite to it on the protruding white stone the impression of the body of the Prophet Elias who passed by here. On this hill top, running east and west, we turn and look once more, with a saluting heart, south to the consoling birthplace of our Saviour, then, northward, over the plain of Raphaim, three miles long, and see Mount Sion which is on the farthermost southwest extremity of Jerusalem, and then the high lofty belfry of the Russians on Mount Olivet, to the north-east, situated one hundred feet higher than Mount Sion. We descend the slight slope of the hill and pass the wells of the Wise Men, and we may partake of their exceeding great joy, here and everywhere else. Leave aside on your left, the angel with the Prophet Habacuc, as well as the country seat of holy Simeon where he had been buried for a time. The large convent of the Sisters of St. Clare, built within the last few years, outside of Jerusalem, and south of Mount Sion, consoles the Christian traveller more than the hill of Evil Counsel, which is next and north of it, and where the death of Christ was decreed by Caiaphas, the Scribes and priests, directly after the resuscitation of Lazarus. We now direct our path between the German Temple settlement, the railroad station and the long Jewish buildings on our left, westward, and Mount Sion with its high city walls of 40 feet, to our right or east of us, and passing the Jaffa gate and the north-western city walls, we turn around their north-west corner and enter Jerusalem by the new gate near the Christian Brothers, and lastly arrive at the *Casa Nova* or Franciscan house established for the accommodation of pilgrims.

What shall I say of Jerusalem, the glory and queen of Israel, where the eyes of God looked in mercy upon the worshipper of olden times? What a change has come upon it since the death of the God-man! Outside and from afar off, it looks lovely with its mighty domes, minarets and white stone buildings with surmounting cupolas; but inside, in its narrow, dark, unclean streets, frequently arched over to a considerable length, with a population of a similar description, we find gloom, sadness and distress at once telling us that the curse of the Deicide perpetrated there is still pressing heavily upon it. Very seldom you meet with a cheerful countenance and most of the people look as if they had nothing to eat but hay and straw and a handful of water,

which perfectly agrees with the coarse sharp guttural sounds of the Arabic language, uttered to hurry on or stop a heavily laden donkey or towering camel, both striving to prevent your passage in the narrow thoroughfares without tearing off a piece of your garments.

Jerusalem, at present, counts 60,000 inhabitants; of which there are 35,000 Jews, 2000 Catholics and the rest Turks and Schismatics of every description. They enter and go out of the city by the following gates: The gate of Jaffa on the west, the New Gate to the north-west, the Damascus gate on the north, St. Stephen's gate on the east, the Golden gate further south on the same side, which is always walled up, and the gate of Sion on Mount Sion. The civil government is of the Turkish Mahometan rule, loving money and pleasure as a preparation for the next world. The city is built on hills and in valleys. The hills on the eastern side, are: Bezetha to the north-east; Moriah, eastern centre, Ophel, south-east; on the western side: Gareb, north-west corner, Acra, between Gareb and Moriah; Mount Sion, west and south-west. The valleys are first, the Tyropæan valley formed between Sion, Gareb, Acra, Moriah and Ophel; then, the valley of Ashes between Moriah and Bezetha, now nearly filled up. Three different walls surround the city; the first was the smallest and does not exist now; the second was larger, but excluded Mount Calvary on the west side, at the time of our Saviour's death, and hence St. Paul says: *Christus extra portam passus est.* The third wall is the present one which was commenced by Herod Agrippa, ten years after the death of Christ and was completed by the Jews under the emperor Claudius. Jerusalem is surrounded by deep valleys, except on the north-west and north side, and beyond these valleys are still higher hills than those in the city. On the eastern side runs the valley of Jehosaphat between Mount Olivet and the Mount of Offence being on the east; Bezetha, Moriah and Ophel on the west of it. Into this valley of Jehosaphat through which the Kedron runs, comes on the south side of the city, the valley of Gihon or Gehenna. Three principal mountains surround Jerusalem, Mount Olivet on the east, 2800 feet high from the level of the Sea; Mount Scopus in the north; and the Mount of Evil Counsel in the south. In a religious point of view, the city is divided into four quarters. The Christian quarter is in the north-west with the church of the Holy Sepulchre, Golgotha, our Saviour's Church and Convent, the Latin Patriarchate and Seminary, the Christian Brothers, the *Casa Nova*, and the Greek Patriarchate. The Armenian quarter is in the south-west and on Mount Sion.

The Mahometan quarter is on the north-east where is found the Mosque of Omar, El-Aksa, also St. Ann's church, and the Austrian *Hospice*. The Jewish quarter is on the eastern declivity of Mount Sion down to Mount Moriah, a most unwholesome part of the city. The streets of Jerusalem are small, some 5, some 6, 7 and 8 feet wide, but very few are 9 feet. They run irregularly and are badly paved, with houses having low doors, and windows concealed with trestlework, that seem to be more like entrances into subterranean prisons or caves, than portals into gentlemen's apartments.

Your Reverence will not forget that what I write, is written as I have seen and witnessed it with impressions made upon me as often as I have seen the various localities. The temperature of Jerusalem changes frequently in the day, sometimes from 6 to 7 degrees; the winter is disagreeable and the summer too hot in the whole land. From the first of April till the middle of June, and from the middle of September till Christmas is the best time to travel in Palestine.

I shall now indicate the principal Catholic places in the city: 1st, The Latin Patriarchate with its seminary; 2nd, A Latin parish church of our Saviour, and a Greek Catholic parish; 3rd, The Church of the *Ecce Homo* and the church of St. Ann; 4th, The Convents of the Franciscans at San Salvador, at the Holy Sepulchre and at the Chapel of the Flagellation; also the Convents of the Sisters of Sion near the *Ecce Homo* Church, and the large establishment of the Missionaries of Algiers at St. Ann's Church; 5th, The Franciscan *Hospice* or *Casa Nova*, and the Austrian *Hospice* near the 3rd Station of the Cross; 6th, The Catholic Armenian Convent and Church at the 3rd and 4th Station; 7th, The St. Lewis Hospital for men and women, attended by the Sisters of St. Joseph; 8th, A Primary School for the boys, then the School of the Christian Brothers, an Orphanage of the Franciscans and a Trade School for young men; 9th, A school for girls directed by the Sisters of St. Joseph; an Orphanage by the Sisters of Sion; an Industrial School, directed by a Sister of the 3rd Order.

I say nothing of the various Schismatic denominations of whom the Greeks are the worst and the greatest practical enemies of our holy religion. I must tell you that I have heard from experienced religious men in Jerusalem, that we can entertain no hopes of ever converting the Greeks, for they dislike, and almost hate Rome, and prefer to be independent, yet with all their pretended independence and liberty, they become miserable slaves to a tyrannical government. I say nothing of the Mahometans who despise us

and call us dogs and will treat us as dogs whenever they have the chance; nor do I mention the benighted Jews, who suffer poverty and every sort of misery here in Jerusalem, where their forefathers have cried out before Pilate, in regard to our Saviour, as a curse of blasphemy; "His blood come upon us and our children;" whilst at the same time, in the church of the *Ecce Homo*, at the time of the consecration, the Sisters, Catholic scholars and people cry aloud: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Your Reverences's servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER.

JERUSALEM, Dec. 29, 1892.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

To-day, I intend to make with you a visit to the various sanctuaries on Mount Sion which runs from the Jaffa gate directly south. The first step we take is to go to the Jaffa gate and there we turn into a street which opens directly opposite the Mediterranean Hotel and leads us south to the citadel or fortress. Here King David resided after he had conquered the Jebusites. He enlarged the place and it was called the city of David or the tower of David. Here Herod the Great, built three more towers and gave to them the names Hippicus, Phasaël and Mariamne. They are connected with one another and surrounded by a deep ditch; their interior is much neglected and they now serve as barracks for soldiers who announce from here by the discharge of canons the great fast of the Mahometans. The tower of David is on the north side, the lower part for about 30 feet is very massive; while the upper part more recent and less strong contains a window on the north side, where it is said David did penance for his unguarded look upon Bethsabee. It was once a mosque of prayer but is now a magazine. From the top of this tower you have a view over the whole city and the neighboring heights. The second tower, Phasaël, on the eastern side was built in honor of Herod's brother who lost his life in the war against the Parthians. The third tower on the south side is called Mariamne after one of his wives who was a princess of the Machabees. The fourth tower, Hippicus, is on the west side near the gate of Jaffa. About 80 feet from here to the south stood the palace of Herod the Great, who received the Wise Men, and not hearing from them in regard to the newborn King, ordered from here the massacre of the innocent

children; on the site of this palace, the Protestants have built their Christ Church. Back of this church you find another small and very old church of St. James the Less, dating back to the 12th century. About 60 feet further south from here, to the left, is the place where our Lord on the day of His Resurrection appeared to the three Marys. There was once a church here, of which there is no trace now (Matth. xxviii. 9, 10), but in the place of it are the Turkish barracks.

Going further south till we come to the first street on the left, we enter it and on the first corner we visit a church built on the place where the house of St. Thomas stood. In 1867 the Mahometans repairing it made it a mosque. From this church we go eastwards to the next street, and then turn to the south, and walking for five minutes pass through an iron gate, and going on to the next door, enter, for it is the church of the Schismatic Armenian Sisters, built on the site of Anna's house. This church properly consists of two churches, united together only on the eastern side. In the first oratory there is an altar, and a little cistern out of which, by means of an iron vessel fastened to a chain, you may draw up excellent water. Through the eastern door we come into the second oratory or church proper. The vaulted ceiling is supported by simple square piers dividing the church into three naves, the walls and pilasters being covered with plates similar to porcelain. The high altar is very rich in gilded carved decorations. The whole church is superbly clean. The place where our Saviour was interrogated by Annas, is seen in a small side-chapel on the left side of the entrance into the church, where He also received a blow from a servant; and there stands now a small altar where Christ stood. Outside of the northern wall of this chapel I saw several young olive trees, said to be off-shoots of a tree to which our Saviour was tied whilst the Priest Annas consulted, and wrote out his sentence. Near by the trees, on the north-east corner of the church, I saw some stones said to have originally belonged to Anna's house.

We leave this court by the first door to the left in the western part and enter by the opposite gate into the Armenian Convent, the best and largest of all the convents in Jerusalem. We pass through the first court having on our right the Girls' school and on our left the Seminary and *Hospice* for strangers; then turning to the right into a passage which becomes narrower and narrower as we advance to an iron gate leading into another court, we also cross this and then passing a second door we traverse a third

court in which is perceived the entrance into the Church of St. James the Greater. This church is built on the spot where Herod Agrippa I., in the year 42, had this apostle beheaded after having returned from Spain. It belonged to the Armenian Catholics; but they left it when compelled to go away with the crusaders, and when they returned before 1320 to occupy this church, they had already fallen into the Schism. This cathedral is very rich and beautifully decorated, especially so on feast days. It has three naves, separated by square piers, and is crowned with a small cupola. In the northern wall of this church I have seen a small beautiful chapel on the very spot of the martyrdom of this great apostle, who was the first of the apostles that died a martyr, nine years after Christ's Ascension into heaven (Acts xii. 1, 2). The disciples of this apostle took the body and transported it by sea to Compostella, in Spain, where he is greatly honored to this day. Near this chapel, westward, the Armenians show the tomb of St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, A. D. 312–331 who directed the structures on Golgotha, the Holy Sepulchre and the authentication of the true Cross of Christ through miracles. Opposite to the chapel of St. James, on the south side, there is a large chapel in which I have seen three large, but rude stones piled up on one another; the highest from Mount Sinai, the middlemost from Mount Thabor and the lowest from the bed of the river Jordan. Leaving the church by a gate on the west side, we behold on our right the large gate of the Armenian Convent and Patriarchate, and all around we see a fine place with cypresses and other trees from Italy. Now, we turn to the south between 2 walls protecting gardens, till we come to the city wall; whence we go eastward for 2 minutes and arrive at the gate of Sion or David's gate. We pass through it southward and after going on a distance of 112 feet, we meet a staircase of seven steps in a westerly direction. This is the place where the funeral procession of the Blessed Virgin Mary was stopped by a Jewish mob; and where the Rabbi who dared to put his hand on the coffin, found his hand paralyzed and fastened to the bier, whilst all his companions were struck with blindness, and thus terrified by the judgment of God, they repented and through the prayers of the apostle were miraculously healed, and afterwards were converted and baptized. There was once a chapel here; but like 300 churches more in and about Jerusalem it was destroyed by the Saracens and only a few could afterwards be rebuilt, on account of poverty or want of means. The site of this church is marked by a piece of a column sunk in the ground.

Near this column is the little staircase of seven steps, which we ascend and at a distance of 120 feet westward we enter through an iron gate into the Armenian court-yard which is free on all sides. In this court where St. Peter and the soldiers warmed themselves at a coal fire, the Armenian bishops are buried; we see their monuments, side by side. On the eastern side of this court stands the church of our Saviour built on the place where Caiaphas's house stood. Here Christ was judged and unjustly condemned as a blasphemer, and here the prince of the apostles denied our Lord twice (John xviii. 24-27; Luc. xxii. 61; xxiii. 1). The first church that stood here had also been destroyed by Chosraës II. The present church has nothing remarkable in its architecture; there is but one altar in the apse. The altar-stone which is large and protrudes a little at the side, is rounded off in the rear of the altar; and it is that stone which was moved away by the angel from our Lord's sepulchre after his resurrection; and a portion of it, about a cubic foot, is kept in the angel's chapel at the Holy Sepulchre. There is another monument in this church of great interest, the Prison of our Lord, on the south side of the apse over the place where Christ passed the night in torments from Holy Thursday to Good Friday; there is a little altar here but not much space left beside it.

When we come out of the church, we turn to the left, southward, and then we ascend seven steps up to the platform of Mount Sion where the Christian cemeteries are. Here we go in a south-westerly direction through the burial place of the Schismatic Armenians, whilst we have the wall of the Catholic burying-ground on our right, and after walking 166 feet we come to the cemetery of the Schismatic Greeks. Then we walk along the wall of the Armenian cemetery, which is on our left, and we come to the place where the house of the Blessed Virgin stood, in which she died. It is also on our left and the American cemetery is north of it, whilst the *Cœnaculum* or Supper-Hall is east of it. There is a little court south of it and a Greek cemetery west of it. The chapel that stood here has totally disappeared; only two stones, each marked with a cross, have I noticed on this sacred spot. From this house of the Blessed Virgin we go eastward towards an agglomeration of buildings in the midst of which is the *Cœnaculum* or Supper-Hall, also called Nebi Dand, because King David is buried beneath it. The present mosque or hall seems to occupy only the southern transept of the original church. We shall enter from the west side, passing through a stable and go down one step into an inner court; and on the south side

of a wall we ascend a very high staircase, up to a paved terrace. Here we turn at once to the left, and passing through a door we step into the upper part of the *Cœnaculum*, divided into two parts; the first to the west, is the larger one and the Supper-Hall proper, the second part is east of it and contains the Cenotaph of David. Let us consider the Supper-Hall proper, the most sacred spot in Christendom, where Christ Himself was High Priest and Victim of Sacrifice in one person; where the first Mass was said; where the first Communion was given to the apostles; where they were consecrated bishops; where they received the Holy Ghost and whence they went forth as heralds of faith over the whole world (Luc. xxii. 1-20). Here our Saviour appeared to the apostles after his resurrection and here St. Thomas put his finger into the prints of the nails and his hand into the Sacred Side or Heart of Jesus (John xx. 19-31; Acts ii. 1-4). Here the first council was held by St. Peter (Acts i. 13-26). The present Supper-Hall is exactly in the same place as the original one where Christ performed so many mysteries; but its shape is no longer the same, although it is very similar to it. It is 42 feet long and 27 feet wide of Gothic structure, and two columns or piers corresponding to those which are underneath, divide the Hall in its length into two naves, and in the eastern and western wall we see two corresponding half-columns. The columns and side-walls support the Gothic vaulted roof of stone; and on the south side there are three windows, where there is a Muslem Mihrab, or a niche of prayer; while opposite to it is a walled up door. From this Hall we ascend by some 8 stone steps in the south-east corner into the upper or eastern Hall, and on our left or north side we see through a large wooden grating of green color the Cenotaph of King David covered with old green carpet. Beneath this place deep down in the *Crypta* is the real grave of this king. We are not allowed to enter here into the interior room of the monument, unless we take off our shoes and pay a *backshish* which I refused to do. The lower part of the buildings we cannot enter at all, because it is used as a Harem by the Turks. So much for the desecration of this most holy place in the world. It is true, the three Plenary Indulgences which had been granted here, have been transferred to the church of Our Saviour, by the Sovereign Pontiffs; one to the altar of the Holy Ghost, one to the Institution of the Most Holy Eucharist, and one to the altar of St. Thomas. The Hall where the washing of the feet took place is just beneath the Hall of the Holy Eucharist; but as I said, it is now inaccessible (John xlii. 1-

38), and it is seen in the same form of structure as the Upper Hall.

In coming out of this venerable Hall, we return, on the eastern side, to the Sion Gate which we leave on our left, and going down Mount Sion outside the walls, to a distance of 1390 feet, we come to the grotto where St. Peter did penance with bitter tears. Of the church which stood here under the name of St. Peter of the Cockcrow, nothing remains, and the grotto is in a cultivated field and has its entrance from the east.

We return and enter through the Sion gate, where along the wall on our right and eastward, the lepers had formerly their huts; but they have been moved away to large houses outside of the city, partly to the pond of Manilla, partly below Nehemiah's fountain, and they live by begging. We pass along the wall down to the first street and there entering it we are in the quarter of the Jews. The Lord be merciful to those who have to live here in this place of dirt and filth and poverty, looking like an ant's nest, which has been disturbed by throwing stones or using a stick! We continue our walk, 400 feet, and then turn to the left 90 feet, where there is a Syrian Convent of Jacobites with a bishop. We enter by the door, above which we see these marks: *IA VV*, that is, 1877, and we come into the church built on the site of the house of Mary, the mother of St. John Mark, a companion of St. Barnaby. To this house St. Peter came after his miraculous deliverance by an angel from the prison (read Acts ch. xii. 1-19). The church is small and has but one altar; and on it we see a remarkable painting of the Blessed Virgin Mary, attributed to St. Luke. On the way home to the north-western or Franciscan *Hospice*, we pass by a church dedicated to St. Peter, built over the prison where Herod Agrippa had confined the apostle. Then, cast a glance at the church of the Schismatic Greeks, in honor of St. John the Baptist where it is said that they possess a portion of the head of the forerunner of Christ. Next we come to the ancient convent of the order of St. John and finally to the *Casa Nova*.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER.

JERUSALEM, Dec. 30, 1892.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

You will, no doubt, be glad to make an interesting and devout visit to Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord. Where shall we find these venerable shrines? In the north-western part of the city of Jerusalem, about one mile west of Pilate's house, and nearly 15 minutes' walk west of Mount Moriah, 30 minutes' walk directly north from the *Cœnaculum* or Supper-Hall and about one mile south of the grotto of St. Jeremiah, where with exceedingly mournful accents, he describes the sufferings of the Messiah and the terrible effects produced upon the city guilty of the Deicide.

Ever since the death of our Saviour on the cross, Calvary, or Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre have obtained the greatest veneration from the entire Christian population; their eyes were directed to these holy spots. Only one year, the year 70 of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, saw the pilgrimages interrupted. At that time, the holy Bishop Simeon, the second bishop of Jerusalem, perceiving that the moment of destruction, predicted by our Lord had come, assembled the Catholics of the city, amounting to several thousand persons, and conducted them to the town Pella, over 60 miles to the north-east and beyond the river Jordan; and there they remained until God's anger was mitigated by the ruin of the city and the dispersion and death of the Jews. After the departure of Titus, the holy bishop returned with his flock to the smoking ruins and cleaned the places that had been consecrated by the sufferings and glorious ascension of Christ; and immediately the pilgrimages were resumed. Could there be any doubt in the minds of these thousands of eye-witnesses as to the identity of the holy places? Did they not know them perfectly well from their predecessors? Did the apostles know them? Did they visit and venerate them? Did their converts made of every nation and language know them? Who can doubt it for a moment? Were they not tens of thousands in number? Holy Simeon directed the church of Jerusalem as bishop for 40 years, and died only in the year 108 during the persecution of Trajan. He was 120 years old at that time and died a martyr to the astonishment of the people, for in his old age he was nailed to the cross. From that time, the Pagans and Jews and Satan have done all in their power to efface the memory of these sacred places. The emperor Adrian, especially, took the most diabolical means to obtain that effect. And what did he do?

He placed the statues of Jupiter and Venus upon the greatest sanctuaries to drive away the Christians from them, not perceiving that by that very fact he would publicly mark out to the world the place of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre. The Christians could henceforth venerate these places only at a distance, in order not to be taken for idolaters; but when 191 years later Constantine ascended the throne of the Cæsars, as a christian emperor, he gave orders to destroy those idols and to remove the rubbish and stones that had accumulated there. His mother, the empress Helena, repairing in her old age to Jerusalem, carried out the emperor's orders with the guidance of St. Macarius who was then the bishop of the holy city. Both Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre were found totally uninjured, just as they were at the time of Christ's death and burial. The ground around Calvary and the Sepulchre was made level and covered with beautiful stones, and an immense church with gorgeous decorations of gold was built up, containing all the holy places around it. The structure was finished in eight years and the basilica was consecrated in 335; and its interior shone with a great wealth of gold and polished marbles. It was often plundered and partly destroyed, until finally it obtained the present condition, which I intend to describe as I have seen it with my own eyes. First, you will please keep in mind that the church is about 309 feet long, and 270 feet wide, containing within itself five chief portions or sanctuaries, on different floors or levels, from the highest to the lowest. The first is the *Rotunda*, or church, built around the Holy Sepulchre, sixty-nine feet in diameter inside; with the Greek church joining it on the east side 90 feet in length, and on the same level or floor. The second is the Chapel, where Christ appeared to His Mother, to the north of the *Rotunda*, and on a floor nearly two feet higher. The third is the double church of Calvary, at some distance to the south-east of the Sepulchre, about 115 feet, and 18 feet higher than the level of the Sepulchre. The fourth is the Church of St. Helena, 29 high steps lower than the Holy Sepulchre, and still farther east. The fifth is the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, 13 high steps lower than the church of St. Helena and on its epistle side to the south-east. All of these churches are connected together so as to form a collection of the chief sanctuaries; without, however, forming any symmetry or special splendor of beauty.

As regards the care and decoration of these holy places, the Franciscans, Heterodox Greeks, Armenian, Coptic, Abyssinia and Æthiopian sects have the right to burn

lamps and decorate sanctuaries belonging to them. In reference to the religious who dwell in the church or join it (for most of the time they are locked up in it by the Turks), and as to their manner of living, it is well to notice, that only the four chief nations have besides their own chapels also their habitation in the dome. The Franciscans have their convent and chapel with choir to the north of the Holy Sepulchre; the Greeks in the east; the Armenians in the south; and the Copts have three or four rooms in the west. Now, since the main entrance is generally closed, and the keys being in the hands of the Turks, the priests living within can have communication with the outer world and receive nourishment and other articles only through a small movable aperture of about 15 inches square in the heavy and colossal front door, through which I have seen a small short ladder coming out and then a lean man with keys and instruments to loosen the iron bolts for opening the church. In order that your reverence may more easily find your way through this immense building devoid of symmetry, I shall add a plan of it in a separate sheet, with numbers and descriptions.

From whatever part of the city you come, you will necessarily be led either from the west over wide steps downwards, or on a level from the east, to the front side of the church, where you see at your feet, mutilated pedestals on which formerly stood columns that formed a portal. After stepping down two large steps you are in the court-yard of the great *Basilica*. This yard is about 60 feet square through which you approach the front door from the south to the north. Before you approach it, look around you on the objects that present themselves. There are buildings all around in every direction. On your left, you perceive three apses of chapels protruding; the first is a Greek chapel of St. James; the second, a chapel dedicated to St. John the apostle and St. Mary Magdalene; the third, in honor of the Forty Martyrs. There is a door seen leading to it. Here in olden times, baptisms and marriages were performed. Next, in the corner, you see a large Gothic square tower, nearly 100 feet high, with fine bells; and at right angles from it to the right or east, you see the portal of the church built by the crusaders in the Gothic style, with doors below and high windows and beautiful ornamentations and cornices above. The first door near the tower gives access to the church; the second door, similarly constructed, is now walled up. At the side of it, you see stone steps leading up eastward to a chapel dedicated to the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the floor of which is about four

feet below the level of Golgotha and is constructed on the spot where the Blessed Virgin is said to have stood during the time that her Divine Son was nailed to the cross. From here she could see Him and the executioners and the soldiers, and could hear the deep and dolorous sighs of our Lord when His hands and feet were pierced through with nails, and she could count the strokes of the cruel hammer.

Just beneath this chapel, from the stone-paved court, you enter by a door into a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary of Egypt. She was here miraculously converted by the mother of God, on the feast of the Holy Cross, which she then adored and became reconciled to God by the reception of the Sacraments and then retired into the penitential desert beyond the Jordan, where after many years of suffering, St. Lasimus being admonished by God, brought to her the last Sacraments and gave to her Christian burial. Rectangularly to this chapel you see buildings running from north to south on your right. At the first door near the corner is the Coptic chapel in honor of St. Michael; 21 feet further south you see the entrance into an Armenian chapel dedicated to St. John, in which is shown a fragment of the Flagellation Column; 27 feet further south, a door leads into the convent 'of St. Abraham belonging to the Schismatic Greeks, that looks interiorly rather dark for want of light; and in its upper story, you see a neat chapel in honor of the twelve Apostles. Near by, is the chapel of Abraham's Sacrifice, with two frescoes, one representing Lot's flight from Sodoma, and the other Isaac's offering; while in the centre of the floor is a silver vase on the spot of Abraham's sacrifice before which some candles are kept burning.

On this stone-paved court, about 20 feet before us to the right, is the place of the martyrdom of Blessed Mary of Portugal, who, on her pilgrimage, was taken by the Turks and burnt alive here for her faith, in 1575. Eighteen feet further on I could still see the footprints of Blessed Casimo, a lay brother of the Franciscans, who was there killed for the faith by the Turks in 1599. On this pavement of the yard you very often see a great many people selling and buying beads, pictures, trinkets, mother of pearl, candles and so forth.

On entering the church you see at once on your left on a large divan, which might hold more than ten persons, two or three Turks, watchmen, crouched down, eating or smoking their chibouque; they are pretty quiet and tolerant, although not silent, with a sort of turban on their head, at times asking for a *backshish.* You do not mind them and continue your walk straight on about 10 steps and are be-

fore the Stone of Unction, where a Plenary Indulgence is gained each time you say devoutly one Our Father and Hail Mary. This stone of red, yellow and white marble, 4 by 10 feet, is encased in a marble frame eight inches wide and about 10 inches high, and the whole of it placed over the natural rock where Christ being taken down from the cross was embalmed and prepared for burial by St. Joseph of Arimathæa, St. Nicodemus, St. Longinus and St. John the Apostle (John xix. 38, 39). This stone was left untouched by St. Helena when building the church, and the present reddish marble stone was put there in 1808 after the conflagration of the cupola over the Holy Sepulchre. It belongs in common to the Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts. On each of the 4 corners there is a large ornamental golden ball; at the head and the foot of the stone, to your right and left, stand six colossal candlesticks, with colossal wax candles, and at a height of about six feet above the stone, is a row of ten enormous decorated lamps constantly burning. We knelt down before this stone, said our prayers and devoutly kissed it. In all the processions and solemn services this stone is incensed in memory of the embalming of the body of Christ. The opposite wall is covered with paintings relating to the sufferings of Christ and his burial, and nearly 90 feet above is the ceiling. To the right, at the height of 20 feet from the floor you behold a marble balustrade, passing from the left to the right, in the centre of which is a square pier, and corresponding piers at each end of the balustrade, running up with their capitals some 18 feet, support, right and left, two open arches. Beneath the balustrade, all the way down to the level where you stand there is a heavy stone wall, which runs eastward here on both ends around that portion of Calvary which still remains about 40 feet square, having at the height of 20 feet, a level floor of 40 feet square, exquisitely inlaid with the finest variegated reddish, white and black marbles of various figures, stars and rosettes. This 40 foot square floor is divided into two chapels of equal size; the one corresponding to the arch on the right hand above, running eastward from here, and containing the 10th and the 11th Station; and the other corresponding to the arch on the left above, running also eastward, containing the 12th Station. On the eastern half-pier in the wall, is the 13th Station; and the two chapels above are divided by the front, centre and half-pier in the east, but communicate by the open arches between them.

Before we go up stairs (which may be done by a staircase with 19 high steps in the corner to the right, or by a

staircase with 18 still higher steps around the corner on the left), we shall first enter by the door placed in the middle of the wall before us, and go eastward, right under and in the excavated rock of Calvary. Here is a gloomy, narrow and obscure grotto of unknown origin, called also Adam's Chapel. On the right and left you notice two stone benches placed where Godfried of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, was buried on your right, and his brother Balduin V. on your left. Three steps beyond, on your right or south, under the Chapel of the Crucifixion above, you see a door, leading into a parlor of the Schismatic Greeks, and before entering on your right, is the site of Melchizedek's tomb. According to the unanimous tradition of the Jews, Melchizedek is identical with Sem, the first-born of Noah; and 112 years after leaving the Ark, in the 211th year of his life he built Salem, which later on was called Jerusalem, about 2456 years before Christ. He died when he was 600 years old and was buried here. When he met and blessed Abraham, he was a little over 525 years of age, whilst Abraham was only a little over 75 years. If you go on about 6 steps more, you come to the eastern wall, and there you will find a small cubic cave measuring one yard, closed up with a brass door. In the centre of it, you see a wire grate 7 inches square, through which the rock of Calvary at the Saviour's death was rent in the space between Him and the bad thief. I could clearly observe that rent, for there is generally a lamp burning in this little cave. According to the eastern tradition, the skull or head of Adam was deposited there; and when at the Saviour's death the earthquake split many a rock, this one was also rent, from east to west, vertically down through this cave. Hence, when the Sacred Blood of Christ, flowing from His open side, fell on the rock, a part of the blood trickled down upon the guilty head of Adam, redeeming him. I may be excused for relating this wonderful fact, which cannot well be called in question, since it is narrated by such authorities as Origen, St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Epiphanius and St. Basil. The eastern traditions are forcible and not so easily upset as the occidental assertions, for the simple reason that the oriental traditions carry with them not only the power of the human intellect, but, above all, the superior power of supernatural grace which is found in the greater knowledge acquired by faith.

But how and when did the head of Adam get into that little cave? I will tell you. When Noah entered into the Ark, the remains of Adam, the first man, were taken in also. When Noah came out of the ark, he constructed an altar over the remains of Adam, and there he offered sacrifice.

Towards the end of his life, he divided the relics of Adam, as the richest inheritance amongst his children. Sem or Melchizedek, who was the oldest in the family, obtained the head of Adam, and after he had built Salem, he deposited it in this cave, and desired that he himself should be buried near it. If you find a better and more probable explanation of the facts, please give it to us; if not, you will let alone the ancient tradition as stated above, since you may be saved as well without it.

We shall leave this chapel, and coming out of it, pass the Stone of Unction and go 40 feet westward from it. There the Holy Women stood whilst our Saviour was hanging on the cross, and there they remained also whilst Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus were embalming the body of Christ (Luc. xxiii. 49). A circular stone in the floor marks the place and a round iron grate protects it, while some lamps are burning there. The place is near the staircase leading to the Armenian church. Going nine steps further to the north, you enter the *Rotunda*, as seen reconstructed at the common expense of France, Russia and Turkey.

The *Rotunda* of about 69 feet in diameter, has 18 massive piers, supporting two galleries, one above the other, by means of 18 arcades; the whole of it is covered with a vault of fine fresco, beneath the centre of which stands the ever-venerable chapel of the Tomb of our Saviour and his glorious Resurrection, the centre of attraction to all the pilgrims of the world, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, as long as a spark of faith is kept alive in their breast. This chapel is totally isolated from the rest of the church, two steps higher than the ordinary level of it, 25 feet long from east to west, about 17 feet wide, 18 feet high, or 36 feet high with a cupola-like turret; the western apse forms a pentagon, whilst the eastern side or entrance forms a rectangle. On the sides it has 16 pilasters of reddish marble, supporting a balustrade of little columns. The front or eastern side shows 4 twisted marble columns, in the centre of which is a bass-relief and painting of the Resurrection. On ordinary days, three lamps are burning here, but their number increases according to the greatness of the feast. The stone seats on both sides in front are occupied by the officiating clergy, and the large candlesticks seen about the entrance belong to the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. The first door is arched and decorated with marble festoons and is 5 feet and 10 inches in height with a width of 2 feet and a half. This monument is divided into two apartments, the Chapel of the Angels and the Holy Sepulchre.

The Chapel of the Angels, so called because angels there

announced Christ's resurrection to the pious women (John xx. 1-13), is a sort of ante-chamber, about 10 feet wide and 9 feet deep. The interior is covered with white marble plates, 12 columns and 12 pilasters, while 19 lamps burn above your head, day and night. In the centre of this chapel is the Stone of the Angel, a part of the original stone that closed the entrance, which the angel removed and sat upon (Mark xvi. 1-6); it is on a pedestal encased in white marble, and measures about a cubic foot. Back of it is the entrance into the Holy Sepulchre, 4 feet and a half in height and 2 feet wide. To enter it, you must necessarily bend, stooping down considerably. Here is a floor 6½ feet long and 2½ feet broad, the sides all around being covered with white marble concealing the rock of the sepulchre lest it may be injured by imprudent visitors. On your right, to the north, is the Holy Sepulchre (John xix. 40-42), whose front, covered with white marble, is 2 feet high, 6 feet long and 2 feet and 9 inches broad, adhering to the west, north and east side of the rock, and covered everywhere with marble. Above the place where our Saviour was laid, about 14 inches, is a 9 inch projection on the west, north and east side, on which a portable altar is placed where a daily Mass is said by the Franciscans. The rear of the altar shows three representations of the Resurrection; the centre one by a relief of white marble, belonging to the Schismatic Greeks, the one on the right to the Armenians, and the one on the left decorated with 53 jewels, to the Catholics; besides, there are candlesticks and flowers. Of the 43 lamps hung up here and burning day and night the 13 in the centre belong to the Franciscans, 13 others the Greeks claim, 13 the Armenians and 4 belong to the Copts. Our Saviour lying in the tomb had his head to the west and his feet to the east. The tomb was the last witness of his humiliation, but at the same time the first of his glorious resurrection. What must be the sentiments of a believer, kneeling at that holy grave? Can he say in truth: I have so lived as to make a good use of the fruit of redemption? Have I been ungrateful? Shall I ask pardon? Are my hopes solid, not only of a future resurrection, but of an everlasting glorification? What promises shall I make to secure a glorious future?

The Divine Service is performed by the Latins, in front of the Holy Sepulchre; the deacon and subdeacon attend to their duties outside of it, as inside there is room for the celebrant and a server only. In looking to the east, you see the church of the Greeks with their stalls in the choir; all of which formerly belonged to the Latin canons. At

the west end of the Holy Sepulchre, the Copts have their chapel, and to the north-east of it, in a large niche of the *Rotunda*, the Syrians have their chapel which, unfortunately, is much neglected. Passing through it you soon come to the family tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, about 60 feet west of the Sepulchre. He went with Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, Martha, and the man who was born blind, to Marseilles and later on to England where he died.

Returning to the *Rotunda* by the same way we came, let us go to the north-east, and 40 feet from the Sepulchre we will come to the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, where the resuscitated Saviour appeared as a gardener to her. This miracle is represented on the painting above the altar. This chapel, open on all sides, shows you, by a rosette in the floor before the altar, the spot, where Christ stood; two lamps are burning at this place. The apparition is related in the gospel of St. John xx. 1-18. Opposite to this altar, westward, on the tribune is the great organ of the Franciscan fathers. At the northern end of this chapel you ascend four steps into the Franciscan choir and Chapel of the Resurrection of our Lord which has three altars. This is the place where He appeared to His Blessed Mother according to tradition; for, St. Joseph of Arimathæa had here a small house in his garden which he offered for her disposal; and here she remained for a time to be near the sepulchre of her son till His resurrection. This chapel is also remarkable for another miracle, as in the presence of St. Macarius, St. Helena and a great crowd of people, a dead person was brought to life, by the touch of the true Cross of Christ. Three altars in this chapel are of great interest and venerable; the high altar, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin on account of the miraculous appearance of Christ, is of white marble and our Lord dwells in the tabernacle; the altar on the gospel side, on account of a great relic of the Holy Cross; and the altar on the epistle side, because it contains the largest portion of the column at which our Lord was scourged; a part of which had been sent to Pope Paul IV.; another part to the Emperor Ferdinand I.; a third part to King Philip II.; and a fourth part to the Church of St. Mark in Venice.

On the north and south side of this chapel is the Franciscan Convent, and back of the three altars is the sacristy, where the spurs and sword of Godfried of Bouillon are kept. From the sacristy, we pass through the northern nave of the large church which has seven arches with supporting piers on your right; they are called the Seven Arches of the Blessed Virgin. On the eastern end you pass between

two posts, like artificial columns, into an ante-chamber from which you descend two steps into a dark chapel, called the Prison of Christ, where Christ and the two thieves were kept while the place for their crosses was being prepared on Golgotha. Coming out from here you turn to the left into a semicircular passage or cloister, which runs around the sanctuary of the Greek Church and ends at the Calvary and the Stone of Unction. The first apse you meet on your left is the chapel of St. Longinus, martyr, who was converted at the foot of the cross when piercing the heart of Jesus with a lance, a drop of the sacred blood having touched his eyes curing them instantaneously (John xix. 31-36). In this chapel, the sponge and the lance were kept until transferred, with title of the cross, to Rome (John xix. 19-22). The next apse you meet and its altar, is on the place where the garments of Christ were divided and where they cast lots for the coat without seam (John xix. 23-24). Three steps beyond this chapel, on your left, you descend a staircase of 29 high stone steps into the church of St. Helena, a square of 54 by 54 feet, which is built in the Byzantine style with a cupola, partly cut out of the rock, and has three naves. The main altar is in honor of St. Helena; the altar on the gospel side in honor of St. John the Baptist; and in the north-west corner, higher up and just outside of the wall, is the 9th Station. On the epistle side is the place where St. Helena prayed whilst men were digging to find the true cross. Instead of an altar here, a stone staircase of 13 high steps runs down into the ancient cistern where the cross and the instruments of execution were found; it forms an irregular chapel, 23 by 18 feet, and 15 feet high, except on the right near the rocks, where the ceiling of rock may be touched with the hand. We ascend the 13 steps, pass through the *Basilica*, overhung with ostrich eggs and lamps; and going up the 29 steps into the processional cloister we come directly to the third apse, on your left, called the Chapel of the *Improperia*, because there, under the altar table, behind an iron trellis-work you see a short piece of a column, where lights are burning. This column is said to have come from the *Prætorium* of Pilate, and our Saviour was seated on it whilst they crowned him with thorns and loaded him with reproaches (Matth. xvii. 29-31). Twenty-five steps westward from here, after having passed, on your right, the door into the Greek choir and church, you come to the 18 high steps leading up to Golgotha, on your left. Ascending to the platform of 40 feet square, divided into two chapels running from west to east, you are in the chapel where Christ died, and you see on your left through

the spacious arches the Chapel of the Crucifixion. This is the most sacred spot in the world where the most dolorous scenes of our dying Lord's life took place. The Lord grant to every human being the intensely pious feelings a priest must have when he says Mass there, on that altar, where our Saviour was nailed to the cross on his account! Such a place as this could never be forgotten, and never was forgotten. From the top of Calvary you could look over the old city walls, and could see the whole town, north, east and south; and Mount Olivet to the east, beyond the temple built on Moriah. The old bloody sacrifices are at an end; the new sacrifice of infinite value takes their place in a mystical manner. The whole platform of Calvary is inlaid with exquisite marble of various designs; the red color predominates. On the eastern side of this chapel you see an altar of marble with beautiful dazzling gold decorations all around, living as it were in the glare of burning lights; in the background is the emblem of our Lord, life-size, bleeding and dying, his holy mother to his right, St. John to his left; and at a yard and a half to the side of them and a little farther back, is a round black disk of marble on the spot where the thieves had their cross; but under the altar, in the round opening of that large gold plate, stood the cross of Christ (it is the 12th Station). The millions of pious kisses that have been imprinted there by the kneeling pilgrims, cannot be counted. Two yards from this spot, on your left, between Christ and the bad thief, through a long three-inch-wide aperture, you distinctly see the miraculous rent of the rock which occurred at the death of the God-man. Further to the right, against a pier half-buried in the wall, and between this chapel and the Chapel of the Crucifixion and joining it, you see a small beautiful altar of the Seven Dolors, where the Blessed Virgin was seated to receive the body of her Divine Son when he was being taken down from the cross. This is the place of the 13th Station; it stands on the real rock of Calvary, as does one-fourth of the marble floor of the chapels up here.

Six feet westward from the altar of the Seven Dolors or the *Stabat Mater*, is the altar and Chapel of the Crucifixion, the 11th Station. The painting above the altar represents the painful scene, which occurred here right in front of the altar, within that rectangle marked on the pavement, and is inlaid with fine mosaics; and about four steps beyond it, westward, towards the second staircase, you see a rosette in mosaics on the pavement; that is the 10th Station where Christ was stripped of his garments and given gall to drink.

In the south wall, on your left, as you look west, with your back turned to the altar which you just passed, is a small window with an iron grate through which you can look down into the chapel of the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, where she stood with St. John the apostle, during the crucifixion of our Lord. The floor of this chapel is about four feet lower, with an altar on your left where the Franciscans say Mass every day; and you see two stained glass windows in this chapel with representations relative to the sufferings of Christ.

Many more things I have seen and heard in this venerable *Basilica* of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, which I must omit, for, I fear, I have been far too diffuse in my descriptions.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,
B. VILLIGER.

JERUSALEM, Dec. 31, 1892.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,
P. C.

To-day I intend to give you a description of the *Via Dolorosa*, the Way of the Cross, through which our Saviour travelled carrying the cross from Pilate's house to Mount Calvary. On that painful road 14 stations are specially marked and have been visited with great devotion by pilgrims from every part of the world. The Stations can be gone through freely and publicly in Jerusalem without disturbance from the passing Jews or Mahometans; no fear need be felt. I performed the Way of the Cross often by myself alone and sometimes publicly with the Franciscan Fathers and pilgrims on Fridays at 3 P. M., forming as it were a large procession accompanied and protected by a government officer, who carried his insignia upon his garments, and a fine respectable whip in his hand to measure the back of any man, as I have seen him do to a Jewish lad of 17 or 18 years, who incautiously tried to interrupt the pious procession. To perform the Way of the Cross in Jerusalem in the same streets as did our Saviour, and to stop and pass on before the very places where he trod, is a great privilege, a great happiness, and indeed a great honor. The spiritual treasures for one's soul and for the departed souls, are incalculable. To obtain these advantages the following conditions are required. Every station is to be visited unless there be an insurmountable obstacle; and you must reflect upon the mysteries which were accomplished on that spot; no special prayer, however, is requisite at any station,

nor is it necessary to kneel down, although I have seen many prostrating themselves and kissing the stones or ground which were wet and muddy. The distance you have to go from Pilate's palace, through the crooked ways and turns of lanes, is about one mile to Mount Calvary, most of the direction being from east to west; the remainder from north to south.

That you may have a clear idea of this memorable road, I shall commence my walk with you from St. Stephen's gate, which is almost in the middle of the eastern city wall that runs from south to north. From this gate we go directly west on a road about 12 feet wide, which passes the large stone building of the African Missionaries on our right, and after a march of 225 steps, we pass under a long arch where we meet with some Turkish soldiers on their daily watch. Then we go on in the same direction 175 steps more, and there on our right we have the Tower of Antonia where the barracks built upon Pilate's palace begin. We pass under another long arch and continue our way (which now slightly ascends) for a hundred steps more, and here right on our left in the old wall of Pilate's house is the 2nd Station, on the place where the *Scala Santa*, a marble staircase of 28 steps, existed. You can see the marks of it in the wall where there is an old stone frame or post that belonged to a portal. This *Scala Santa* was sent by St. Helena to Rome, in 326, and is kept in a special chapel at the side of St. John Lateran, where pious worshippers praying, ascend it on their knees. It is under the supervision of the Passionist Fathers who have their convent joining the chapel.

Your Reverence may be a little surprised at my measuring distances by steps. Let me simply remark that I count two feet of our measurement to every step, and in this way we all have a clear idea in our mind regarding the distances already mentioned or to be mentioned. Some persons may also be surprised at my mentioning the 2nd Station before the first. The simple reason of this is that coming from the east, we first arrived at the place of the 2nd Station. Where then is the first Station? The first Station is in the interior of the Turkish barracks where once stood the *Prætorium* or Judgment-Hall of Pilate. It is on our left, just 25 steps directly west from the 2nd Station, and from this point about 150 feet rectangularly, on the left, in the interior court of all these buildings here, is a stone-paved court about 80 feet square called *Lithostrotos*, and about 14 feet higher up than the level of the street on which we walk. To go to this interior court we must walk westward about 75 steps and

there ascend, on our left, an inclined plain which runs eastward, till we come to a height of 14 feet above the street, and there passing the soldiers on guard, we enter a large portal, turn to the right 15 steps, then to the left, 35 steps, into the centre of the court, surrounded by barracks, having soldiers looking from the windows and from the tops of flat stone roofs gazing on us. We stop for a few minutes in this centre where we perceive on the floor three stones about two feet square with a little depression or cavity in the middle. This is the place where our Lord was four times declared innocent by Pilate and yet was condemned to death. Here we perform the 1st Station, and then return by the same way that we came, down to the 2nd Station. Before we come to the inclined plain mentioned above, we see on our left a little mosque with a cupola, and also the place where Christ was crowned with thorns and loaded with reproaches; it was a Catholic chapel in ancient times. It is well to know that the Christians with St. Helena built sanctuaries on all the stations of the cross. These chapels were afterwards destroyed by the Turks, Saracens, and Jews; the Mahometans destroyed even all the houses of the Christians; and whosoever would not apostatize was murdered. Of late many of these sanctuaries were bought by the Franciscans, Catholic Armenians, United Greeks, and the missionaries of Cardinal Lavigerie. After removing the stones and rubbish from the ruins, they discovered wonderful remains of ancient sanctuaries, as we shall see by and by on our journey. This interior part of the barracks is not always open or accessible, in which case we must perform the 1st Station in the street below, near the 2nd Station.

Now, please, pay attention to what I say, for I have known no writer who speaks clearly about the locality. From the place of the 1st Station in the centre of the court or *Lithostrotos* of the present barracks built on the ruins of Pilate's house, imagine a straight line to the north across the street. That line will pass 25 steps west of the 2nd Station, and just there, on your right, with walls about 20 feet in height, are the south sides of the Franciscan church and convent built on the place, where Christ was scourged. Under the table of the main altar where those lamps are burning, is the venerable spot where the columns of the flagellation stood, and the ground that was stained with the blood of Christ. The votive Mass of the precious blood is always said here, except on the greatest feasts of the year. Four more altars are to be seen here, two on the right, and two on the left. This old sanctuary was suddenly taken away from the Catholic owners by Mustapha Beg, the son of the

Pascha in Jerusalem, in 1618. This godless man made a horse-stable of it, placing there one evening his finest horses in an excellent condition. The next morning, to his terror, he heard that they were all found dead. Not recognizing in this event the punishing hand of God, he gave orders that the next evening his other horses should be placed there, and during the night they also died. Still more terrified at his great loss, he sent for the wisest Ulemahs, asking for their opinion concerning this misfortune. "You need not be astonished at this occurrence, for that place is holy to the Christians, because Christ was scourged there, and it is not the will of God that it should be a place for animals." This was their answer. Mustapha left the chapel empty, but did not return it to the owners. Later on, a portion of it went to ruin, and only in 1838, Ibrahim Pascha gave it back to the Franciscans who repaired the chapel, as it now stands, through the generosity of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria.

One hundred and twenty feet westward from the front of the Flagellation church, the Franciscans, after removing the earth, stone and rubbish, have lately discovered the floor of another ancient chapel with a small vestibule. A little to the west of this place, the long convent of the Sisters of Sion, built by Ratisbone, extends from south to north; they have a fine school for Catholic, Jewish, Arabic, and Turkish girls. On the west side of this establishment is a small alley running north and leading to the place where Herod Antipas of Galilee had his palace, which was completely demolished; several poor houses are now constructed there. Deep in the basement of the Sisters' convent, a floor was discovered showing signs that soldiers used to play games there, and the chiselled floors were evidently used as horse-stables.

Just across the little alley is the Church of the *Ecce Homo*. Looking up the alley I saw high in the air, two closed bridges reaching over from the 3rd floor of the Sisters' convent into the upper part of the *Ecce Homo* Church. On one of the arched bridges I saw an Arabic inscription, and on the other one in the Hebrew language. This *Ecce Homo* Church runs from west to east along the *Via Dolorosa;* but the entrance is from the south or the *Via Dolorosa*. Up in the air, on the eastern part of the church, we see the *Ecce Homo* arch across the street and extending to the sanctuary with a smaller side-arch. On this arch, which was formerly open but is now covered, Pilate is said to have shown our scourged and thorn-crowned Saviour to the people that he

might move them to compassion. Above the vault of the arch, close to the wall of the church, you see two large stones, about two feet square. Many authors have spoken about these stones which were formerly seen in an old building. Tradition says that Christ stood on one and Pilate on the other. On one you notice almost effaced Greek letters; and on the other I saw to my surprise clearly chiselled the word: *Tolle*, Take Him away. A Franciscan guardian of Mount Sion is said to have placed these two stones there.

The Church of the *Ecce Homo* was built by Father Ratisbone from 1859 to 1863. The church is rather obscure, in an earnest simple style, with a cupola which admits of no light; a few small windows are seen on the left. The ceiling is supported by columns and piers, dividing the church into three small naves; above the main altar is a life-size colored statue representing our Saviour with the purple mantle and the crown of thorns. On the cornice in the cupola you read the inscription: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is very touching to attend the children's Mass in this church and to listen to their fervent prayers for the conversion of all sinners, especially the Jews, when at the time of the elevation their loud voices repeat those words of our Saviour on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The stone pavement of this church contains the fine stones that were lifted out of the ground when the foundations were being dug; for, at the depth of about six feet they came to the original pavement of the old city, the stones measuring nearly two feet square; and here you walk on them as the people did at the time of our Saviour's passion. Digging still deeper they came to a cistern, the double cistern of Strathion, each of which measures 126 feet by 21 feet, ending against rocks and having at the south-west corner a conduit of water, about a man's height, cut in the rock and after a course of 126 feet in length, ending in the Harâm esh-sherif. When this discovery of new wells was reported in the Jewish quarters, the Israelites, having a tradition that new springs would be found at the time of the Messiah's arrival, came in crowds with buckets, bottles and every sort of vessels to get some of the wonderful water. Father Ratisbone seeing them, said: "If you believe in the Messiah who has come, be instructed and baptized, you can have as much water as you please; but if you do not believe in him, you can go home; not a drop of water shall be given you." In their obstinate blindness they went home with empty buckets.

From the 2nd to the 3rd Station, there are 345 steps, of which 155 steps are from the 2nd Station along the church of the Flagellation, the Sisters' convent, the little street leading to old Herod's palace and the *Ecce Homo* Church on your right, to the *Ecce Homo* arch, the road always ascending; and 190 steps there are from this arch to the 3rd Station, the road always considerably descending westward into the Tyropæan Valley and the street which comes from the north-west or the Damascus gate, and runs south, or rather between south and south-east. At the meeting of these two streets you have on your right, to the north, the Austrian *Hospice* for pilgrims, and at the corner on your left, the 3rd Station where Christ fell the first time. Two columns, half-buried in the ground *along* the wall, and an inscription *on* the wall indicate the place. There are three arches walled up; and the window which used to be in the centre arch is also walled up; but you see in the upper part of the arches, three small circular windows giving light into the chapel which is just inside that wall, the chapel measuring 20 feet by 9 feet. Passing the 20 feet of wall, you notice that the wall at the corner turns rectangularly eastward for 9 feet, and then south again to the 4th Station and beyond it. In the wall between the 3rd and 4th Station, there is a large wooden gate, large enough to admit wagons, and in it a smaller gate just for one person to pass, with a notice, "No Admittance." I saw a man at that door pulling a bit of string and opening the door; he was a workman. I thought I would do the same thing; and the door opened. I went in and looking around I saw a Catholic Armenian priest passing, in his long cassock and regular Italian broad hat. He was Father Joachim Taumayan, a man of 42 years, with a long patriarchal beard already sprinkled with grey hair, and he looked pleasantly at me. I approached and spoke French to him which he perfectly understood. I asked him if he would please show me the interesting spot he had chosen for his dwelling. I learned that three years ago he had bought the 3rd and 4th Stations with about 200 feet of land back or east of them for the benefit of religion. He said: "Come and see the chapel of the 3rd Station. When I commenced to clear away the old ruins, stones and rubbish, I discovered there the floor of a chapel built by St. Helena, a little underground, with fragments of an altar on the spot of the 3rd Station. I repaired this chapel and the altar, with a painting representing that mystery. Then, from this station, eastward, I built this fine whitish stone house of two stories over a basement, 60 feet long and 40

feet wide, with a passage in the centre and rooms on both sides, for helping missionaries that may come. Next, I cleared the yard between this house and the 4th Station on the south, and in so doing, I discovered at a considerable depth a mosaic pavement with walls in several directions; also with places on the east side for three altars. Come and see." We went down from the present pavement, 24 steps, each step 18 centimetres in height and of stone; and to my delightful surprise I saw right before me, an altar above which Christ stood carrying His cross and meeting His sorrowful mother; and under the altar table, behind a wire grate, in the mosaic floor, the size of the footprints of the Blessed Virgin turned to the north-west to see her Divine Son who came from the north-west, and all this marked on the spot where St. Helena had seen, underneath, the stone of her footprints; evidently showing that in olden times the people were sure that these venerable mysteries had taken place here. Above this subterranean chapel of the 4th Station, north and eastward, the same father is now building a fine church of white stone in honor of the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary; it measures from west to east 75 metres in length, 13½ metres in width and 13 metres in height. The Lord grant him success in his noble undertaking!

From the 3rd to the 4th Station, there are 54 steps; and a little alley from the east opens into the street here which runs southward; while on the corner to the left you see the mark of the 4th Station, about 7 feet above ground on the wall. It is no wonder that the very stones felt the grief which the heart of Jesus and Mary had endured here.

Going 33 steps further south, you see a street opening from the west, on the right side; and just near the corner was the place where poor Lazarus dwelt in his miserable hut; from which he used to go down this street, southward, about 40 steps, to that three-story variegated house which is built over the street, to obtain, if possible, some crumbs of bread that fell from the table of the rich man who lived there. The dogs had compassion on Lazarus, but not the rich man. Well, our Saviour says: "The rich man died and was buried in hell, where he could not get one drop of water in the burning flames for ever. The poor man died in his suffering and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Here on our left, at a height of six feet, you see the mark of the 5th Station. Simeon of Cyrene and his two sons, Rufus and Alexander, date the corner-stone of their sanctity from the mysterious occurrence at this place.

From the 5th to the 6th Station there are 39 steps; and as you begin to ascend westward in this narrow street, and just beyond that deep arch spanning across the way, on your left, is the place where the house of St. Veronica stood. There is a new house here now, occupied by Catholic Greeks; and 7 or 8 stone steps lead up to it from the front door. At the left of the door, there are two windows, and between them is a small column about 3 feet long half-buried in the wall, to mark the house where St. Veronica lived and whence she came with a white cloth to meet our Saviour, who taking it pressed it to His countenance and left upon it the impress of His bloody image.

From the 6th to the 7th Station there are 96 steps, where the road is very steep; and just before the 7th Station you pass under a very long, dark and low vault, so much so that your head reaches within 2½ feet of it. At the western end of this vault is the site of the Judgment-Gate and the 7th Station, the mark of which is on the stone pier to your left. Here, a street crosses you rectangularly from north to south, and opposite to you on the other side of the street stood a column to which the sentence of the criminals was affixed, because all of them, and consequently our Saviour also, passed with their instruments of execution through this gate out of the city to Golgotha. In 1875 the Franciscans bought the property opposite to this gate where they built a chapel and an industrial school for girls; and high up, under the window-sill is the inscription: "7th Station opposite the Judgement-Gate." The upper story of the buildings up to the 8th Station were also bought by the Franciscans.

From the 7th to the 8th Station there are 53 steps of a considerable ascent on stone steps. To go there from the 7th Station, you walk to the south about 6 steps; then leaving that street you turn into another street westward passing on your left the Protestant Pilgrim House of Knights Templars, until you come to the 8th Station on your left, marked by 2 pieces of columns in the wall with a hole for an iron in the centre. On the 2nd story of the opposite house is an inscription which says: "Opposite from here is the 8th Station where the pious women wept over our suffering Saviour." The Schismatic Greeks have bought the place of the 8th Station and have built a convent (Karalambus Convent) across the road; and back of them the Schismatic Copts have done the same, intercepting the road to Calvary as far as the 9th Station. Hence the necessity of returning here to the 7th Station to take the road which leads to the south.

The direct road from the 8th to the 9th Station, would not be more than about 70 steps. Now from the 7th Station you go 300 steps to the south, and on the right you ascend in the same direction a staircase of about 20 steps; then turn around in the opposite direction, and go up 20 steps more, and you come to an alley which leads 35 steps westward; follow another alley of 40 steps northward, and finally again 35 steps westward, and you arrive at the great gate of the Coptic Convent, and on the left side of it in the corner you see a large piece of a half-buried column; this is the 9th Station, which is just outside and above the north-west corner of the *Basilica* of St. Helena. On this side of the column and near it, is a door 4½ feet in height with 3 very high steps in front. I went up there, entered and was surprised to see the flat stone-paved roof of the said *Basilica*, below me, with its modern cupola.

To go from the 9th to the 10th Station, which is marked on the top of Calvary, you have to go back the same way you came; first 35 steps one way, then 40 another way, then 35 again, next down the two staircases, and in the same street 125 steps south again, then around the large and long Prussian buildings towards the west, until entering by a low gate you arrive at the southern end of the court-yard or front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. When you are there, enter the church, and at once turn to your right and ascend in the corner the staircase of 19 steps; and on arriving above, six steps on your right, you see the marble rosette on the pavement, marking the 10th Station. Three steps further on, you are at the place and before the altar where Christ was crucified. Six steps from here to the north-east is the 12th Station where our Saviour died for us. Between this Station and the 11th is the 13th Station called the *Stabat Mater* altar.

About 126 feet from here to the north-west, right under the great cupola, is the Holy Sepulchre; and the place of the glorious resurrection of Christ, the strongest proof of His Divinity.

It is customary to finish the Way of the Cross here by the recital of 6 our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glorys. May the abundance of the fruit of redemption be applied to our needy souls!

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER.

(*To be continued.*)

NAPO MISSION.
DISCOVERY OF THE AVISHIRIS.

A Letter from Fr. Prosper Malzieu to the Editor.

Rev. and Dear Father in Christ,
P. C.

Since the readers of the Woodstock Letters have last heard from the Ecuador Mission, an event has taken place which is well worthy of our attention, for the importance it may assume in the near future. I refer to the discovery of a new tribe of wild Indians, made lately by Rev. Fr. Tovía, S. J., in one of his excursions to the Lower Napo. I subjoin a letter of the Rev. Vicar-Apostolic addressed to the President of Ecuador, in which he gives a full account of his second visit to the *Avishiris;* but for its better intelligence, I must preface some words of explanation.

It was known by our missionaries of the Napo Reductions that a tribe famous by its natural ferocity had murdered its misssionary, Fr. Peter Suarez, about the beginning of the 18th century, and had thus choked the seed of salvation spread by that zealous apostle. But what had been the fate of those unhappy rebels ever since, no historian could tell; even geographers point out with difficulty the place of their dwelling on the left shore of the Curaray River, before it branches off from the Napo. Many a time had Rev. Fr. Tovía begged the Sacred Heart, to whom the mission is in a special way consecrated, to make known to him the abode of those unfortunate denizens of the forest. Last year his prayer was finally heard, and the door to the gospel tidings was reopened after two centuries of darkness, which for these Indians proved to be two centuries of murder and destruction.

This is the remarkable way it happened. Being on a little mission at San Javier, in the house of Mr. Juan Rodas, an old governor of the Eastern Province of Ecuador, Fr. Tovía heard that several gum traders, in the employ of the above-named gentleman, had during their labors in the woods arrived at the dwelling of the *Avishiris*, and, to their great surprise, had been received without any sign of hostility. This report was of course enough to make him hasten upon

an excursion, which, though dangerous, might also be the beginning of great good.

Starting then in a canoe with Mr. Rodas, who volunteered to accompany him, and one of the traders who had already visited the place, they rowed up the river for four days, till they reached *Lorocaparina*. From here they continued the journey on foot, cutting their way through the wildest forests. At last they distinguished among the trees the copper-colored skin of two naked persons, very likely intent on fishing in the river. The Indians seeing the strangers, thought at first of flying and then of defending themselves, but when they noticed them unarmed, they drew near and though in a state of almost native nakedness, they did not seem in the least ashamed. They proved to be a man and a woman. The man noticed with his sharp eye a hatchet in the hands of one of the party, and without hesitating he went straight to him and declared that it was his booty, so useful are keen-edged tools to them in the forests. Pointing, then, towards the north, the Indians made signs for the strangers to follow them, and the woman suddenly disappeared by a secret path. The man, having perceived the attention paid by the party to Fr. Tovía, thinking that he was perchance some great cacique, put himself at his service and opened the road for him with wondrous dexterity. They arrived at length at an open space, planted with banana, yucca, and sugar-cane. Near the centre was situated a large wigwam, about 150 feet long, and 15 feet wide, divided by a narrow corridor into a double row of small cabins, in each of which a single family lived. They slept in hammocks that they made out of a plant called *chambira*. This midway corridor ended in a semicircular roof, projecting almost to the ground, so that one had to kneel in order to gain an entrance into it. Very likely this arrangement was the outcome of a strategic plan against their enemies, whom the inmates pierce easily with their spears, when they are crouching at the door. Their utensils were most simple and primitive: a few earthen vessels, kettles, stone hatchets and wooden lances.

When the white party drew near the house, all the Indians came forth unarmed and with confidence to meet them. The woman whom they had met, and who had been the forerunner of their arrival, came to offer them *chicha*, bananas, a hammock, and lances. As signs were the only means they could use to express their feelings, Rev. Fr. Tovía gave them in return fishhooks, knives, glass beads, and mirrors. All Indians are extremely fond of such objects; so they surrounded him with characteristic confidence

and presented both hands at once to receive more. Then they scrutinized whatever he had; his hat, beard, girdle, buttons, and crucifix especially, were all matters of great admiration for these poor and wretched people, accustomed to live in almost complete nakedness. As the day was now growing late, they had to retire and be satisfied with this first interview, which, though rather insignificant in itself, gave room for great hopes in the future.

On departing, Rev. Fr. Tovía signified to the Indians that he was simply going away to bring them many more useful gifts; and, to protect them against the cruelty of the gum traders, he put up the following notice in rough letters: "This tribe is under the special protection of the Government of Ecuador. The severest penalties will be inflicted on anybody who dares encroach in any way upon their rights." Then he departed, but we may say his heart remained with the *Avishiris*. Since that time he had been continually thinking of returning to visit them and to prepare the way for their conversion. This second visit took place at the beginning of 1893 and he himself took care to duly inform the president of this now certain discovery of the *Avishiris*. Leaving to his pen the account of this visit, I remain, as ever,

Your servant in Jesus Christ,

P. MALZIEU.

A LETTER OF FR. G. TOVIA, VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF THE NAPO MISSION, TO MR. ALOYSIUS CORDERO, PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR, S. A.

ARCHIDONA, March 9, 1893.

Most Excellent Sir:

I have just returned from my expedition to the country of the *Avishiris*, and in compliance with the promise made to your Excellency in my letter of January, I will communicate to you some details of my journey which may prove of interest to your Excellency.

Having left Archidona on the 13th of January, I reached the Napo Reduction after four hours' journey on foot, and there entered a canoe with four Indians who brought me over to Santa Rosa. In eight hours I easily covered the ground between Santa Rosa and Concepcion, where I was to hire the Indians who would accompany me during the whole trip. One hour after my arrival two were engaged, and they promised to bring two others without delay. Then I left for Loreto, in order to pass with the fathers of that station the four days that the Indians would spend in making ready for the journey.

These Indians of Concepcion are the same who revolted

in Coca, and led by Ampudia and Pinzón proceeded to Loreto where they maltreated the governor and the missionaries and committed a hundred other barbarous deeds of which your Excellency is already aware. In view of all this, no one will fail to wonder that I presented myself among these savages, alone, and without any other weapon than my crucifix and walking-staff. But I know the Indian character well enough to be aware of what they are capable when they are backed by the white settlers, and how they behave when left by themselves and far from all foreign influence. For thirty-four days I have been alone among them, without even the possibility of any protection or assistance, and I have slept with them on the lovely shores of the Napo River, where they could have killed me with perfect impunity, still I never felt the least apprehension or danger of any kind.

On my return to Concepcion, I found my four Indians ready and waiting for me. They were good boys, docile and active, as their subsequent conduct proved. Two were called respectively Dámaso and Venancio, and the two others were namesakes, called Luises. We found our canoe tied to a tree on the Napo River. It consisted of the hollow trunk of a cedar tree, thirty feet long, three feet wide, and about two feet and a half deep. Over it they placed a shelter, called in Indian, *pamacari*, made of willows and foliage, to protect me from the scorching rays of the sun during the voyage, as well as from the rain and the insects which are always swarming on either side of the river.

We started, then, on January 24, and journeyed fast enough to arrive in one day at Coca. In three days we were at the Tiputini River, a tributary of the Napo, and four days later we came to the mouth of the imposing Curaray. One evening, a little after dusk, when we had landed on one of the shores, a tiger appeared at no great distance from us. His graceful form was visible to great advantage on the sandy shore, and by his roar he seemed to indicate his pleasure at our arrival. He soon re-entered the forest, though later on we could hear him roaring and beheld him even a second time in sight of our camp. In order to be out of danger, we considered it more prudent, after taking our supper and resting for a while, to row off to another point, where we could sleep with more safety.

On the Curaray River I stopped at a little place called San Javier, where I gave a short mission to the Indians who live there, heard many confessions, baptized a good many children, gave confirmation and blessed several marriages. We, then, started off again to go up the Napo towards the

Avishiris, the main object of our journey. On reaching *Lorocaparina* after four days, we had to leave the water and to make the rest of the journey on foot. During this last part of the journey I noticed that my Indian companions were growing very uneasy, for we had evidence of the near presence of the savage *Avishiris*, whom our Christians of Napo fear as much as they do the wild beasts of the forests. There was, indeed, danger ahead of us: for these savages might come down on us at night when we were asleep, and catching us unawares make short work of our lives; or, if we arrived at their village during one of the wild festivities which they hold on returning from their war-like expeditions, we might not be recognized, and, taken for a band of hostile Indians, be murdered in the first impulse of their excitement. Add to this, that during these celebrations, which are of very common occurrence, they become so intoxicated that there is little chance of any reflection especially when they are bent on doing mischief.

But I placed my whole enterprise in the hands of our Lord, for whose service and glory it was undertaken, and on we went ready for what further events divine Providence might have in store for us. As a precaution against danger, however, I tried to obtain the same kind of clothes which I wore on my first visit to the *Avishiris*, so that they might recognize me even from afar and so avoid the possibility of a mistake that would prove fatal to me and to my expedition. I was now alone with three Indians, one of whom was from San Javier, who knew the way; the two others, the Luises, doubtless out of fear, offered to take care of the canoe on the river, as though in these solitudes there was anybody from whom we might apprehend theft. But I understood their request, and not wishing to put their virtue to an heroic test, or, rather, well aware that I would be deserted when help was most needed, I readily gave them permission, being satisfied with three sharers of my danger. One of them, at least was better known to me as he had acted as sacristan in San Javier, when I gave a mission there.

We had travelled on foot but one hour, when we reached a small river beside which we could see the fresh footprints of the savages, who certainly could not be very far from us. We kept on steadily in our struggle against the many difficulties, which are to be expected in travelling through a virgin forest. When we had gone through two-thirds of our way, we heard the shouting and screaming of the savages, which was an ominous sign of their approach. Such a noise was an indication of blood-thirstiness and revenge, or of brutal drunkenness, or something akin to it, disagree-

able and dangerous to us. Fearing that my companions might desert me, I halted for a while and the Indians were soon in our presence. I cannot describe my feelings at this moment. The sight of those savage denizens of the forest, is as fearful to a white man as the sudden appearance of a wild beast, for they seem to possess all its characteristic instincts. As I advanced to meet them, they recognized me, for, through a providence of God, there were in the party two acquaintances of my first visit. They at once stepped forward to salute me with confidence and even cordiality.

This troop consisted of six Indians, four men and two women; the latter wearing very little covering, the former altogether naked. The women carried on their shoulders an empty basket, a sign that they were in quest of wild fruits, which are an article of daily food for them throughout the whole year. After the greeting was over, they gave up all thought of fruit-gathering and tried to induce us by signs to proceed to their home and to spend the night there. We would have preferred to bring them to our canoe in order to give them some little presents, but they insisted, and lest they should take offence, I yielded to their entreaties, not with the intention of sleeping there, but in order to know them and to be known by as many of them as possible. So we marched on in the direction of their abodes, which were about an hour's journey from this place. One of them took charge of me and was so assiduous in opening a safe pass and removing every obstacle that might in the least inconvenience me, that a gallant gentleman would hardly be more attentive in his services to a young lady. My companions were greatly taken by the adroitness of my savage guide in his movements to answer any possible need of mine. Now he would cut away branches and place them in the hollow of the road where the rain had gathered, and then point out to me where I might safely rest my foot; now he would stretch forth his hand to me for support. His comrades aided him with their advice and often went ahead to remove any obstacles for which my privileged escort might happen to need their assistance. I was greatly pleased at all these manifestations of good-will towards me, not so much for the little comfort that they afforded me, which indeed would be a sufficient reason, as for the simple and active faith that prompted them. They also gave me a great insight into the character of these poor heathens, and expanded my hopes for a rich harvest of souls in the near future. The two women of the party followed us, but were entirely passive in my regard. I had often occasion to admire in them a certain inborn delicacy of manners which

speaks very well in their favor, and which made me think that after all it would not be a difficult task to bring their race to a life of Christian civilization.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we at last reached the abodes of the *Avishiris*. They were now in the same condition in which I found them at my first visit, except that there were many more Indians than last year. As soon as I drew near, all came out in a body to meet me, men and women, grown persons, and children. They presented a really distressing sight, being altogether deprived of the priceless blessings of faith and civilization. Though I could hardly look at them, so complete was their nakedness, yet I showed them that I appreciated their hospitality, and was very much pleased to be among them. Then by signs I made known to them that I had come only to renew their acquaintance, and to bring them some little articles which would prove pleasing and useful to them. I distributed among them some pakages of fishhooks that I had in my pocket, and then invited them all to follow me to the Napo River where I had quite a good supply of different objects in store for them. It was a very notable fact that all the Indians present were comparatively young. Not one could be above forty years of age. So far, I have not seen anything that would make me think that the *Avishiris* imitate other tribes in eating their people when they reach a little beyond mature age. I rather deem it probable that without deserving the name of anthropophagi, they kill the men and women to spare them the inconveniences of old age. One of the squaws renewed her acquaintance with me by pointing to a necklace she wore, reminding me that I had given it to her on my previous visit. One of the younger Indians came to meet me in full uniform, which consisted of a large showy hat, stolen very likely from some rubber-gum traders whom they had murdered. The individual, however, made as much of it as if it covered his whole body. By-the-bye, he was the musician of the tribe and played tolerably well, for an Indian, a kind of flute made from a reed. He presented a rare sight for St. Cecilia, who seldom gazes upon a client of hers in such an original attire. Still another Indian appeared who gave me a better idea of the ornaments and fashions of the tribe. Naked as he was, he had his body painted all the way around with red stripes, and in the lobes of his ears were large holes from which hung two sticks or reeds falling in front.

Soon after distributing the hooks, I retraced my steps towards the canoe which had been left on the Napo in the

care of my first companions. Between twenty-five and thirty *Avishiris*, men, women and children, came with me, while the rest remained waiting for them at home. Among the number was the musician with his cap and flute. During the journey he performed every selection that he knew.

It was five o'clock P. M., when we reached the river. My arrival calmed the fears of my oarsmen who had already the gravest apprehensions for my safety. Entering the canoe, I took hold of a bundle of North American hatchets, and you may imagine the agreeable surprise of the Indians, who live still in the stone age, on gazing at such polished steel tools. To avoid all confusion and disorder, the distribution did not begin before all the men had been seated in a line along the shore. They received these instruments with gratitude and contemplated them with real delight. They could hardly realize that they were the owners of such valuable, and for them priceless articles. My next bundle contained several dozen striped shirts and short pants, such as seamen use. These suits were altogether unknown to the Indians and, of course, when they wished to put them on they were at a loss. Some tried to put in their arms and head at one time through the respective openings of the shirts, or both legs at once through the pantaloons, and failing each time they would look at me for the solution of such a difficult problem. I went around and showed each one how to conduct the operation, and very soon all of the men appeared in grand uniform. To the women, seated in a separate row, I gave some short dresses which, for this purpose, I had received from Mrs. Carmen Rodas, the wife of our friendly governor. Knives, the articles most highly prized by children, were given to them. I made another general distribution and all received fishhooks. This terminated the object of my second visit to the *Avishiris*. For the present we must be satisfied to know them, and to be known by them, to ensure friendly terms with them and thus to pave the way for future operations. On departing I told them, as far as signs could do so, that I would call again and bring more tools and clothing from Quito. They then filed away across the sandy beach towards the forests, and we made ready to pull out our canoe, as quickly as possible. Two young lads about ten years of age tarried behind the tribe and wished to come away with us. But I did not allow them, thinking that I might incur the displeasure of their parents, and because I deemed it useful, and even necessary to foster in them the love of their own country. As fast as our men could row, we made for the other shore of the Napo, at some distance from our landing. It was growing

quite dark and we wished to have a safe spot in which to spend the night. My companions feared very much that the Indians who had seen me take the tools from the boat, might conceive the idea of getting more of these useful instruments, and for this purpose would follow and overtake us while we were asleep. In fact, not long before, they had murdered nine men on these very same shores. So there was good foundation for fearing a like fate at their hands. When we thought that we were beyond the reach of these treacherous savages, and night had completely set in, we landed on a sandy island to rest ourselves. An hour later, loud screams in the direction of our first place of meeting reminded us of the presence of the *Avishiris*. My companions were on the watch the whole night. "They will murder us, father," they would say. "You don't know what these infidels are. They are altogether different from us. With the hatchets and knives which you gave them they will cut down trees and make canoes and surprise us." And going on in their remarks, but in a mild way, they found fault with me, because I had given such fine instruments to the *Avishiris*. Thanks to divine Providence, nothing unpleasant happened. The light of day found us in perfect safety.

From what I have already said, your Excellency may easily infer that the *Avishiris* are not such an isolated and formidable tribe as they were when they killed our Father Peter Suarez. I rather think that the hour has come for their conversion and salvation. I have done for them what I could in my two visits, though much less than I would if the resources of our mission allowed it. When our number increases, we will try to establish a permanent station among them, so that their evangelization may be better ensured. I am aware of the many difficulties that will accompany our efforts: but I think it will not be too dear to pay for the salvation of these poor heathens, with the life of two or three Jesuits.

I remain, most excellent Sir,

Your humble and devoted servant in Christ,

GASPAR TOVIA.

LIFE ON THE ALASKA MISSION.

SECOND SERIES OF ANNUAL LETTERS FROM FATHER BARNUM.[1]

HOLY CROSS MISSION, ALASKA.
Season of 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

According to my promise I send you my yearly budget of notes on Alaskan matters.

With the kindest love to all and a farewell till next year,

I remain your devoted Brother in Xto.,
F. B.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE YUKON REGION.

The first impression produced upon a stranger in Alaska is that the region appears to be almost desolate, and greater experience only serves to confirm this impression more strongly. The fact is, that the native population of the Territory is not only extremely small, but, moreover, is confined to a few very limited areas. It is only on the sea-coast, and along the banks of the larger rivers that any human habitations are to be met with; hence the whole of the interior of this vast region remains simply one untrodden desolate waste. It might be adduced that the number of towns represented on Alaskan maps, is sufficient to disprove this assertion. The difficulty is easily disposed of, because prescinding entirely from that district known as South-Eastern Alaska, there does not exist a single town, in our American sense, throughout the mainland. The names presented on the map are misleading, because, for the most part, these Arctic settlements consist of a single barrabora (underground dwelling) wherein two or three families may reside; in many cases only one family will constitute the entire village.

[1] The following letters have all been revised and approved by Very Rev. Father Tosi. His judgment and long experience will thus afford our readers additional assurance that they give a true picture of Alaskan Life.

Furthermore, many names of mere fishing stations occur on the map, thus giving the country a more settled aspect, whereas, in reality, these "towns" are nothing more than temporary camps, occupied only during the few weeks of the fishery.

In order to convey some idea of the sparse population of our Polar Empire, take, for an example, the Kuskokwim, which is the second great water-course of Alaska. The upper half of this river is, as yet, to us a *terra incognita;* but we know that there is still a trader 200 miles farther up, and therefore villages around. From the little trading post of Kolmakofsky, which is nearly midway, down to the outlet of the river, there are about a dozen real villages, that is, settlements consisting of one or two casines and several barraboras. The difficulty of obtaining food is so very great that it checks any inclination to congregate in large settlements. The constant tendency is to disperse as much as possible. Not only are these people inconsiderable in number, but they are scattered. During the brief season of the fishery they assemble at certain places in convenient proximity to the fishing grounds. However, but little missionary work can be accomplished among them during this time, as all, both old and young, are then engaged in constant labor. It is the period of their harvest. The run of certain fish lasts but a short time, from three to five days, hence every hour is precious. Moreover, the short Alaskan summer hardly affords time sufficient to dress and cure the catch. Immediately after the supply of fish has been laid in, all disperse. The women and children go off on long expeditions to gather salmon-berries, and to collect the special varieties of straw, from which their mats, socks and many other domestic articles are made. The men engage in the pursuit of seals, white whales, etc., to obtain the winter store of blubber, which is so absolutely essential to this race.

Among the obstacles which the missionary must expect to encounter in Alaska, not the least, is that which arises from human respect and which exercises a most pernicious influence among the Innuit. The men, especially, have a most childish dread of being talked about. One cause of this is owing, probably, to the peculiar communistic mode of life which prevails among them, and which seems to deprive the individual of any freedom. The casine is the common centre, and all are forced by the severity of this climate to spend the greater portion of their time there- Hence everyone knows the business of everyone else. The natural inquisitiveness of these people is so great, that the very at-

tempt to say something privately to one, is certain to cause half a dozen others to crowd around at once. On the Upper Yukon this inconvenience is less. There the inhabitants are Indians of a high-spirited independent nature; and they have not adopted the casine system of the Eskimo.

There is a peculiar feature in connection with the Yukon and the Kuskokwim, which is rare in physical geography. It consists in the parallelism of the courses of these two great rivers, which are the most important in Alaska. Both have their sources in the south-east, and their outlets at Behring Sea trend towards the south-west. The intervening courses describe concentric semicircles, of which the outer one, or that of the Yukon, is immensely greater. As they flow, they observe with remarkable regularity the same great bends, with one curious exception. Shortly before reaching the head of its delta, the Yukon makes a sudden turn to the south and then resumes its general course. On the other hand, the Kuskokwim, which, so far, has meekly imitated all the bends of its mighty companion, makes its sharp turn here also, but makes it towards the north. The short distance between the rivers, at this point, is the usual track followed by the Innuit, and under favorable circumstances can be traversed by sled in a day, or a day and a half. The proximity of these rivers would cause surprise, were it not for the wonderful storage-supply existing in this region, a supply maintained by the thousands of snow-water streams, which during the brief warm season come rushing down every mountain gulley. The whole country is a network of lakes, many of which are of vast extent, while the small ponds are almost innumerable; furthermore, the immense stretches of tundra may be considered as reservoirs with moss-surfaces. When all these facts are taken into account, the surprise will be, not so much at the proximity of these rivers, but rather at their ability to drain this water-ridden country as well as they do. Another particular, in reference to the Yukon and Kuskokwim, from my observations while crossing three times through the intervening district, and at widely separated points, is the absence of what is commonly termed a "Divide." There appears to be no continuous range of mountains or elevated ridge along the interfluvial tract. Throughout the large portion of this region which I have traversed so far, I have never yet found any regular chain of mountains. Nevertheless, there are mountains, and most lofty ones everywhere, but always in detached irregular groups of volcanic origin. So numerous are they, that a volcanic peak may be said to form an essential feature of every landscape. To a geologist interested in

the study of craters, this country presents an inexhaustible field for investigation. Very frequently twin peaks stand side by side, their symmetrical cones rising abruptly amid the surrounding tundra, or moss-covered plain. These double peaks are termed Asses' Ears, on Alaskan charts. Without intending to cast the slightest reflection, I think that a more appropriate epitaph surely might be found to designate these conspicuous and magnificent landmarks.

The Kuskokwim develops into a long and very shallow bay, before it enters the sea. So slight is the depth of water, that a small steam-yacht, called the *Dora*, which brings from Ounalaska the annual supplies for the two trading posts of the A. C. Co., does not venture even within sight of the coast. About the time when the *Dora* is expected, some of the Innuit go out in their little seal-skin Kyaks and keep a sharp look-out for the steamer.

The Moravians have a station at the mouth of the Kuskokwim, but, so far, they have done very little. The pastor in charge is Brother Kilbuck, a Delaware Indian, assisted by Sister Kilbuck, and an interesting family of little Kilbucks, who have picked up the language, and have dropped into native ways with wonderful ease.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO THE KUSKOKWIM.

Fr. Tosi made an expedition through the Kuskokwim region last year, as he wished to establish a station somewhere on that river. The village which pleased him most was Uh'hharmaut. He selected a spot near it, and made a contract with the Trader of Kolmakofsky to build a house for us. The name of this man is Nicholas Dimientieff, a native of Moscow, and one of the few Russian exiles yet remaining in Alaska. Last October Dimientieff sent us a message that he had completed the house, and about the middle of November I was sent to examine the building and to pay for it.

I set out from Kozyrevsky with a nine-dog team, and a heavily loaded sled. The ordinary winter route from the Yukon to the Kuskokwim, starts from a village called Pimute, which is about a day's journey down the river. The whole surface of the Yukon was one mass of rough ice, just as it had jammed together when the river closed, so that travelling over it meant extremely hard labor. It was yet early in the season, and it required an immense amount of snow to level up the river so as to form a good road. In preparation for the trip, I had made some rabbit hash, and allowed it to freeze in small lumps. One of these when

thawed out in the frying-pan afforded a first-class meal without much delay. Although I found my hash very good, still I had great trouble in eating it, as it would freeze solid to the plate before I could do justice to it. Our open-air repasts here in the Arctic are attended with many inconveniences. I was very glad to reach Pimute, and to crawl into the casine, for the first day "on the road" is always most tiresome, afterwards one is less sensible to the cold and fatigue. I secured a guide and the next morning we departed from Pimute very early, and started across the country, almost due south.

During the first part of the day the trail followed little streams, but there were many times when it was necessary to pass through belts of timber, and this rendered our progress very slow. Towards the afternoon we entered upon the tundra which was interspersed with innumerable ponds and small lakes. Late in the evening we came to a stream, which gradually widened as we advanced, and soon merged into a most magnificent lake. At the mouth of this stream was a barrabora in which we passed the night, and the next morning, while it was yet starlight, we set out. Our course led directly down the lake, which afforded a good opportunity for observing its beauty and extent. Groups of lofty volcanic peaks lined its edge, forming numerous little bays, and later on when the sun was up, the scene was one which Switzerland could not equal. The whole expanse of the lake was one glittering sheet of smooth ice; the morning was bright and calm, and not excessively cold, so that one could remain seated on the sled; the dogs were in good humor and the glorious ride was worth coming to Alaska for. I gave the name of Lake Gibbons to this beautiful sheet of water. After several hours my guide turned in towards the shore and we soon reached another little barrabora erected, or, to be more precise, excavated, near an outlet of the lake. Here for several hundred yards the rush of the water was so great that it resisted all the ice-king's efforts to fetter it, and we had the satisfaction of making tea directly without having first to melt ice for the purpose. Our route again led over the tundra until we reached a little stream hardly wide enough at first for the sled. Down its narrow winding bed we journeyed for about three hours, when I noticed a curious elevation ahead, which proved to be the casine of *Kalth'lkarmaut.* We had reached the border of the Kuskokwim. When I first noticed the mound of the casine and not knowing that we were then so near, I thought it was only an illusion.

When one travels on the tundra here, an amusing and

curious optical illusion is constantly met with. The smallest objects loom up in gigantic proportions. Once last year while travelling over the coast tundra, we saw what appeared to be a very high conical hill directly ahead of us, and while we were gravely discussing which side we should pass, we were not a little astonished at beholding the leading dog clear the hill without the slightest effort. It was only a clump of grass around which the snow had drifted! Another time we thought that we had missed the way, as we noticed a high mountain near us, which we did not recognize. Suddenly the dogs made a frantic rush at the mountain, which was a bag of frozen fish left on a little knoll. Often I have felt rather disheartened at the prospect of having to climb a series of steep ridges with deep intervening gulleys, when to my great relief I found the sled going along over them with only a few extra jolts. Estimates varying from 2000 to 4000 feet, have been given to elevations along the coast, which in reality were only moderate bluffs.

I found the people of Kalth'lkarmaut good natured and inclined to be very friendly. After the dogs were unharnessed and my things were carried into the casine, I inquired if any one was sick, but fortunately all the inhabitants were well. The next morning I made an early start, as the people told me that the road to the next village up the river was very bad. I found the Kuskokwim fully as rough as the Yukon, and at times we came to long gravel flats, which the strong winter gales had swept over, leaving many places almost bare of snow. There were many air-holes in the ice, and sometimes they were quite extensive. They could be always easily noticed on account of the clouds of vapor which hovered over them. However, if one is belated and has to travel after nightfall, these air-holes are serious sources of danger.

It was early in the evening when I arrived at the village of *Uh'hhar-ma-ut*, which is the place where our house is built. After unloading the sled and attending to the team, I went over to examine the new edifice. It is on a bluff separated from the village by a deep gulley. The entire population trooped along after me; they were anxious for me to start housekeeping at once. The house is built of logs, one-story high and contains five rooms with a hall through the centre. It is by far the most solid and best constructed building we have. Uh'hharmaut means "place of sliding ground," and is situated on the north bank of the river. The view is shut in all around by high hills except towards the south. There, as far as the eye can reach, extends the level desolate tundra, and there is but one land-

mark in the whole dreary expanse, a cluster of lofty snow-covered peaks. One of the men of the village informed me that this group is known as *Kh'torok*, and at their base there is a large hot-spring around which the grass was yet green. I was anxious to visit it, as they said that the mountains could be reached in a day and a half. Up here the method of measuring distances is by the number of times one camps on the way. For instance, you will be informed that you can reach a certain point with one sleep, that is to say, two days' travel. "Two sleeps" mean three days, and so on.

In spite of my desire to make this excursion, I resolved to postpone it until my return, as the dogs were already somewhat jaded, and I wanted to reach Kolmakofsky before the end of the spell of pleasant weather which we have in this month. On Nov. 22, 1892, I arrived at this remote little trading post. That morning the weather had begun to change, and for a week it was very stormy so that I was glad to be in a good shelter. Kolmakofsky, as its name indicates, is a foundation of the old Russian régime. The settlement consists of two log-houses, occupied by the trader and his family, a store, several outhouses, the old Russian fort and the ruins of a church. The fort which is a small octagonal blockhouse about 15 feet in diameter, exactly similar to the one at St. Michael's, now serves the peaceful office of storehouse for the dog-fish. The massive logs of the old church are being rapidly transformed into long piles of firewood. The place is situated on the south bank, which is very steep, and directly opposite the river flows by the base of a line of mountains which shut off the view all around. There is no native village in the immediate vicinity, and the whole place is as dreary and isolated as only Alaskan settlements can be. Dimientieff, the trader, is the only white person here. The present Mrs. D., as well as her various predecessors, are all of aboriginal stock. A numerous half-breed progeny, and a few native retainers constitute the population.

I was made welcome and installed in a room with a good stove. As I would have the opportunity of saying Mass during my stay, my first care was to place the flask of frozen wine where it would thaw before bedtime, and then by placing it under my pillow it would not freeze again during the night. At supper the dish consisted of some thick square pieces of pie, the rich brown color of which instantly suggested ginger-bread. It proved to be one of the many ways which Muscovite house-wives have of preparing fish. I found this pie *à la Russe* so very nice, that forthwith I asked my host how it was made. With the most cheerful

alacrity, he gave the following explicit directions for composing this really excellent dish.

"Feesh, small flour."

If Fr. Minister will see that the cook follows this brief recipe exactly, I am sure that it will be a favorite dish on "First-Class Feasts." I should state that conversation with Dimientieff was always of a disjointed, desultory character, being restricted to a very few English words, mostly substantives, on his part, and an equally limited Russian vocabulary on mine.

I remained at Kolmakofsky about ten days, in order to give the dogs a good rest. Feeling confident that this Post must be situated almost due south of Kozyrevsky, as the journey I had made was somewhat like going around three sides of a square, I thought it would be well worth while to attempt to return directly across the country. I would have to give up my plan of visiting the Hot Springs to do this, but if I could find a short cut to the Yukon it would be a great advantage for us to know it. As there are no villages in the district which I proposed to cross, I would have to carry dog-fish for the whole journey. No one ever travels over this tract, indeed it is very seldom that the natives ever go out of certain traditional trails, and as they are never in any hurry, they never dream of looking out for a shorter route. A young man named Vanuska, a son of Dimientieff, agreed to accompany me. Expecting that the country would be very hard to travel over, I left everything which I could possibly spare at Kolmakofsky so as to have my sled as light as possible. Vanuska loaded his sled with dog-fish, and one of his young brothers, named Petruska, and a native called Mumyulee were added to the party.

We set out early on the morning of Nov. 28, expecting to accomplish the trip in three days. Our loaded sleds were dragged to the river-bank, which is very high and steep, and allowed to slide down. The teams were then attached, and we started down the river. That night we camped on the bank of a large tributary of the Kuskokwim. Our mode of camping, which was very expeditious, consisted of cutting down six or seven young hemlocks, and denuding the stems of their small branches, which were strewn on the snow to form our bed. The stems were then stuck slantingly into the snow, in a small semicircle, and the sled-cover, a large cotton sheet, was then stretched around them thus forming a slight shelter against the wind. While this was being done, one of the party made a fire and filled the teakettle with lumps of ice. The following day we crossed the mountains and camped on the down slope. When I awoke in

the morning I found myself buried in snow. As I had the best clothing of the party, I always selected the most exposed part of the camp-bed, away from the fire, as my place. Jingo, one of the dogs of my team, generally took his position for the night, just at my feet, and proved a first-rate foot-warmer. The weather grew worse as we started and soon we were in the midst of a big Alaskan snow-storm. It was impossible to see any distance and we wandered out of the right direction. All day Petruska and Mumyulee walked ahead in their snow-shoes beating down a track for the sleds. When we camped that night it was with the very uncomfortable feeling that we were lost. The next day was just as stormy. If we had had a larger supply of dog-fish and provisions for ourselves we would have remained quietly in camp until the storm had passed away, but we had only enough for three days and this was the third, so we had to keep moving on short rations. That evening the snow ceased, and the sky cleared a little overhead, but dense masses of clouds hung all around so we could not see our course. We camped as usual, but did not feed the dogs, as only one meal for them remained. When the morning came, the weather was clear, but we were in a low place with woods all around and so we could not see any distance. Vanuska climbed several trees, but none were high enough to afford a view. Of course we knew that the Yukon was to the north of us, but our difficulty was that we were forced to go in long zigzags to avoid getting into the thick woods.

Finally we concluded to go through the woods, which consisted mostly of swamp-willows and great areas of hemlock. We had to cut every foot of the way. The dogs were constantly getting entangled around the trees and branches. It can easily be imagined how a line of dogs extending about thirty feet can manage to twist and tangle themselves in an almost impenetrable thicket. All day long Vanuska and Mumyulee worked at cutting the way, while Petruska and I were constantly aiding each other in the tangles of our dogs. We camped for the fourth time, and fed the dogs with the last of their fish. The fifth day was a repetition of the same labor. The morning of the sixth day was clear and pleasant. We made an early start after finishing the last bite of what little food we had remaining. After travelling a short while we noticed a rather tall tree, and stopped while Vanuska climbed it. To our great satisfaction he soon sang out to us that he could see Ing-ràha-hluk, the mountain of Kozyrevsky, so we knew at last the right direction. Although we were near, still it was no small trouble to get there.

The country through which we had been travelling was about as follows. We would cross a pond or small lake, then a wide margin of willow-swamp, which would gradually merge into a belt of timber; then we would meet a stream, which we would follow a little, if its course was in the right direction. Then ponds, swamps, streams and woods over and over. The streams often had banks varying from ten to forty feet high, and it was always hard work to get the sleds up and down. We had to unfasten the tow-rope first, and the dogs would go plunging down in their usual frantic manner, getting themselves in a most miserable tangle; then we would lower the sled slowly down from one to another. Getting it up the other bank was still more troublesome. The dogs would climb even the steepest slopes very rapidly, while we aided by pushing the sled. I always had much annoyance in getting up these steep banks, as our Arctic boots have no heels. Frequently we would have all this trouble for some wretched little stream not fifty feet wide, in fact, the smaller the stream, the higher the banks seemed to be. Once we suddenly came to what appeared to be the end of a deep gorge. I ran back to look at it, and found that it was a frozen waterfall! The ice had grown up from the bottom till it resembled a great curtain. We had crossed just on the verge of it.

Towards the afternoon we found an old rejected fish-trap, and so we knew that we would strike a trail near by. Soon Vanuska shouted that he saw it, for my part I would have never discerned it. Once on this trail the dogs went along better and we had no more cutting to do. Just at dark we suddenly glided out of the thick willow-swamp and found ourselves on the Yukon. The river here is very wide and the newly fallen snow made it very hard to pass over. The sleds sank in deeply and the poor dogs wallowed along most miserably. However, our troubles were happily at an end, for directly opposite to us stood the mission. After about two hours we arrived, and all the boys came rushing out to welcome us. Having unharnessed and fed the dogs, we left them to enjoy a refreshing fight with their old associates, while we went to enjoy the supper which Brother Rosatti prepared for us. The next time that I start to explore for a short cut in this frozen wilderness, it will be with more than three days' rations.

Postscript, Apr. 16.—A message came to us that poor Dimientieff is dead. Vanuska came here twice for medicine, and our short cut has become the usual road now and is always done in two sleeps.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS AT OUR SCHOOL.

At the completion of the first term of our high school, on the Yukon, a solemn session was held, in which the marks of the half-year were announced. When I entered the school-room, where the ceremony was to take place, my attention was attracted towards a couple of strips of brilliant calico, suspended along the rafters, just as if they had been hung up to dry. I concluded that we had arrived on a wash day, and so I expressed to one of the Sisters, my hopes that the ceremony would not seriously interfere with the laundry-work. She promply corrected my misapprehensions, and stated that these were decorations. I only mention this, as "an awful warning" to those, who have been living out of the pale of civilization. A semicircle of soap boxes and nail kegs, was arranged at one end of the room, for the accommodation of the faculty, and the children arrayed in their best clothes, were waiting to receive us.

After prayer, a brief address followed, relating to the details concerning the marks required for the various academical honors. The system appeared somewhat intricate, deportment and scholarship were combined, while the total number of attainable marks was no less a sum than two thousand! The Honorary Degrees, three in number, were, first, that of E. C. (excellent child); then V. G. C. (very good child) and lastly G. C. (good child). In order to attain the Degree of E. C. it was requisite for the candidate to have gained *the total number of marks!* The Degree of V. G. C. was conferred upon those, who had lost but five marks during the term, that is to say, one mark only per month. Those who had lost twenty marks, or one per week, were eligible for the minor honor of G. C.

These *prænotanda* disposed of, the names of those were then called out, who had gained the full number, 2000 good marks, which entitled them to the high degree of E. C. To my great amazement, two boys and eight girls stood up. Then those who had lost but five marks during the term, began rising as their names were read. So many rose, that I thought surely none would be left seated. However, a few did remain, but they rose when the names of those were called, who had lost only twenty marks. By this time I began to experience a little dizziness, brought on by the low temperature, and the recollection of many struggles at Georgetown, to work up marks so as to hoist some good fellow over "94." Owing to this brief unconsciousness, I fail to remember whether any one was left seated, after the

third group had arisen. I was suddenly revived on hearing the "excellents" summoned to receive the reward of their industry. These "ten little Indians standing in a line," first endured the usual harrowing suspense, while a few remarks of a highly laudatory nature were pronounced; then the distribution of premiums began.

At this exciting part of the function, a deep hush of expectation prevailed in the little assembly, and amid the profound silence, the best student, a creole girl named Tatiana, (a daughter of Dimientieff) was called to receive the grand prize. This consisted of a neat copy of that most interesting and useful work, known as the "Sixth Reader," which Tatiana carried off at arm's length, very much as if she expected it might explode. I should mention here that the curriculum of our Polar Academy does not, as yet, extend beyond the "Second Reader." Hence the presentation of the advanced volume, is hoped to awaken in Tatiana, an ambition to master polysyllables, which will lead her to enter upon a post-graduate course. It reminded me of an incident, connected with dear old Fr. Dompieri. He had a great pile of books in his room, which he used to distribute to his sick in the Boston Hospital. He always took the books, in their regular order, without the least reference to his patient's taste. On one occasion, he benignly presented an old Irish woman with an algebra, wherewith she might beguile the tedious hours of convalescence. The next in order of merit was one of the senior students, named Olga, a full-blood from Nulato. Olga's approach consisted of a slow shuffle, which grew slower, the nearer she came up, when suddenly overcome by the native Indian bashfulness, *she wheeled entirely around, and extending her arm backwards*, received her prize in that attitude! After Olga, came a girl from the Shageluk district, named Ellen. She had entertained hopes of receiving the grand prize, and was most bitterly disappointed. Far from disguising her feelings, Ellen approached in an uncontrolled flood of tears, and by a curious coincidence, she received the most appropriate and timely prize of a small red cotton handkerchief! It would take too long to describe the awards to those in the rank of V. G. C. I will only state that the premiums decreased in rapid gradation, and consisted mostly of pictures.

At the close of the exercises, I expressed my surprise to the Sister Superior at the rigorous standard, which is probably unsurpassed by any educational institution upon the globe. In fact to go through the whole course, without the loss of one single mark, would hardly be required in Rome for the degree of Doctor of Theology. Her explanation

was very satisfactory. The children were so extremely docile, and displayed such eagerness to learn, that the faculty having no endowed medals, etc., were reduced to such desperate straits to provide prizes, that in pure self-defence they were compelled to adopt this extraordinary standard.

If this mission school could be endowed with a few pocket-knives and scissors (for up here cutlery is prized above everything else), a great impetus would be given to education in these parts.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

Prior to our arrival the Russian priest was accustomed to visit certain districts from time to time, on a combined spiritual and trading expedition. On these occasions the natives were corralled and baptized without the slightest preparation or instruction. At present, these visitations have ceased, as the Russians now confine themselves to their headquarters at Ikogmut. As most of the adult natives have been already baptized, the subject is one of great importance to us. Often a native, when questioned about his baptism, will say that it was performed in a river.

Lately, I had an opportunity of learning from an eye-witness just how this ceremony of immersion was carried out. My informant was the trader, whose post is at the mouth of the Kuskokwim. His name is Edward Lind, a native of Sweden, and for many years he has been here in the service of the Fur Co. Before being appointed to the Kuskokwim district, he was at Ikogmut, on the Yukon, where the Russian mission is situated. On one occasion, a number of Indians were to be baptized, and he walked down to the river-bank to look on. When everything was ready, the candidates waded out, till the water was about breast-high. The priest then read the service, *standing above them up on the river-bank.* At a preconcerted signal, all *ducked themselves* simultaneously in the water. Then bobbing up serenely, these new members of the Orthodox Church of Holy Russia struck out for the shore.

ERECTION OF THE MEMORIAL CROSS.

It has been a long-cherished wish of Fr. Tosi that some memorial should be erected to mark the spot where Archbishop Seghers, the noble-hearted founder of our Alaskan Mission, was so treacherously slain. The site where this terrible event took place, is at the base of a lofty point known as Yis-setla-toh or Wolf-head Point. It is on the north bank of the Yukon, at a short distance from where the Koi-

klotzena (Ko-i-klot-ze-nah) enters the great river. This is one of the most important tributaries of the Yukon and bids fair to surpass the famous Forty Mile Creek, as a gold-bearing district. The name of this river has been distorted into Koyukuk, and is not the only instance Alaskan maps present of slovenly transliteration of native names.

The place, where the murder was committed, is not far from Nulato. When, therefore, the annual supplies for our mission there were sent up this year, it was considered a favorable opportunity for carrying out Fr. Tosi's wish concerning a memorial. The supplies for our various stations are distributed by means of a little tow-boat, called the *St. Michael*, formerly owned by the Alaska Commercial Company. Fr. Tosi purchased this steamer along with three small barges. Through the kindness of Fr. Sassia, Brother Thomas Power was sent to Alaska to take charge of this steamer. Brother Power is a practical engineer, who has served on several steamships running from San Francisco. The greater part of the short Alaskan summer is taken up by the various trips from St. Michael's Post on Norton Sound to the missions along the Yukon. Fr. Ragaru, who has the direction of the Nulato Mission, had a large cross and pedestal of framework partly finished, when the *St. Michael* arrived.

As soon as the freight was discharged, the *St. Michael* set out from Nulato, with two barges in tow, carrying the party which had come to assist at the ceremony. Rev. J. Treca, acting superior during the absence of Fr. Tosi, accompanied by Fathers Ragaru, Robaut, and Barnum, occupied one barge, On the second were Sister Mary Prudence and Sister Mary Anguilbert with seven or eight native girls from our school at Holy Cross. Several of the larger boys of the school were along as assistants on the steamer. It was late at night when we reached Yis-setla-toh. Owing to a long sand-bar in the river, the steamer had been obliged to run some little distance above the exact spot. Early the following morning, Sunday, Aug. 26, 1892, Fr. Robaut and Fr. Ragaru hunted around until they found the place *where they supposed*, stood the old barrabora in which the archbishop was killed. We all proceeded to the place which they indicated, and the boys cleared away what little undergrowth there was, except one wild rose-bush, which the Sisters wished should remain. A portable altar was arranged and Fr. Treca said Mass. When it was concluded, the altar was moved back a few yards and while Fr. Ragaru and Fr. Barnum said Mass, some of the crew were employed in

bolting the framework together and setting up the cross. When this was finished, the altar was brought and placed directly in front, and Fr. Treca performed the ceremony of blessing the cross. He then made a short address, stopping after every sentence, so as to allow one of the boys, who stood beside him, to interpret what he said. The presence of the steamer had attracted a few straggling Indians, who happened to be in the neighborhood. Among them was the woman, who had first discovered the body of the archbishop, and who had cleared away the snow and wrapped the blanket over it.[1] When Fr. Treca ended his address, Fr. Robaut, who had been the travelling companion of the archbishop, then said Mass. The altar-furniture was then packed up, and having plucked from the little rose-bush a number of leaves, as souvenirs of the occasion, the party returned to the boats, and soon were on their way back to Nulato.

SILENCE IN THE POLAR REGION.

Were the question asked, which of the three great features of the Arctic winter is the most impressive, the answer certainly would be, the silence. The cold, of course, is intense and prolonged, but it is something which is known and expected, and although it causes much discomfort, yet it excites no surprise. The gloom is also a characteristic which is duly anticipated. At first it is somewhat depressing, yet, after all, it is less formidable than would have been expected. But the universal death-like silence of the dreary Polar winter is something so gruesome and unnatural, that it immediately attracts attention, and is most profoundly impressive. Those living in the busy warmer world, where night and day all year round the echoes have no rest, can hardly form a just idea of the dismal stillness, reigning in Arctic solitudes. The eye wanders over the gloomy motionless landscape, wherein Nature's thousand voices all are hushed, far away stretch the frozen miles, lakes and islands, rivers and plains, all undistinguishable beneath one unbroken covering of snow, and all so profoundly silent, that the ear actually suffers from the excessive stillness, just as the eyes ache from an excess of light. One feels as a wanderer in the silent region of the shades, a trespasser in some forsaken world, where all nature is enclosed within one glistening tomb.

[1] The account of this fact is in the other letter about the death of the archbishop. It is strange that they did not inquire from this woman about the exact spot where the old barrabora stood.

INSECT PLAGUE ON THE YUKON.

No description of the Yukon country is complete without some allusion to the insect plague, and it may be added that no description can do justice to this subject. During the summer season, by day and by night, in doors and out, afloat and ashore, the infliction continues without cessation. There is no darkness at this time to interrupt them. Mosquitoes and midges innumerable keep up their incessant persecution. It is impossible to decide which of the two cause more distress. Clouds of midges penetrate everywhere, and ordinary netting is perfectly useless as a safeguard, for these insects pass through the meshes without the least difficulty. Conversation is rendered insupportable, from the number of midges which swarm into the mouth and nostrils. Meal-time is a horror. Out of doors one is completely at their mercy. They fly into the eyes and lodge under the lids, they cluster in the ears, crawl up the arms, and down the neck, in fact, omit no chance of causing intense annoyance. With a branch of evergreen in each hand, an active warfare can be waged for a little while, but the tiny assailants soon gain the victory by tiring out their victim. I know that the old inhabitants of Jersey are considered reliable authority on the mosquitoe question. The sand flies of our South Atlantic coast, the gnats of the Adirondack district have all had their eulogists, enthusiastic and trustworthy, but I do not hesitate to assert that one season's experience in this region, would convince them that the Polar insects merit the highest rank as tormentors.

An old settler named McQuestin, who is the trader up at Forty Mile Creek, originated a famous Alaskan mosquitoe story which has found its way into print. It was about a bear which fought the mosquitoes with his paws, until they actually blinded him. The animal was unable to get out of the swamp and died of starvation. The yarn has at least the merit of being "ben trovato."

The Coast Region is much more pleasant during summer. As it is entirely devoid of foliage, it is free from midges. Moreover, the mosquitoes there, are less annoying as they are swept away whenever there is a strong sea-breeze. A missionary coming to Alaska should provide himself with a roll of very fine brass wire-gauze, to make a covering for his face and head. This gauze is very light and can be readily bent into the proper shape, and does not impede the sight and hearing. Unless he has something of this kind, he will be continually obliged, when travelling in a canoe, to interrupt paddling in order to brush away the mosquitoes.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS.[1]

It is necessary in order to present a full and clear account of this lamentable occurrence, to review very briefly the events connected with the foundation of the Catholic mission in the Territory of Alaska.

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In the year 1875 the Rt. Rev. J. Clut, O. M. T., Bishop of Athabaska (Makenzie), made a long journey through Alaska. He entered the Territory by way of the Porcupine River at the head-waters of which, near a trading post known as La Pierre's House, there is a portage to the Makenzie. On arriving at Nukloroyet, he joined the traders, Messrs. Harper and McQuestin, with whom he descended the Yukon. Bishop Clut sailed from St. Michael's for San Francisco, but he left his companion in Alaska, who wintered at a little place in the Yukon delta, called Kutlik. Bishop Seghers having the jurisdiction over Alaska, wrote to Rome in respect to this, and Bishop Clut received a note of disapproval.

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In the year 1877 Bishop Seghers, accompanied by the Rev. J. Mandart, made a preliminary visit of observation to Alaska, with the view of founding a mission there. They sailed from San Francisco on the steamer of the Alaska Commercial Co., and landed at St. Michael's on Norton Sound. They started to reach the Yukon, via Unalaklik River, at the head of which there is a portage. They were occupied during six days in this toilsome labor, as the portage is long and they had to carry all their goods themselves. They ran out of provisions, and were forced *to live on crows.*

There was a box of books among their things, and as it was very heavy, they resolved to *cache* it. Later on, when coming down the Yukon, the archbishop spoke of this to Fr. Tosi, and said that he still remembered the exact spot in the portage, where he had buried this box of books. They reached the Yukon just as the boats of the traders were passing up. They made signals, but only the last boat perceived them. This belonged to a man named Jean Baudouin, who took the party on board and brought them to Nulato, where they arrived on the fifth of August.

The bishop bought a little log-cabin from an Indian named Kereka. The price of this episcopal residence was ten dollars. This house was afterwards washed away by

[1] This valuable historical account which has been compiled by Father Barnum, has also been revised by Rev. Father Tosi, and is published with his full approbation.

one of the summer floods. They endured many great privations during the winter; neither of them had the least skill in cooking, and they were unable to make bread. They visited a great deal of the country and when the river opened they returned to St. Michael's. Before leaving Nulato the bishop assembled the Indians, and assured them that he would return the following year, and found a permanent mission there. On reaching Victoria, B. C., disappointing news awaited him. He found that he had been promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Portland, Oregon, and this obliged him to relinquish his arrangements regarding Alaska.

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In 1883 Archbishop Seghers accompanied by the Rev. P. F. Hylebos, visited the Eternal City, and obtained permission from the Supreme Pontiff to return to Victoria, which See was then vacant. He was accordingly re-appointed to his former diocese on March 7, 1884, and immediately resumed his long delayed plans for a mission on the Yukon. His inability to fulfill the promise, which he had made to the Indians of Nulato, had always been a source of deep regret to him, and he often spoke of it. However, it was not until 1886 that the archbishop was finally able to put his project into execution. It was his wish that the new mission should be confided to the care of a religious order. With this view he applied to several without success, but finally the Jesuit Fathers of the Rocky Mountain Mission agreed to accept it. Two fathers were detailed by the Superior General, the Rev. J. M. Cataldo, to proceed to Victoria. When the steamer on which they were was due, the archbishop watched for it from the cupola of his residence. As soon as he descried it entering the harbor, he hastened down to the dock. He was the first on board, and ran to embrace the two priests.

On the 13th of July 1886, Archbishop Seghers embarked on the Steamer *Ancon*, accompanied by the Rev. Pascal Tosi and the Rev. Aloysius Robaut of the Society of Jesus. The archbishop wrote to Cardinal Simeoni informing him of his intention of setting out for Alaska, and this letter was mailed on the morning of the departure of the party. The *Ancon* sailed from Victoria at noon. The Commander, Capt. Carroll, not only showed the archbishop's party every possible attention during the voyage, but, moreover, insisted upon defraying the expenses of their passage in order to testify his interest in their undertaking.

They had a hired attendant with them, named Francis Fuller. This man had been employed at De Smet Mission

in Idaho, where he had heard about the Alaskan enterprise and expressed a desire to join it. He was subject to hallucinations, and constantly imagined that he was pursued by enemies. Fr. Tosi had objected very strongly to having Fuller in the party on this account, but he was overruled by the archbishop, who said: "That when once in Alaska, Fuller would certainly believe himself to be in safety." Nevertheless, the *Ancon* had scarcely left the dock when Fuller told Fr. Robaut that his enemies had succeeded in following him up, and were then actually on board of the steamer.

The *Ancon* arrived at Juncau July 19, where she remained one day. The party called on Fr. Altoff, the parish priest, and on his recommendation the archbishop engaged a Canadian named Antoine Prevost to accompany them as cook. The next day the *Ancon* reached Chilcat, the terminus of the route. Here the party took leave of Capt. Carroll and entered upon the difficult portion of their long journey.

Their course to the head-waters of the Yukon, led across the mountain range, and this they were obliged to traverse on foot. At the Chilcat trading post, which is generally known as Healey's Place, a number of Indians were engaged to carry the provisions of the party over the "Divide." The chief turned out to be most arrogant and unreasonable. A discussion arose concerning some detail of the contract, in which this chief became very insolent, and gesticulated with his forefinger so close to the face of the archbishop as to oblige him to move backwards several times. Healey, fearing that some trouble might arise, got his rifle, and calling to the white men around, said: "Look out, boys, if he touches the archbishop I will shoot him." This is the origin of the report that the archbishop had received from the Indian a slap in the face. During their passage up the mountains the party had to ford a number of glacial streams. Five of these were very deep and wide, and of course icy cold. At one the archbishop had a most narrow escape from being carried off by the current. On the 26th of July they reached Crater Lake, which is one of the sources of the Yukon. The archbishop mentions this as a coincidence, for his first view of the Yukon in 1877 was also on this same date.

On reaching Lake Lindeman they set about building a raft. One day while engaged at this work Fr. Tosi went to where Prevost was cooking to get some scraps for an Indian. Prevost complaining of neuralgia, Fr. Tosi told him to go to the tent and try to sleep, adding that he would call him in time to prepare supper. At four o'clock Fr. Tosi went

to call him as he had promised, but there was no sign of Prevost. He walked around the little camp shouting for him. The archbishop was a short distance away, reading his breviary, and he too began to call for Prevost. Fr. Tosi took his gun and went on a longer circuit, firing frequently. At two o'clock the next morning he arose and went back about ten miles but without success. Two miners, named Burke and S. Wade, joined in the search. For three days they waited and sought, and then concluded that the man had deserted. Notice was sent back to Healey's, but nothing was ever heard of Prevost. He was a despondent man, who had failed in business. He took nothing with him at the time of his disappearance, except a small revolver of the bull-dog pattern. This event gave the archbishop much distress.

When the raft was finished, they loaded it up and floated down to the outlet of the lake. The stream connecting with the next lake, consists of a series of rapids, which necessitates a portage. At Lake Lindeman the archbishop's party had joined a number of prospectors, and when they arrived at Lake Bennet, an arrangement was made, that the archbishop's party would transport all the provisions over the portage, and in return for this service, the miners would build a scow for them. They were occupied during ten days with this severe labor, as there were fully 5000 pounds weight to be transported.

After a delay of several weeks, a clumsy scow was constructed, in which they started on their perilous voyage. The many exciting incidents of this arduous journey, and the terrible privations endured, have been already made known. After passing the chain of lakes, they descended the Lewes River to the famous Miles Cañon, one of the great natural wonders of Alaska. Once more they had to carry all their goods across the portage, and then came the exciting episode of running their empty boat through the Cañon. Fuller was at the helm and Fr. Robaut attended to the oars. Just as the boat was ready, the archbishop stepped in and seated himself in the bow, with his watch in his hand. The rest of the party protested against his exposing himself to the danger, but he was too bold a leader to be deterred by peril. In fact, the archbishop never seemed to care what risks he ran.[2] Word being given, the boat started and in an instant it was swept off by the foaming waters into the gloomy recesses of the Cañon. After a fearful transit, which lasted three minutes and twenty-five seconds,

[2] "I would not see my own party jeopardize their lives without sharing their danger."—*Letter to Fr. Jonckau.*

the boat happily reached the quiet pool far below. On the 7th of September the party reached the trading post of Harper, which is at the junction of Lewes and Stewart's. They found some fifty prospectors camped here for the winter.

Here the unfortunate decision was made, that the party should divide. The reasons which led to this hasty determination are as follows. Harper informed the archbishop that a Rev. Mr. Parker, with his wife and family, were then at St. Michael's, and that they were coming up the river in the summer to settle at Nulato. This news produced a great effect upon the archbishop. He had already passed a winter at Nulato, and had promised the Indians there to return to them. He was, therefore, intensely eager to reach there without the least delay. On the other hand, he felt that he ought not to neglect the interest of those Indians along the upper portion of the river. The only solution appeared to be a division of the party. Fr. Tosi, as well as Fr. Robaut, was greatly opposed to the idea, but submitted to the wish of the archbishop. It was accordingly settled that the two priests should remain at Harper's till the spring, and that then they should proceed to Nukloroyet. The archbishop and Fuller were to endeavor to reach Nulato, a distance of 1100 miles, if possible before the river closed; if this could not be accomplished they were to finish the journey on sleds. So impatient was the archbishop to arrive at Nulato that on the following day, Sept. 8, 1886, after having said Mass, he set out. Tears were flowing from his eyes, when the two priests knelt before him for his parting blessing. As the skiff was pushed off from the shore, Fr. Tosi's last words were, "Fuller, take good care of the archbishop." The swift current bore the boat rapidly away. It was their last sight of their zealous noble-hearted saintly leader, Charles Seghers, whose life-blood was so soon to mingle in the icy waters of that mighty river, which for so many years had been the constant goal of all his aspirations.

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Before leaving Harper's place, the archbishop took advantage of an opportunity afforded by a miner, who was returning, to send a letter to Victoria. This letter was addressed to his Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. J. Jonckau, and contained a full account of the journey thus far. In it the archbishop made several allusions to Fuller, always styling him "Brother Fuller." Fuller *never was a coadjutor brother* in the Society of Jesus, and the archbishop, who was most intimate with the Jesuits of the Rocky Mountain Mission, was perfectly well aware of this, nevertheless, through his kindness

of heart he generally gave Fuller that title. It was, probably, by force of habit, that the archbishop committed the unfortunate oversight of using this expression in his letter.

* * *

It was already far too late in the season to attempt so long a trip on the river, for it must be remembered that their route through this desolate frigid region, extended within the limits of the Arctic Circle. The archbishop experienced immense difficulties, as his little boat was constantly in danger of being crushed by the great masses of floating ice, and over and over again they narrowly escaped destruction. Finally, when well-nigh worn out by privation, cold, and fatigue, they succeeded in reaching the trading post of Nukloroyet.[3] This was as far as it was possible for them to go, and so they were obliged to delay until the river closed and sufficient snow fell to render it suitable for sled-travel.

About this time Fuller became very morose, and began to act with the greatest insolence towards the archbishop. Fuller very soon became quite intimate with the trader, whose name was Walker. There were two prospectors wintering at the port, and Fuller used to talk a great deal with them, always complaining about the archbishop. Walker was bitterly opposed to Catholic missions in the country, and the sympathy and evil counsels of these men served to render Fuller all the more excitable. The archbishop perceived this, and decided to go to Tozikakat, which is situated at a short distance from Nukloroyet. On arriving there, he wished to erect a small log-cabin, but was thwarted by Fuller who obstinately refused to perform the least work. After a sojourn there of two weeks the party were obliged to return to Nukloroyet. On the way the archbishop noticing that one of the Indians who accompanied them was poorly clad, and suffering, as the weather was exceedingly severe, gave him one of the native fur coats, called a parki. This simple act of generosity was greatly misconstrued by Fuller, who told his friends, on arriving at Nukloroyet, that he had discovered the archbishop bribing the Indians to injure him!

On another occasion Fuller was collecting some firewood, and, meeting with the miners, he began to complain of having such work to do. They told him not to work any longer. He then returned to the house, and told the archbishop if he needed firewood to go and cut it himself, then breaking out into a violent passion he seized a rifle and aimed it at the archbishop. The prelate rose up perfectly calm, and folding his arms stood erect with his eyes fixed upon Fuller, who lowered the weapon and went out.

[3] Badly rendered on the maps as Nuklukahyet.

Archbishop Seghers, now fully convinced that he was no longer safe in company with Fuller, endeavored to persuade Walker to go with him as far as Nulato. As Walker would not consent, he then did all in his power to prevail upon one of the miners to accompany him. His entreaties and offers were in vain; their sympathies were with Fuller and both refused to go. Finding it hopeless to obtain another white companion, the archbishop set out with two Indians, named Sen-né-toh and Koi-ha-toy, who attended to the dog-teams. Fuller's insolent behavior continued. At Melozi-kakat the trader, a Russian, named Korkorin, was so indignant at the manner in which Fuller acted, that he said afterwards, "that if it had not been on account of his age and infirmities, he himself would have gone with the archbishop."

The journey to Nulato by sled, usually occupies ten days, and was drawing near its close. It was a Friday evening when the party camped for the last time on the bank of the frozen river. Only a short day's travel yet remained, and the archbishop, who was eager to arrive at Nulato for Sunday, speaking of this, remarked, "God be praised, it is the last day." Fuller said afterwards that he supposed the archbishop meant by this, that it was the last day for him, thinking that the archbishop was going to kill him.

The spot where this last camp of Archbishop Seghers was made, is near the base of a lofty point, jutting out from the north bank of the river. It is known as Yis-setla-toh or Wolf-head Point, and is not very far above the place, where the Koï-klot-zena[4] enters the Yukon. The Indian guides expected to find a barrabora here, but they made the mistake of looking for it along the north bank. They discovered, however, one of the little summer cabins, such as are occupied during the salmon fishery, and it was in this miserable deserted hut, that the Apostle of Alaska met his death.

A native Alaskan house is one of the most wretched dwellings used by men. It consists merely of a square pit covered with a rough roof of sods, in the centre of which is a smoke-hole. The fire is made on the floor, and around three sides the ground is left a few inches higher, thus forming the sleeping places. The interior is always dark, damp, ill-ventilated, and indescribably filthy. The archbishop spread the bear skin, which formed his travelling bed, on one of the ledges. The two Indians occupied the opposite one, while Fuller slept near the archbishop. He rose at a very early hour, and secured his rifle which was at the bot-

[4] This tributary appears on the map under the corruption of Koyukuk.

tom of his sled, and came back to the house. Next, he busied himself at the fire, and then awakened Koihatoy, and sent him to fill the teakettle with ice. Sennetoh, who was also awake, had his head still under the blanket, when he heard Fuller kick the archbishop and tell him to get up.[5] At this rude summons the archbishop sat up. He wore a squirrel-skin parki, and had just passed an arm through a sleeve, when Fuller pointing his rifle at him fired the fatal shot. The bullet entered the heart, and death was instantaneous. The archbishop had not uttered a word from the moment he was awakened. Sennetoh instantly sprang up, and wrested the rifle from Fuller's hands, just as he was about to fire a second time. At that moment Koihatoy came running in, and both the Indians asked Fuller if he intended to kill them also. He replied; "No, I only wanted to kill that bad man." The body was left just as it had fallen, and the three men went on down to Nulato.

There the news immediately created an intense excitement. The Indians were just departing for a hunting expedition when they heard it, so they all returned at once to the village. The archbishop had made himself so much beloved during his stay, that they were furious at hearing that he was murdered while returning to them. They decided at once to shoot Fuller, and would have certainly carried out their intention, had it not been for the interference of the trader. When these Nulato Indians afterwards heard the result of the trial at Sitka, they greatly regretted that they had allowed themselves to be influenced. On the other hand the Koiklotzena Indians consider that Fuller was right, because the white men let him off.

During the winter of 1877–78, when the archbishop was at Nulato, he lived, as has been stated already, in a house belonging to an Indian, named Kereka. This man was particularly devoted to the archbishop, and, as soon as he heard of the murder, he took his dog-team and accompanied by a man, named Vanka (John), started up to Yissetlatoh to bring back the body. Fuller went along with them. In the meanwhile, a half-breed woman, living across the river at the barrabora where the archbishop had expected to stop, having heard the report of the rifle, went over on the following day to see what had happened. She discovered the body, but seeing that it was a white man she was frightened, and said nothing about it. The lower extremities were

[5] Some accounts have it, that Fuller said, "One of us two has to die and you are best prepared." If so, Fuller himself must have stated this later, since the *only* witness of the murder was Sennetoh, and it is not likely that he, knowing only a few common words of English, could have reported the above expression.

covered with snow, which she brushed away, and then spread the blanket carefully over it.[6]

When Kereka arrived, the field-mice, which abound in Alaska, had gnawed away the flesh above the eyes. The Indians imagined, at first, that this was the mark of the bullet. This gave rise to the erroneous report that the archbishop had been shot in the forehead. The body was brought down to Nulato, and it remained for one day in the sled, until a coffin was made, which was done by an Indian, called Vaska (Basil). The blood-stained breviary of the archbishop was also enclosed in the coffin, which was then deposited in an outhouse of the trading post, where it remained two weeks, before it was forwarded to St. Michael's. In the meanwhile, the two guides Sennetoh and Koihatoy had returned to Nukloroyet.

During the time spent at Nulato, Frederickson, whose sympathies were all with Fuller, allowed him full possession of the archbishop's effects. Fuller first read the diary of the archbishop, but every reference to him was written in French; however, he must have noticed the following entry, "To-day I wrote to Fr. Cataldo." This letter, which would be apt to contain some allusions to him, must have been abstracted, for it was not found with the various other letters which the archbishop had ready to be mailed at St. Michael's, and which were all mentioned in the diary. The archbishop had a general letter of introduction from the central office of the Alaska Commercial Company in San Francisco to the various local agents; Fuller took this saying that it would be needed by him at St. Michael's.

A train of three sleds set out from Nulato to convey the body to St. Michael's. With one sled were Fuller and a miner, known as Peter Johnson. Two Indians, To-nul-toh and Manuska[7] had the second. The third sled, which bore the coffin, was drawn by six dogs, and was conducted by the faithful Kereka and Vanka. During the winter, communication between Nulato and St. Michael's is carried on by a route leading directly across the country to Unalaklik on Norton Sound, and from there across the Sound, to the island on which St. Michael's is situated. This journey lasts generally from eight to ten days. On arriving at St. Michael's, they were met by Henry Neuman, the chief agent of the A. C. Co. Fuller's first words to him were, "I have brought Archbishop Seghers." Neuman looked around, and then asked, "Where is he." Fuller answered, "He is here in a sled, I have killed him." He then presented the

[6] This same woman was present on the occasion when the Jesuit Fathers erected a memorial cross at Yissetlatoh, Aug. 28, 1892.

[7] Properly Vanuska, a Russian diminutive of Ivan (John), as Johnny.

letter of introduction, and announced that the killing had been done in self-defence. The same remarkable success still attended him. His statement was readily accepted, *he was made welcome, and admitted to the table of the officers of the trading station.*

One of the clerks, however, displayed considerable indignation. This man's name is Waldron and he is from the State of New York. For many years he has been in the employ of the Fur Co., and knows these Indians perfectly. It is to Mr. Waldron's credit that he positively refused to accept Fuller's statements. He said to him, "I do not know you or anything about this case, but I say that there are not goods enough in this warehouse to bribe an Indian to kill a white man, who had never injured him." Nevertheless, Fuller had the effrontery to exhibit a couple of little sacks containing sugar and tea, which he declared were bribes given by the archbishop to induce an Indian to kill him. Fuller used to talk a great deal with Mr. Waldron, and seemed most anxious to convince him that the archbishop had been fully determined to kill him, and that the act was only legitimate self-defence. Waldron demanded to be informed what proofs Fuller had of the archbishop's intention. Fuller's reply was "that just as they were starting from Harper's place he overheard Fr. Tosi whisper to the archbishop, 'Be sure and make away with that man, Fuller, before you get down to Nulato.'" During another conversation with Waldron, when asked if he was in holy orders, Fuller replied, "No, I am not good enough yet to be made a priest, after a few years I will be." He said also "that the fact of shooting the archbishop did not trouble his conscience in the least, but that he always felt much remorse for a thing which he had done some years before." When asked what this was, he abruptly changed the subject and left the room.

The rough coffin was enclosed in zinc and deposited in the old Russian church. Mr. Waldron made this zinc case in which the coffin was enclosed. Just as they were ready to place the coffin in it, Fuller strongly insisted upon opening the coffin in order to dress the body in the episcopal robes, but the agent, Mr. Neuman, positively refused to permit this to be done.

While at St. Michael's, Fuller wrote a letter to Walker informing him of what he had done, as Walker had said to him, "Get rid of that man and it will be the end of the Catholics in this country."[8] Walker answered Fuller's let-

[8] In the summer, when a little steamer, which brought down the various traders, reached Nukloroyet, Walker showed this letter to Harper and also to

ter, and he also was equally incautious in his remarks. He realized it too late and said several times that "he would give a thousand dollars to have his letter back." When Walker reached St. Michael's, some misunderstanding arose between the two, and Fuller threatened the former saying; "Remember that if you do not keep your word and help me through, I have your letter still." Walker being alarmed, a compromise was effected and the two men exchanged and destroyed their incriminating letters.

When Fuller arrived at St. Michael's an Episcopalian minister with his wife and family, and also a school mistress, were wintering at the agency. This was the Rev. Mr. Parker, of whom Harper had spoken, when the archbishop arrived at his place. The ladies were rendered so very nervous by the presence of the murderer, that Agent Neuman decided to send Fuller away.

A Canadian, named Jean Beaudouin, who was better known as Johnny, was then at St. Michael's in the employ of the company. He was a former pupil of St. Mary's College, Montreal. During the archbishop's first visit, Baudouin had met him and rendered him much service. Neuman appointed Johnny to conduct Fuller to Andreieffski, where he was to pass the remainder of the winter. This was the nearest post, and is on the Yukon at the head of the delta. Johnny related that while they were at Andreieffski, every Friday night Fuller would have fearful attacks of frenzy. During these paroxysms he would run around the house screaming that he had to reach Nulato in time for Sunday. When the ice broke, Johnny who was engineer of one of the river-boats belonging to the company, brought Fuller along with him, on his trip to Anvik, whither he went to meet the traders, and to convey them to St. Michael's.

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During all this time Fr. Tosi and Fr. Robaut had remained at Harper's place, near the mouth of the Stewart River. They endured the utmost privations. The cold was very great, often reaching eighty degrees below zero. As soon as the river opened, they set out for Nukloroyet, according to their instructions, where they expected to rejoin the archbishop. On their way down, when near Fort Yukon, a deserted post of the Hudson Bay Co., they received the appalling news of the murder of their leader. In this terrible emergency, the only thing which remained for them to do, was to continue the journey down to St. Michael's.

a Rev. Mr. Ellington, an Anglican minister from the Makenzie. Both declared positively that the letter contained the most damaging evidence. Mr. Ellington asserted, "That according to the laws of England this letter was sufficient to hang Fuller without any further testimony."

They felt confident that another father would arrive in Alaska, as both the archbishop and Fr. Tosi had urged Fr. Cataldo to send one. The steamer *Dora* reached St. Michael's June 20, 1887, but no father was on board, and what was still more distressing, there was not a letter to anyone of the party. It was then decided that Fr. Robaut should remain in Alaska, and that Fr. Tosi should go down to San Francisco on the return trip of the *Dora*, which sailed June 28, 1887.

Meanwhile, Mr. Parker, the minister who had wintered at St. Michael's, where he met Fuller and surely knew perfectly well that the man was not a priest, had written to Ounalaska, "that one of the priests had assassinated the archbishop." This malicious report was sent overland to Nushagak. Mr. Parker subsequently denied that he wrote this, but thought that his wife did it!

The *Dora* reached Ounalaska about ten o'clock at night. The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* was then in port, and the captain went on board the *Dora* at once to inquire about "the priest who had assassinated the archbishop." A meeting of the white men was then held in the office of the agent, and Fr. Tosi made a statement of facts. A warrant for the arrest of Fuller was then made out, and on the following morning the *Bear* sailed for St. Michael's, where she arrived in the afternoon, July 7, 1887. There had been some talk of lynching Fuller, but the scheme failed on account of the small number of whites. As soon as the revenue cutter anchored, a file of mariners came ashore in the first boat. They marched up the hill to the agency, and the officer in charge inquired where Fuller was. His tent was pointed out, and when the officer entered it, Fuller was feigning to be asleep. He was handcuffed and brought on board of the cutter. This arrest produced a profound impression upon the simple natives, many of whom were so terrified that they fled from the village.

The *Bear* left St. Michael's the next day, and proceeded on her regular annual cruise to Point Barrow. On her return to Ounalaska, Fuller was transferred to another cutter, called *The Rush*, and taken to Sitka. When the various traders along the Yukon came down to meet the steamers at St. Michael's, in order to deliver their peltry, and to obtain their annual supplies, the precaution had been taken of bringing Sennetoh and Koihatoy. These two men were the only witnesses of the murder. While they were at St. Michael's, awaiting the coming of the *Bear*, Walker, who was determined to prevent them from going to Sitka, succeeded in frightening Koihatoy to such a degree, that the

poor simple creature managed to escape to the mainland, and made his way back on foot. Sennetoh, however, remained steadfast, and was taken to Sitka with Fuller.

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The remains of the archbishop, which had been deposited in the old Russian church, were an object of much solicitude to the fathers. At the opening of spring, the coffin was moved into the old fort, as the church was to be demolished. This fort is nothing but a very small octagonal block-house, erected during the Russian period and styled by them a redoubt. St. Michael's Redoubt is the full name by which this post was formerly known. The fathers fully expected that the remains of one so illustrious as the archbishop would be received without difficulty on either of the steamers. Such, however, was not the case. Fr. Tosi endeavored, in vain, to prevail upon the captains of the *Dora* and the *St. Paul*, but neither would consent to convey the remains to San Francisco.

The last steamer, which called at St. Michael's that season, was the revenue cutter, which came for the arrest of Fuller. Fr. Robaut, who was then alone (Fr. Tosi having already departed on the S. S. *Dora*), entreated the captain to transfer the remains, a favor which this officer most bluntly refused to grant. This being the last opportunity of the year, Fr. Robaut was obliged to bury the body. The funeral took place July 10, 1887 and was attended by all the whites at St. Michael's. The grave was fenced in, and marked with a large cross, which was made by a Russian exile, named Romanoff.[9] Fr. Robaut composed an inscription, and Mr. Greenfield did the lettering on the cross. This gentleman was always most kind and attentive to the fathers, while he remained in Alaska, and all were sorry when he decided to leave the Territory.

Owing to the vigorous measures taken by Col. Robert J. Stevens, U. S. Consul at Victoria, B. C., the Government despatched the following year, a naval vessel called the *Thetis* to convey the remains of Archbishop Seghers to Victoria. It was already very late in the season when the *Thetis* reached Norton Sound. St. Michael's had assumed its lonely winter aspect. The river-boats had long since departed, and the little trading post was deserted by all except the household of the agent. It was Sept. 11, 1888, when the remains were exhumed, and taken on board, and the *Thetis* sailed at once for Victoria, where the last funeral rites

[9] When the archbishop left St. Michael's after his first visit in 1878, he brought with him a young daughter of Romanoff, and placed her under the care of the Sisters of St. Anne in Victoria, where she still remains.

were performed Nov. 16, 1888. The commander of the *Thetis*, Captain Emory, won the thanks and esteem of all by the manner in which he carried out his instructions. This gentleman is a devout Catholic, who is not the least afraid of his faith being known, a noble trait which is not shared by most government officials. Consul Stevens received a public address of thanks from the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Victoria for his kind offices.

It may be added that Walker had a most miserable ending. He went down to San Francisco in 1891, intending to return to Alaska the following season, but he died there from excessive dissipation. He had always led a reckless and intemperate life, and his death occurred during a violent attack of delirium tremens. Two of his children remain in the care of the fathers at Holy Cross Mission.

SYNOPSIS.

THE MOST REV. CHARLES J. SEGHERS, D. D., ARCHBISHOP, BISHOP OF VICTORIA, B. C.

Born at Ghent, Dec. 26, 1839
Ordained at Mechlin, May 30, 1863
Bishop of Victoria, June 29, 1873
First visit to Alaska., July, 1877
Coadjutor of Oregon, Dec. 10, 1878
Archbishop of Oregon, Dec. 10, 1880
Re-appointed to Victoria, Mar. 7, 1884
Departed for Alaska, July 13, 1886
Assassinated on the Yukon, Nov. 28, 1886
Buried at St. Michael's, July 10, 1887
Remains taken on the Thetis, *U.S.N., Sep. 11, 1888*
Funeral at Victoria, Nov. 16, 1888
Memorial Cross erected on the Yukon, Aug. 28, 1892

THE SISTERS OF ST. ANNE IN THE ARCTIC.

Afar in the desolate wilds of Alaska, on the banks of the Yukon River, some three hundred miles from its outlet in Behring Sea, stands a lonely little group of log-cabins, which constitute the Mission of the Holy Cross. No other habitations are near, no travellers pass this way, no sounds of life ever break the dismal stillness of the surrounding wilderness. Once only during the whole course of the year does news from the great outer world penetrate to this isolated spot. Probably there is no other Catholic school in the world, situated as near the Pole as this remote and almost unknown little settlement belonging to the Sisters of St. Anne.

The Alaskan Mission was a long-cherished project of the noble and heroic Archbishop Seghers, whose saintly life was sacrificed in its foundation. The work begun by him, was faithfully continued by his Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. J. Jonckau, a holy priest, who became the Administrator of the Diocese of Victoria. Until his death, Fr. Jonckau did all in his power to assist the newly founded mission, and it was entirely due to his zealous exertions that the Sisters of St. Anne were introduced into Northern Alaska. This congregation is of Canadian origin, having been founded in 1850 by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bourget of Montreal.

In the Spring of 1888, two years after the lamentable death of Archbishop Seghers near Nulato, Fr. Jonckau wrote to the Mother General of the Sisters of St. Anne, informing her of his ardent desire to establish a school for Indian children in the new Alaskan Mission, and begging her to accept the charge. This request was at first denied on account of the impossibility of supplying Sisters enough to meet the numerous applications already pressing upon the Congregation. Fr. Jonckau who was anxious to obtain the co-operation of this Sisterhood, and still more anxious that they should undertake the work that very season, was far from being disheartened at this refusal. The only means of reaching the mission, is by a steamer from San Francisco, which makes an annual voyage to Northern Alaska. As there was then, but very little time to spare before the departure of this steamer, Fr. Jonckau immediately renewed his request, forwarding an urgent appeal to Lachine by telegraph. On the reception of this telegram, the Mother General being much perplexed, decided to consult Archbishop Fabre. After she had made her statement, this pre-

late who had the greatest esteem for Fr. Jonckau, urged his suit saying to her: "It is a saint who makes this request of you, so tell him, yes." Fr. Jonckau was accordingly notified of the success of his petition, and was informed that three Sisters would promptly report to him for instructions. Sisters Mary Stephen, Mary Joseph, and Mary Pauline were those who were selected to be the pioneers of the new work in the dreary region of the frozen Northland.

Consider for a moment the immense distance necessary to be traversed by this valiant little band in order to reach the district wherein they were to labor. From the Mother House of the Congregation, which is situated at Lachine near Montreal, they journeyed across the continent to Victoria in order to meet Fr. Jonckau, and to receive his instructions in regard to the work which they were about to undertake. This was the last assistance rendered by Fr. Jonckau, for shortly afterwards a holy death terminated his long apostolate, and the distant Arctic Mission found itself bereft of its second founder. From Victoria the Sisters proceeded to San Francisco, where they embarked on a small vessel called the *St. Paul*, belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company. It was on the 13th of May 1888, that the *St. Paul* passed through the Golden Gate and directed her course towards the Company's trading post, nearly 3000 miles away. It is almost needless to state that no tourists were on board. A few employees of the Fur Company, and two Jesuits, were the remaining passengers. A journey of eleven days brought them to the Aleutian Islands. Penetrating this northern barrier of the Pacific, by the Unalga Pass, the *St. Paul* emerged into the lonely expanse of Behring Sea, and soon reached Ounalaska. Here the Sisters were obliged to endure a tedious delay of one month, while the steamer visited the Seal Islands. On her return to Ounalaska, they re-embarked and continued their journey northwards, arriving on the 26th of June, at the Trading Post of St. Michael, which is situated on a small island in Norton Sound, where they met Fr. Tosi waiting for the steamer.

The longer portion of their journey was now accomplished, but the more difficult yet remained. Rev. Fr. Tosi had been glad to see them, but, as he did not expect them so soon, nothing was yet ready. So he sent immediately two carpenters up to Holy Cross with an order to Fr. Robaut to build a house for the Sisters. The Sisters therefore had to wait at St. Michael's till the completion of the house. In order to reach the Mission of Holy Cross, it is necessary first to traverse a distance of 80 miles around the coast from

St. Michael's Island to the mouth of the Yukon. This course leads along a dangerous coast. Shifting channels, numerous sand-bars, and above all, the frequent storms render this always a most hazardous passage for the little river-boat. While awaiting the departure of this boat, the Sisters were quartered in a little building belonging to the Trading Post, where they occupied themselves in making a tent. It was not until the early part of September, nearly five months after their departure from Victoria, that Sister Mary Stephen's party finally arrived at their destination.

When the little group were landed on the river bank their prospects truly were far from cheering. The home-made tent was pitched on a little knoll overlooking the river, and in this poor shelter the Sisters camped till the log-house was completed. A second and more comfortable house was started immediately, and they occupied it at the end of October. Privations and trials came thick and fast, and the short Alaskan summer was now over. It must be remembered that the waters of this mighty river of our Arctic Empire are free only during three months of the year, and very soon the great masses of floating ice, which came crashing and grinding down the powerful current, showed that already the long Polar winter was at hand. It would take too much time to recount all the incidents connected with the foundation of the mission, or to tell of the many privations endured and the various obstacles which had to be overcome.

Before leaving St. Michael's Sister Mary Stephen had been requested to take charge of a half-breed girl, about three years old, by the name of Anna. Thus it happened that the first child confided to their care bore the name of the Patroness of their Congregation. For a long period little Anna was the only child at the Mission, as it took time to overcome the apathy, the ignorance and the puerile superstitions of the natives. A few more children were gradually collected, and the Sisters were able to begin regular teaching. Little by little, the Indians who came to the Mission commenced to display some interest. They beheld the children not only cleanly, but to their simple notions, elegantly dressed, and this produced much effect upon them. Moreover, it was a source of astonishment to them when they realized that the children were much attached to the school, and loved the Sisters. The fact is, that these little ones fully appreciated the hitherto unknown luxury of being kindly cared for. The various traders sent their children to the school, as soon as the news of its establishment spread through the country. This also produced a favorable im-

pression upon the Indians, who consider these men as the great Lords of the Territory, and are much influenced by their example.

To the original log-cabin others were added from time to time, until at present the Mission consists of seven of these primitive structures. In the summer season, on account of the continual rains, these houses become very damp. The roofing, which is composed of sheets of birch bark, overlaid with a thick layer of sods, fails completely to shed the rain, and allows the unwelcome entrance of numerous streams of muddy water. However, the fact of being several thousand miles from a shingle-mill renders this inconvenience more easily endured. During the winter gloom, when the sun rises at ten o'clock and sets at two, lamps are needed all the time. Frequently the sun does not appear for days together, and when it does, its pale orb merely shows itself above the horizon, describes a small arc, and disappears. Nevertheless, the long winter nights are not dark. The moon bestows much more light then than in summer. A beautiful phenomenon occurs during the periods of its fulness; the moon then describes a complete circle in the sky every night. Moreover, constant auroras shed a flood of brilliant streamers athwart the heavens, affording radiant displays of such surpassing loveliness that words are unable to describe their grandeur. The cold is of course intense and prolonged, and the Sisters soon recognized the necessity of adopting the native style of fur dress, which is unquestionably the most suited to this climate. This is a long garment called a parki, provided with a capacious hood. Equipped with parkis and long seal-skin boots, the Sisters endure a temperature of fifty degrees below zero without great inconvenience.

In the summer of 1891 three Sisters arrived to reinforce the original little colony at the Mission. They were Sisters Mary Zephyrin, Mary Prudence, and Mary Anguilbert. Their arrival was a most welcome relief to the others, as the school had greatly increased, and they were well-nigh worn out with excessive labor. The severity of the climate, together with the exposure and privations endured at the outset, had proved too much for one of them, Sister Mary Joseph, whose health had completely broken down, nevertheless, it was with deep regret that she received an order recalling her to Lachine.

The first time that any of the children of the school were admitted to receive Holy Communion, occured in March 1890. On that occasion four girls had the happiness of approaching the altar. Since then every year a class has

been prepared, and every effort is made to render the days of First Communion as joyous as possible. This year the class consisted of twelve children. All were provided with new suits for the occasion. The boys had white bows on their right arms, and the dresses of the girls were made of pink gingham, which came in a box of dry goods presented by Miss Mary Richards of Winchester, Mass.

The boys are extremely fond of serving in the church, and high Mass is celebrated every Sunday. They learn the liturgical responses very quickly and are delighted to wear the little red cassocks. As the sanctuary of the log-chapel does not afford more than scanty room for the celebrant and two boys, it is an object of keen competition among them to gain the coveted position of acolytes for the week.

The children are for the most part musical and love to sing. They have been taught the Mass, and many hymns both in Latin and English. One of the Sisters accompanies them on a melodeon, which was presented to the Mission by the Rev. F. McSweeny, pastor of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Oakland, Cal. The boys know several national songs, and often spend the evening in singing. "Marching through Georgia" is their favorite air. Sometimes they will strike up one of their native melodies, which consist of the most monotonous wailing, and while singing these, all sway their arms in unison.

The first death which occurred at the Mission was that of a little girl, called Nathalia. In 1890 the Superioress having gone to St. Michael's to meet the Sisters who were expected that season, found this child utterly forsaken and in a condition of absolute destitution. The Sisters brought her to their tent and immediately made a dress for her, as the poor little creature was without clothes. At the Mission she received baptism, and soon began to speak a little English. The exposure, which she had undergone, shattered her health and she gradually wasted away. She received her First Communion on her death-bed. Her love and gratitude towards the Sisters was most touching. After any little service was rendered to her, she would say, "Thank you, Sister, I will pray for you in Heaven." Frequently she would express her desire to die soon, so as to be with God. On June 2, 1891, she peacefully rendered up her soul.

In the following year the first death occurred among the boys. It was that of a lad of great promise, named Andrew. When Archbishop Seghers made his preliminary visit to Alaska with a view of founding a mission, he spent the winter of 1877 at Nulato. Among the infants whom he baptized, was one to whom he gave the name Andrew.

When the school was opened in 1888, Andrew was the first boy received. He possessed an admirable disposition and was entirely devoted to the fathers. As he was very bright, he learned to read and write, without much delay. He was of the greatest assistance as interpreter and companion to the fathers on their journeys. He displayed great spirit in arguing with the sorcerers or medicine-men, who exercise an immense power over the ignorant natives. Andrew always enjoyed an opportunity of having a tilt with these imposters, and as he never failed to rout them ignominiously, they became shy about entering into any discussion with him. To the great distress of all, it was observed that his health was failing, and that he was going into a decline. Everything was done for him, but in vain. He sank rapidly, and fully realizing that his end was near he carefully prepared for it. Just as he was dying, the father who was with him reciting prayers, stopped for a while fearing lest he might be fatigued; but Andrew turned his eyes towards him and whispered to continue. His happy death occurred March 9, 1892.

Last year Sisters Mary Prudence and Mary Anguilbert made an excursion up the Yukon as far as Nulato, with the object of collecting children. Three of the oldest girls were taken along somewhat after the manner of samples. This embassy created an immense sensation all along the river. In every village the Sisters were objects of the greatest interest, while the "samples" displayed their knowledge of English, civilized deportment and magnificent costumes, with the most admirable complacency. The result of this expedition was very satisfactory. Twenty children were collected, and these poor little creatures full of vermin and half-naked, were delighted at the prospect of going down to Holy Cross.

When new comers arrive they are treated to a thorough cleansing, and then experience the novel sensation of being nicely clothed. The dress of the native children consists only of a wretched little blouse, generally made of squirrel-skins, which is never changed or mended, and is worn night and day until it drops to pieces. At the mission the children receive clean clothes every week. In the beginning this is always a source of trouble, and at the same time very ludicrous. Such a thing as having their clothes washed is a new and incomprehensible mystery to these little ones. They receive the clean clothes most joyfully, but refuse to give up the soiled ones. Some will obstinately insist on wearing the fresh suit over the others, some will hide them wherever they can, and none will surrender them without

the most dismal howls of despair. After two or three weeks they get accustomed to this weekly change, and then they like it very much. The amount of washing which this entails, forms one of the most arduous labors which the Sisters have to perform. Moreover, the necessity of drying the clothes before they freeze, greatly augments the toil.

The great event of the scholastic year at Holy Cross is the exhibition which takes place towards the close of June. As soon as the Yukon is clear of ice, the chief agent of the Fur Company despatches a steam-boat up the river to collect the various traders and to convey them to St. Michael's, which is the general distributing port for the whole Yukon region. Here they meet the annual steamer from San Francisco, deliver their peltry and obtain their mail and supplies for the following year. Since the foundation of Holy Cross Mission it has become the established custom for this steamer to make a stop here, in order that all on board may visit the school. At the time when the boat is due, the children are all in a state of intense excitement. Their little songs and speeches have been carefully rehearsed, their best clothes are in readiness, and all the preparations completed so that the exhibition may begin promptly at whatsoever hour the steamer may arrive. Night and day the children are on the alert. Their sharp little ears are always the first to catch the faintest echo of the whistle; and Charley Peterson, the good-natured captain, never fails when approaching Holy Cross, to give several extra blows, in order that the Sisters may have all the notification possible.

Last year it was necessary to know the exact amount of time required for all to get ready, so just as the children were finishing dinner a false alarm was given. In an instant the room was cleared, the boys tumbling pell-mell out of the windows, rushed over to their quarters to don their good clothes, while the girls were equally swift at their toilet. In the short space of twenty minutes all were ready and in their places. It was *two o'clock in the morning* when the boat actually arrived, nevertheless, as soon as the guests had reached the house, the children were ready! "Rather an early hour for visitors and academic functions" one may exclaim. Well, it really does seem funny, but recollect that in this latitude, during the summer season there is no darkness whatever, hence the hours of night are just as brilliant as those of day.

THE PROVINCE OF HOLLAND.[1]

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Holland became a province in 1850. According to the census of 1889 it has 4,548,600 inhabitants, of whom but 1,433,637 are Catholics; all the rest, with the exception of about 100,000 Jews and Infidels, are Lutherans and Calvinists of the purest water. Holland, then, may not only be considered, but is indeed, a mission, and, as such, has had, since 1850, a most remarkable period of hard-earned success and of heavenly blessings. The catalogue of 1892–93 records an increase of eighteen members over the preceding year, so that, now, we number four hundred and fifty-three members in the communities of the "Vaderland" and in the twenty-two stations of the Dutch colonies. In Holland, Ours have charge of three colleges and thirteen parish churches. To obtain a good idea of the work done here by Ours, let us glance at the different residences.

"The Hague" has two residences; one in which the Rev. Fr. Provincial resides, the other, the well-known parish church of the fathers, which was recently erected and is admired for its architectural design and costly finish. A new and beautiful church has been lately built in Amsterdam. Here, as well as in "The Hague," the work of Ours is very fruitful among the upper and lower classes of the people. Probably the most important and at the same time the most consoling enterprise in the fair city on the Amstel, is the association of "Faith and Science" for the students of all creeds who attend the university. This association is, indeed, a difficult and delicate undertaking, but God's blessing rests upon it; for, though apparently not religious, yet the many debates and lectures on religious and scientific subjects which are treated there in a strictly orthodox manner, counteract forcibly the evil influences of the irreligious teaching that the young necessarily receive at the university. The second residence of Amsterdam has under its charge a large sodality under the patronage of St. Aloysius. The

[1] This letter is from a scholastic who has passed several years at Maestricht and other houses of the province of Holland.

fine buildings belonging to this sodality are provided with all the attractions which are calculated to please young men, and in the well furnished rooms may be found, at almost any hour of the day or evening, many a youth who but for the sodality might be endangering his soul amid the pleasures in which this large city abounds. The members of this sodality receive gratis instruction in all the branches of an ordinary education as well as in all the different trades which they may wish to pursue. In Culenborg and Groningen our fathers are similarly occupied.

Nimeguen is, as you know, the birthplace of Blessed Canisius. The house in which he was born is still standing, but it is in the hands of a Protestant family who have repeatedly refused a large sum of money for it; they will not sell it at any price. Strange to say, this is not done to annoy our fathers who are perfectly free to show to friends and visitors the room where the saint was born. The only reason of their unwillingness to part with the property, is the great love and respect which the Protestant family entertains towards the saint. When one of the family is sick, they nurse him in the room of Blessed Canisius, convinced that he will be restored to health through the intercession of the saint. The Catholics are known for their devotion to Blessed Canisius, and, in general, for their strong and living faith. Proofs of this are seen in their numerous sodalities and other religious bodies, but more especially in the far-famed association of St. Joseph. This association, entirely in charge of Ours, has its head-quarters in a beautiful building recently erected, containing a music-hall, well furnished club-room, reading-room, drawing-academy, etc. Every Sunday and Holyday one of our fathers, or a distinguished Catholic lecturer, speaks on some useful or necessary branch of mechanics or the other sciences; and the abundant harvest amply repays the incessant labor that this association entails.

In Oosterhout and Rotterdam, as well as in the cities already mentioned, our fathers have fine churches and residences and are beloved and sought for by the rich and the poor. Sittard, although a small city, offers a large field for the zeal and energy of our fathers. The Basilica of our Lady of the Sacred Heart is annually visited by many and long processions from all parts of Holland, and the spiritual care of the pilgrims is in a very great measure attended to by Ours. Our church is an old one formerly belonging to the Dominicans; here are many sodalities and the famous association of St. Francis Xavier instituted by Rev. L. Van Caloen of Brussels. This association owns a beautiful club-

house with large gardens, a free library, a penny savings-bank, and music classes, both instrumental and vocal. The musicians trained here are in great demand when processions take place, and tend very much to render these solemnities religious as well as attractive. You may be surprised to know that the pastor of our church is a secular priest, while one of Ours is "Præfectus Ecclesiæ;" and that the students of the college serve Mass and make up the choir.

In Mariendaal are the novitiate and juniorate; the tertianate also was there for some years. The buildings are large, convenient, and beautiful, containing imposing vaulted corridors. The garden is all that could be desired. This year (1892) we received twenty novices, which, considering the small area of this province, is a rather large number. This exceptional increase is ascribed to the prayers of a father of this province who died at Tronchiennes while making his tertianship. On his death-bed, a few hours before his demise, he promised that when in heaven he would obtain twenty novices for the province.

Our philosophers are in the ex-Episcopal Seminary of Oudenbosch. The greater part of this seminary has been rebuilt and is now enriched with well furnished museums of natural history, physical instruments, laboratories, etc. The entire building is fitted up according to the latest requirements and possesses all the requisites for a thorough course in philosophy. Maestricht has the honor of lodging the theologians. Our "Collegium Maximum" is an old dwelling of the family of William XIV. of historical name and fame. The original building was, of course, too small; accordingly, a four-story building, after the plan of an architect of the Society, has been erected and excels in all those commodities and comforts which theologians are likely to appreciate. Our church, the very first in Holland, is large and beautiful and has been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The walls are covered with marble tablets commemorating the many favors and graces received through this touching devotion. To this church belong the most important sodalities of the city, especially the sodality of Blessed Canisius which contains over one thousand members, all laborers and mechanics, who are, indeed, a source of edification to their companions in the large factories of the city. Particular mention must be made of the association called "Faith and Science," organized for gentlemen of means and education, who, under the direction of Ours, devote themselves to the defence of our holy religion. The association of Catholic men is a true sodality of the Blessed Virgin

Mary; it has a vocal class, a club-house, a free and popular library and a circle for assisting the poor and also the Catholic Missions. Our influence, here, is so far-reaching and powerful that the evil-minded take special pleasure in slandering us, and the socialistic papers are not very wrong in their assertion "that the political creed and movement of Maestricht have their birth and start in the college on Tongersche Street." Were it possible, our enemies would at any moment change our "Collegium Maximum" into a theatre, as they did with the church which the Society had here before the suppression. When Very Rev. Fr. General, during his last visit, saw and heard all that Ours have been doing in Maestrich and elsewhere in Holland, he very warmly expressed his great satisfaction and pleasure.

A word, now, about our colleges and missions. As stated above we have three colleges; one in Katwyk-aan-den-Ryn; another in Sittard; and the third in Culenborg. In order to escape the inspection of the Government, Latin has been made of obligation in the higher classes of the Commercial Course. At Culenborg is the Seminary of the Archbishop of Utrecht, Mgr. Snickers, who is greatly pleased with the discipline and excellent preparation that his subjects receive under the direction of Ours. At Katwyk the college is of the highest standing. Its principal end is the thorough formation of young men who desire to enter the different universities, and the great success, which has attended the difficult and searching examinations for admission, has clearly proved that the work of Ours is not in vain. Some of Ours live in the college and attend the university lectures for the degree of doctor, either in literature or in the different sciences.

All our missions are in the East Indies and include Java, Celebes, Sumatra, Borneo, etc. Ours labor in preference among the natives, and in many places have obtained great success. It must be a great consolation to the missionary upon his arrival on one of the many smaller islands, to hear from the natives "that their parents always insisted that they should never embrace a religion but the one preached by the fathers of Jesus;" a tradition that dates without doubt from the days of St. Francis Xavier. The census of the mission at the end of 1891 is as follows; Catholics, 45,925; Baptisms, 2510; Confirmations, 687; First Communions, 965; Easter Communions, 7238; Conversions, from error, 316, from Paganism, 573; Marriages, Catholic, 150, mixed, 57; Schools, Catholic, 12, mixed, 6; Pupils, 3439. There are forty-nine fathers and fifteen brothers in the mission.

With the exception of two secular priests, the Vicar-Apostolic of Batavia and his secretary, Ours are the only missionaries in the East Indies. On account of the old age of the Vicar-Apostolic, the superior of the mission has been appointed Pro-Vicar with the power of administering confirmation. Only twenty of the forty-nine missionaries receive a salary from the Government, and as it is the same as that given to the Protestant ministers, it enables Ours to have as fellow-clergymen, another father with a brother or sister, instead of a wife and family. With the approbation of the Government, three new missions were opened last year; one in Makanar on the island of Celebes, another among the pagan Hindoos on Bali, and the third in the Dutch portion of New Guinea. Some of Ours have been decorated for the zeal and good work done on the missions.

LEARNING CHINESE.

A Letter from Mr. Hornsby.

SEMINARIO DE S. JOSÉ,
MACAO, CHINA, May 3, 1893.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

I have been studying Chinese with so much interest since last Christmas, and I have found it so pleasant and interesting on the whole, that I am going to write to Your Reverence a page or so about my experiences.

When I contemplated from afar the prospect of learning Chinese, of course my heart often sank within me, and I should have had serious misgivings with regard to the possibility of my learning it at all, if I had not kept in mind the saying, so encouraging in other matters, *illi et illæ; cur non ego.* The *illæ* in this instance are not to be despised. Besides the good Sisters of Charity in these regions, there are in China and Japan, a number of female Protestant missionaries, who have acquired a fluent use of the languages.

When I arrived in China and fell under the spell of this great people with its ancient and impressive civilization, I was seized with an enthusiastic desire to learn the language. I can imagine how a missionary in Africa, or in Alaska, must find it a heavy task indeed to acquire the language of the natives, and how often during the day he must recur to his supernatural motives to sustain his sinking spirits. But what a difference there is between the barbarous dialects of a few black men roaming in their forests, or a handful of Esquimaux shivering in their caves, and the cultured language of a venerable civilization, polished and perfected through the ages by a long line of sages and scholars, and spoken to-day, as books of reference tell us, by twice as many individuals as any other language in the world!

With such reflections as these, I took up my Chinese primer with considerable ardor. Fr. Graça, who had about a year and a half the start of me, wrote me from Shanghai detailed instructions as to how to proceed, and I have followed his directions faithfully.

The A B C's of Chinese are the various pot-hooks and crooks, straight lines and dots, of which the innumerable characters are composed. The oldest characters were originally hieroglyphics, but they have all lost their graphic form, and in only a few instances can the hieroglyphic nature of the character be determined. The written language was soon reduced to a systematized and conventional form, and the wise men of those early centuries conceived the noble plan of having a different character to represent each and every possible idea. It was a grand but impracticable plan, for although they have I don't know how many hundred characters, the human mind was not to be confined by definite numbers, and there are many ideas which are expressed by a combination of two or more characters.

The formation of the characters is so well systematized, and the order in which the different strokes and dots follow one another is so nicely determined, that writing the language is not as hard as might at first appear. Knowing how the letters are formed, it is not so difficult to remember them and to distinguish one from another in reading. The simple characters of three or four strokes are made up of the elementary lines and dots, and a complex character of a dozen or two dozen strokes is simply a combination of two or more simple characters into one. Each character, of course, has its own proper sound and tone, and no character big or little is anything more than a monosyllable.

The four elements and other every-day objects are generally represented by simple characters, and these, entering into composition to form new characters, frequently retain something of their radical signification. However, the meaning of complex characters, as derived from their simple components, is sometimes far-fetched and rather poetical. Who would imagine, for instance, that three characters meaning *vegetation*, *fire* and *heart*, would mean *sorrow*, when put together into one character? The two characters meaning *vegetation* and *fire*, when put together, indicate the burning or drying up of vegetation; hence the character means *autumn*. Add to that the character for *heart*, and you have the *autumn of the heart*, a very pretty metaphor for sorrow. I don't remember who said that languages consist largely of dead metaphors, but it strikes a beginner that the Chinese language consists largely of living metaphors.

If you ask the pronunciation of that poetical word, a great deal of its poetry is dissipated, for, abstracting from its peculiar tone, it is pronounced, in the Cantonese dialect, like our English word *sow* (female swine). In spite of my

great regard for Chinese, I can't find any beauty in its pronunciation, at least, not as it is pronounced here in the Cantonese dialect, and I don't think much better is to be expected of the more northern dialects. But, though it may not have much beauty as a spoken language, it certainly has a great deal of strength. It has strong aspirates, wide open vowels and ringing nasals sounding like our *ng*. I am not much in love with Portuguese and its pronunciation, and I rather like the strength of the Chinese by contrast. The sounds of Chinese are rather elementary, as no word has two consonant sounds coming together, and they seldom end in a consonant sound except the nasal *ng*. Most of the words end in strong vowels like the English *o*, *ow*, *aw* and the Italian *a*. They are fond of aspirates and insert them after such consonant sounds as *p*, *t* and the English *ch*. It is rather hard at first to bring in an aspirate after such consonants, but when once the ear and vocal organs have become accustomed to the combinations, it is easily perceived that the aspirate in such a position adds a decided strength to the word, so that its omission must be very offensive to Chinese ears. That they are not easy combinations is clear from the fact, that Chinese children not unfrequently omit the initial consonant and keep only the aspirate. I was puzzled at first when I heard some little boys say *hin* for a common word, which I thought my master and others pronounced *tin*. The proper pronunciation is *t'hin*, which is easier to put down thus on paper, than to pronounce to the satisfaction of my master's delicate ears.

My master is an obliging, amiable old pedagogue of some fifty years of age. He is very patient, as might be expected of a man who has been a school-master for twenty-odd years. He is a good Christian, and was for many years associated with the French missionaries of Canton. He knows no European language, but at this late day is beginning to study Portuguese. I learn only reading and writing from my master, and for the meaning of words and the construction of sentences, there are excellent books for beginners. Chinese, of course, has no grammar whatever.

Foremost among the books for learning the language, is a monumental work, in five large volumes, by Fr. Zottoli, S. J., of Shanghai, *Cursus Litteraturæ Sinicæ Neo-missionariis accommodatus*. All of his selections are taken from classic authors, and are accompanied by a Latin translation, word for word, and by copious notes, especially in the volume intended for beginners. On one page is the Chinese, in clear neatly cut characters, arranged in vertical columns, Chinese

fashion, reading down and going from the right-hand column on to the left; facing the Chinese is the Latin, a little distorted to suit the Chinese construction, but excellently manipulated to bring out the sense. Latin is better adapted to this purpose than almost any other language, as it can easily dispense with prepositions and accessory particles, has no encumbering articles, and lends itself readily to almost any construction, or perhaps I should say, is intelligible in almost any construction.

The English of Hong-Kong have published some very practical and useful little books, but of course, they are not to be compared with the stately volumes of Fr. Zottoli.

I intended to tell you about A-Yake and Chee-ling and some others with whom I practise the use of the language. But as I have written so much already, I shall just add a word or two about A-Lok, the little boy whom I spoke of in a previous letter as the first person with whom I interchanged intelligible Chinese words. A-Lok, as I mentioned, has reached the mature age of six years. He is the son of A-Pam, the sacristan, and is familiarly called A-pam-chai, that is, A-pam son. Though he slights some mutes before an aspirate, he has a very correct pronunciation, as the Chinese priest here assures me, and I can testify that his pronunciation is exceedingly clear and distinct. The advantage of conversing with A-Lok is, that when he pronounces a sentence which is not understood, instead of trying to explain in other words or of suggesting his meaning in Portuguese, he simply repeats his little sentence, bringing out every word so clearly, that, as he seems to say by his accompanying look, a person must be very stupid, indeed, not to understand such plain Chinese. A-Lok is very useful to me, too, in learning the catechism. My catechism was sent me from Shanghai by Fr. Graça, and it is conveniently provided with an interlinear Latin translation. The same catechism fortunately is used by all Catholic missionaries throughout the empire, and its text, easy simple language, has by this time acquired something of a sacred character. After learning a page or so by heart, I go down and recite it with A-Lok, who knows the first part very well. He has but a parrot's knowledge of it, of course, but it is all the same to me, as I care only for the pronunciation and the peculiar sing-song in which Chinese is recited.

Sometimes we go to the kitchen-garden, from which Macao's little harbor can be seen. When I am not inclined to go, A-Lok says that we may see the *Heung-Kong fo-sin*

(Hong-Kong steamer), and then he looks at me triumphantly, as if to say: "I know that will fetch you." So we go to see *Heung-Kong fo-sin*, as she lies at the wharf or steams in majestically among the Chinese junks and small craft, but little does A-Lok know of the great world beyond the granite islands that hem in Macao, of the great world beyond, with which we are linked by the *Heung-Kong fo-sin*.

Another of my occasional instructors is A-Choi, one of the boarders here, a slender, rather graceful boy of about fifteen. Of course, A-Choi has a more dignified name, half-Christian and half-Chinese, but he is always called A-Choi, except when his companions call him *Opium-eater*, a nickname given him for being so thin. His features are typically Mongolian, but none the less expressive and attractive for being typically Mongolian. In the pure Mongolian type, there is a predominance of the angular brow and high cheek-bones over the thin but not weak lower face, which suggests a corresponding predominance of the spiritual over the lower nature. However, in the case of A-Choi, at least, a brightness of the almond-eye, and a fulness of the red lip, indicate that he is not all spirit.

A-Choi traces the Chinese characters with what is to me surprising rapidity, and it is rather encouraging to see the written language used so nimbly and familiarly. A Chinaman's long thin hand and fingers are as characteristic of his race as are his features, and there seems to be something in his fingers which imparts to his writing a peculiar facility and grace. Chinese characters are decidedly ornamental, and I dare say a Chinaman must look upon a page of our manuscript or print, as passing dull and monotonous.

I am well enough satisfied with my success in Chinese thus far, and I am sure I am much assisted by kind prayers at home. I hope to be remembered still as I have only made a beginning, and have almost the whole field before me. Please recommend me to the prayers of all, and remember

Your Reverence's humbly in Christ,
W. L. Hornsby.

Seminario de S. José,
Macao, China, Sept. 4, 1893.

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

The field is still open for Macao, and I wish I could do something to attract the missionary zeal in this direction.

We are preparing a map of the territory over which our mission, with the blessing of God, hopes to spread. I shall send on an explanation of the map when it is ready, which may not be until sometime after Christmas. I think many will be surprised to see what a vast field we have out here. Our mission is to comprise not only the surrounding districts of China, but also the Portuguese half of the large island of Timor in Oceanica, so that future missionaries may have their choice between the Chinese and the Polynesians. They had better make their choice at home, for if they once come out to China and fall under the spell of this ancient and interesting civilization, there will be no volunteers for the Polynesians.

However there are some who do not find the Chinese and their language interesting. Fr. Graça tells coldly of the really pathetic fate of a bright young Frenchman of the Shanghai Mission. He was a young priest or scholastic, very highly esteemed in his province and of more than ordinary literary attainments. He came out to China with the usual enthusiasm and began to study Chinese, but he found it very different from his Latin and Greek classics, and Fr. Graça says that he fell into ill health on account of his discouragement over the intricacies and dryness of the Chinese characters. He died in a short time, and his death was felt so deeply in the mission and in his province, that, although several years have elapsed, he is still spoken of as if he had died but recently.

I find it a great relief to vary the monotony of the written language with practice in the use of the spoken language, and I thought in connection with the young Frenchman of whom Fr. Graça spoke so often, that he had no A-lok to teach him what a plain, simple, straightforward language Chinese is. There is a freshness about it, which is very encouraging, when it is picked up from the boys, and there is no way of learning the tones except by hearing and using them in conversation. There is another way of learning the tones, but it is impracticable for us, and that is to read aloud day after day with a master, as the Chinese children do.

The Chinese schools in this city begin class at about seven in the morning and close about five. Children begin to go to school at the age of five or six, and their first years are spent in nothing but reading, without understanding a word of what they read, and in writing. They are not graded into classes, but the master calls up one or perhaps two or three at a time, and teaches them to read a page. When the page has been pretty well learned by rote, they go to

their seats and read aloud while the master proceeds to instruct others. When thirty or forty are reading at a time, one does not have to inquire whether there is a school in the neighborhood. The master, of course, is a man of a practised ear, and in the midst of the confusion of voices he can pick out a false tone, just as the leader of an orchestra can catch the instrument that is at fault.

I have written several things this summer. I sent Fr. Wynne an article on our old Jesuit church, which I hope he will appreciate. I also sent him a translation from the Chinese Messenger of the Sacred Heart, but I don't know whether he will find it serviceable. If he should not use it, he will perhaps send it to Your Reverence, as I requested him to do, and I am not concerned as to what may become of it. I wrote Fr. Burrows a letter about some attacks on missionaries. I hope to send Fr. Wynne, during the fall, something about the shrines of Macao, with accompanying views, which are really quite picturesque. I was thinking of bringing a camera with me to China, but I am sure that I shouldn't have used it if I had, for what is the use of spending so much time in an unintellectual pursuit, when a cunning Chinaman can offer me much better pictures than I could produce, and sell them to me for less money than I should expend in the operation.

Yours humbly in Christ,

Wm. L. Hornsby.

THE SOCIETY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CHILE, URUGUAY, PARAGUAY, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, AND BRAZIL.

A Letter from Mr. Homs.[1]

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

CHILE.

In regard to Chile this much only I know, that the result of all their warfare is a government utterly liberal, and therefore worse than pagan. Greater rigor than ordinary was exerted upon our college last year and the ordinary rigor is excessive. The party worsted in the last war is ever hatching conspiracy and proclaims that on its return to power it will banish all the friars, for these, say they, stirred up the Catholics to the war. Still, I have it on good authority that the unform answer given by Ours to all who consulted them was ever: "It is not lawful to rebel against rightful authority." Last summer Rev. Fr. Superior went to Chile for the opening of a new and beautiful country house, built by our College of Santiago. Father Planas writes that he is delighted with it and would be even more so were it not that the earth quakes so often under his feet. Soon we shall be able to say, "The Andes are no more." I mean that there remains but a small yet difficult piece of the Transandine Railroad to be built.

URUGUAY.

From our neighbor, Uruguay, we constantly hear only of horrors. Besides the ordinary every-day crisis and bankruptcy, common to most of these republics, it is enduring a misery so intense that it resembles a death-agony. It is enough to remark that in a few days I know not how many thousands have emigrated hither. In Montevideo many

[1] We are indebted to Father Culligan for this valuable letter. Mr. Homs is a scholastic, belonging to the Aragon Province, now at Buenos Ayres.

families present themselves at our college asking Fr. Rector, with charming simplicity, to admit their children free of charge. Not a drop of rain has fallen the whole summer, so that the grass in the cattle-ranges is all withered, and thousands upon thousands of their cattle have perished; and meat, the staple food of the people, has reached a fabulous price. Their spiritual destitution is often greater. The Catholics determined of late to have a Congress, but the devil was alive to his opportunity, and caused the delegates to wrangle and quarrel and finally to overstep all bounds by a disgraceful attack on their bishop, to the infinite joy and satisfaction of the Freemasons. During the whole time of my stay in South America the University of Montevideo has always had the same rector. To this university all the colleges of the country are subject. No words can fully tell this rector's worth. I may here mention an item about the university which will assuredly seem incredible. One day in vacation, I met Fr. Rector in the corridor and he said: "If you go to my room you will find a little book on one of the chairs. Read it and see if you are not edified." As I read it I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was the Montevidean programme of the History of Literature. This was one of the questions: "Give an account of *all* the works of *all* the authors of *all* nations." Needless to say, it requires *nominatim* an account of all the obscene novels of the century. It seems, too, that they are determined to keep this programme fully abreast of the times, for one of the items is "las pequeñeces." I may end my account of Montevideo by saying that our college is now free of debt, and that the well-known Fr. Lerrat has found there breathing room, and can speak and teach at his ease.

PARAGUAY.

I will now speak of my best beloved Paraguay. I say best beloved, for, although on my arrival here, I knew, as all of us know, that in Paraguay our ancient fathers had worked wonders, I should have never believed they were so grand as I have learned them to be, from the histories of FF. Charlevoix and Lozano. The distinguished Barcelonian Mouner y Sans, who has been here some three years, has published a little work, "Pinceladas Históricas," in which he refutes all the charges made against the missions. It is, indeed, a triumphal refutation, based, as it is, entirely on infidel authors and on the telling eloquence of numbers and of the official documents of those times. It seems that he intends to publish a full history of the Mission. For

some years we have had a good many Paraguayan boys, sons of the principal families of the country. Though born in such a warm climate, they are far less indolent than the Argentinos; most of them, in fact, have real push and energy. It is truly heartrending, however, to see the change that comes over many of them after the gratification of a few days' curiosity in this awfully corrupt city, which they think so great and beautiful. When those of them, who have not already been perverted, first come to us, they are good and simple, and show us the greatest respect and confidence; they take well whatever we tell them and show a great desire, that we go to their country, where they promise to aid and to protect us. And this, too, at a time, when their country is passing through such a crisis that the Argentine paper-money is at a premium, and the Argentine Republic is, as you know, almost bankrupt itself. The other day one of the Paraguayan boys said to me: "Father, I am bringing ruin on my papa." "How so," said I, "have the hundred square leagues of land vanished into thin air?" "No, but as I spend Paraguayan money, I must empty my pocket for every trifle. During my nine months, here, I have spent one thousand dollars." This same lad told me some days later that he had remained up reading till the small hours of the morning. "And what book so captivated you?" said I. "Father Ribadeneira's treatise on Tribulation." "Then you are in tribulation?" "I am, indeed," and then he related to me all his troubles. "One of them, and not the least," said he, "is to see that my Republic, which could be the happiest and most prosperous of America, is most unfortunate, so unfortunate, in fact, that not even the Jesuits wish to go there." Is not this, dear brother in Christ, enough to stir up the zeal of any heart, especially, when we know that Masonry is there triumphant, that Protestants and Spiritists abound, that half of the Republic is still inhabited by Indians, and, that in spite of everything and after the lapse of more than a hundred years, our memory is still fresh in the loving and respectful tradition of the people? Another reason, and a very powerful one at that, to urge us to go there at once, is the fact that at present the population is but 400,000, and their wretched National College could not live in presence of any respectable school. Hence, if we go now we can obtain the social and public triumph of Jesus Christ, our King; but if we wait until the population has swelled to a few millions, until the wave of European immigration strikes it, and the government has spread a net-work of National Colleges over the land, then our opportunity is lost. On our going thither we shall then have to satisfy

ourselves with doing good privately, and leave to the far distant future the triumph of our King and Master. So has it come to pass in Buenos Ayres where the Society, by reason of its untimely extinction, only returned to find everything infected with the maxims of the French Revolution. This reasoning is not my own; it is that of various Paraguayans who have proposed it to me.

Last year I had in my class the son of the Brazilian Consul in Paraguay and the son of a recent ex-Minister of the same nation. This year I have no less a personage than the son of the President of Paraguay, a boy of pretty good talent, but so quiet, respectful, humble and studious, that I think the sky will fall before I have to admonish him for the least fault. On Holy Thursday when I was about to enter the sanctuary for the adoration, this lad was coming out with a fellow-sodalist, and he said to me in a low voice: "Father, pray for Paraguay." I would like, my dear brother, to cease for the moment to be my insignificant self, and to become a man of authority, that I might utter in a voice of thunder those words of Very Rev. Fr. Anderledy: "And whilst in America there is such a vast field for evangelical laborers, some person will perhaps imagine that he is doing a great deal, if he asks to be sent to a good, pious city with zealous and well-instructed clergy, and there *convolare ad ministeria læta*, tending a meek flock of some few pious women. *Absit. Ad majora nati sumus.*

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Since superiors, after long deliberation, have determined that we should not accept the Paraguay Mission for the present, let us see what the Society is doing in the Argentine Republic. If a new-comer from Europe were asked what are we doing here, he would answer: "Nothing." If the same question is proposed to one who has spent three or four years here, he would answer: "A great deal." Both are to be believed. No striking fruit of our labors presents itself to view, but all the while great good is being effected noiselessly and unpretendingly. To begin with the three seminaries of Santa Fe, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo, for that of Santiago, has only one of Ours who is a spiritual father. These seminaries are sending out a small, it is true, but withal, an excellent and unwearied phalanx of zealous priests, who multiply themselves, as it were, to supply the great want of priests all through the republic. A few years since, in the new city, La Plata, nobody received the sacraments, the Church was deserted, and

the priest's ministrations were not requested even by those at death's door. The city was founded, as you may have learned, pagan fashion, and the Masonic Lodge was thought of long before the Church. Two of our recently ordained seminarians are now there and are effecting wonders. The church is well attended daily; the two zealous priests spend long hours in the confessional, and are frequently put to the sweet trouble of attending a sick-call. The Vicar-General is making the rounds of the Archdiocese almost all the year, surrounded by a band of excellent missionaries, two or three of whom are always members of the Society. In Córdoba and Santa Fe one of Ours visits and evangelizes the surrounding country, but owing to our colleges these excursions are not as frequent as could be desired. For a city like Buenos Ayres with its population of half a million there are but two *operarii;* but of them I could tell wonders. One has the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, the Children of Mary, and many other sodalities; he preaches in our church, in the cathedral and in several other churches and even in the provinces. The other is a German father, who is the St. Peter Claver of this city. There is hardly a Turk, Jew, or Protestant whom he does not know and whom he does not influence for good, bringing many of them into the Church. Since the opening of the school-term he has baptized quite a number of Jews. I am sure his great success is the work of his profound humility which carries him continually to the leper-hospital and institutions of a like nature, and which makes him keep remarkably silent concerning his labors. When I asked him how he succeeded in converting so many Jews, he answered in broken Spanish: "Yo no precede la gracia, sino que la siga." I do not forestall grace but follow it.

The ignorance of religious matters in these parts is frightful. In the city this is the effect of malice; but in the country it is the want of priests. Not a year passes but we baptize many of the boys of our college, the children of Protestants or practical atheists. In the country the people flock with great ardor to the missions, and much salutary fruit is the result. Only around Mendoza have I heard that the people are cold and indifferent. I heard Rev. Fr. Superior say, that if that city were not necessary in the passage of Ours to Chile, he would remove the residence and employ the fathers in other places, where a Jesuit has not been seen since the suppression.

As to our college here, I think the fruit reaped is very great, though many others will not believe it. For anyhow these 500 boys or, most of them, if they were not with us,

would never in all their life hear the name of God. A proof of this is that many come to us at an age for First Communion, who not only have never been to Confession, but who do not even know what a catechism is. In spite, too, of their great natural indolence and, what is worse, the little or no care or help they receive at home, there are never wanting many who profit by our instructions and develop into good, steady young men, earnest upholders of the truth. In witness of this I might point to our alumni, who in ever increasing numbers come to hear Mass in our church, get married there *in facie Ecclesiæ* and approach the sacraments, some of them quite frequently. Nearly the whole graduating class of this year will enter the Academy or Catholic Club. Fathers of great experience trust that this nucleus of honest young men, yearly increasing by addition from the college, will in time bring about the triumph of Christ our Lord. All here, good and bad, confess that whenever there is a good and intelligent young man in the university or out of it, he is sure to become a pupil of Ours. This is not strange if we bear in mind the awful confusion and disorder of the State colleges and schools, and the consequences resulting therefrom. So that if in the twenty-five years of its existence, the college and its pupils have acquired such a reputation, what may we not hope for in the course of the next twenty-five years? The fact is that in spite of perpetual changes in the staff of the National College, there has always been a group of the professors who are pupils of Ours, and who are admitted by all the rectors of the establishment to be the most dutiful and the most intelligent they possess. Among the present students of the college are the sons of many illustrious men, two grandsons of the President, the Vice-President's son, a nephew of the wicked old President Roca, two or three sons of the President during the revolution of July, one of them an excellent boy, two nephews of the famous Balmaceda, President of Chile, etc. I gave up in despair when I attempted to count up the sons of the Ministers who have held that position during the past five years. A fitting close to this noble list is an Osuna, a descendent of the famous duke, whose failure and ruin caused such commotion in Spain. Do you not think there is a providence in the congregating of all these folk of such different parties and colors under our banner?

Now as to our President. If there ever was a man longed for by all good men, one who got into power by the common voice, it was he. All could have been settled by him and peace made between the State and the Church. And what has he done? what does he? He is following in the

steps of that other President, Pontius Pilate. Already, against his will, he is scourging Christ, and I believe his Ministers will forthwith take it upon themselves to crucify Him. And yet I do not say he is in private life a bad man. He is no Freemason, he fulfils his Easter duty and attends Mass on days of obligation. I have no doubt he carried the canopy in the procession during Holy Week in his parish church, no less than when he was a private citizen; and when, owing to a statute of President Roca, he could not observe the old established custom of visiting in company with his Minister the monuments of piety, he went thither in full uniform accompanied by his Army Chaplain and his aide-de-camp. What might not be hoped for from such a man? We shall see presently. On entering upon his office he appointed part of his Ministers Catholics. Everything began in a manner to improve. But the opposition, as is their wont, and by a sort of instinct, began a howl, and behold our President all timid and irresolute. His Minister of Public Instruction being intrusted with several other portfolios, left the care of education to the Inspector of Public Instruction, who, as report has it, is a Jew. This latter shows with pride to all visitors a spoon and a chair, the work of his pupils when he was Rector of the National at Corrientes, saying: "This is true education; it must be eminently practical." And he is as good as his word. In December last, on presenting to the Chambers his budget for the National, he did away with the chairs of Latin and Philosophy, added English and Chemistry and introduced several of Book-keeping. The Chambers approved all blindly, and now the public is enjoying its fruits. The plan of studies was, in this way, most fraudulently changed. In accordance with his plan, he promised that at the beginning of the course there should be a set of text-books and examination papers. These were accordingly proposed by the professors of the National, but they were, no doubt, not sufficiently practical for him, and we began our course without text-books or examination papers, *vivæ vocis oraculo*. By a kind of prodigy the present Rector, Vice-Rector, and many of the Professors of the National are on the best of terms with us; but of what avail is this when the Ministers are well-nigh driving us distracted? A few days before Holy Week, the Ministers handed in their resignation, and the President, to the utter disgust of the Catholics, has installed in their place the Krupps of Freemasonry. His Minister of Public Instruction is Alcorta, a furious sectarian, the same who nearly drove us to our wits' end by decree after decree when he was Minister before; the one who in

1885 did not wish to allow our boys to be examined, and trumped up a scandal for this purpose. This same Alcorta came, when Minister, to pay a visit to the college, but before leaving he had the impudence to tell Fr. Rector to his face: "This College is all very fine; but I am sorry to have to inform you that you must close it." The present regimen of the National is honest, so there will soon be a collision, the Rector and many others will resign, and we shall be left without any other support than that of God for whose sake we suffer all these troubles. This is the unvarying history of Instruction in this country. Plans of studies, programmes, text-books succeed one another with sickening rapidity. It is of quite frequent occurrence for a publisher to get out a large edition of a text-book and then have to keep it as so much waste-paper. Here I am teaching for more than a month and my boys are without text-books. Louis XIV. used to say, "The State is myself," and I say now in class, "The book is myself." I meet frequently two professors of the National who are teaching the same matter as myself, and I ask them: "Well, how are things getting along?" They answer: "Father, amuse yourself as best you can: that is our task at present."

A few words now about our church. Thanks be to God, it is very well attended, and, what is noteworthy, by men. Every Sunday the fathers hear Confessions in the sacristy for a good part of the morning. On Good Friday Fr. Menendez came from Santa Fe to preach the "Seven Words." Despite the heavy rain, the church was full to overflowing. The father spoke with wonderful unction, and at the end of the sermon I heard two young men say: "That father is a saint." Father Brianso preached to crowded churches in Santa Fe, and the papers call him the Santa Fe Orator. Fr. Baylina, too, is doing great work.

I must now relate to you the death of Don Filemón Posse, former Minister of Instruction. He fell sick during the summer, on account of sleeping at night, with too primitive simplicity, on the floor of the corridor in his house. The sickness made quick headway, so that Abel Ayerza, who was attending him, came in haste to our house at 10 P. M., and took Fr. Jordan with him to hear his confession. The doctor became quite angry, saying that all this disturbance was unnecessary. Then Abel told him: "My dear sir, you are dying and have but a few hours to live." On hearing this, Posse was greatly terrified and said: "Yes, yes, I want to make my confession." He settled his entangled conscience at full leisure with Fr. Jordan, to whom he gave full power to publish to the four winds his repentence for hav-

ing introduced the law of civil marriage and his full retractation. He died at 5 A. M. the next morning. God grant that the poor man is saved, for he was the most favorable of all the Ministers to us, whenever by doing so he did not jeopardize Cæsar's friendship. In 1885 when Alcorta was causing our boys to fail in the examination, he quietly joined the board of examiners and presided for the whole day over our examinations. On one occasion Fr. Prefect called to see him on important business and was waiting for quite a while in the ante-room with a number of ladies and gentlemen. All of a sudden the Minister entered, and after greeting them in words not ordinarily heard in polite conversation, he cried out like Sancho in the Insula Barataria: "Off with you, gentlemen, it is time for breakfast. Think you that we rulers are made of stone?" But when he saw Fr. Barber in a corner, he took him by the hand saying: "Ah! Father, for you no hour is exclusive. Come in." After a long conversation he sent him home in his own carriage. Perhaps God has rewarded him for such like good deeds by the grace of a good confession.

BRAZIL.

I need say little about Brazil and its many tribulations in these days as I know you have the details from Fathers Carrobé, Nicolay and others. A novice father, a native of Brazil, is on his way back to the new Republic. He had not finished his novitiate, but he is badly needed at the college, where with 600 students Ours number but seventeen. Besides a few residences, I know of but three colleges there, St. Leopold's belonging to the German Province, and those of Itú and New Friburgo to the Roman. They are very short of subjects indeed.

This is all I have at present to interest you; so with kindest remembrance to all etc.,

I remain, your servant in Christ,

JOHN M. HOMS.

THE BEADS WORN BY OUR FIRST FATHERS AND THEIR INDULGENCES.

At old Georgetown one evening, during the month of the Holy Rosary, the author of this article was extolling the great advantages attached to the Dominican Rosary of the Confraternity, when a father from the country of St. Ignatius objected, claiming, that the rosary of six decades was the true rosary of the Society, at least in Spain, it being used to-day by many of Ours and, in all probability, it was worn and used by our first fathers. This lead to a discussion and to the present article, which we put in the shape of two Queries.

1. DID OUR FIRST FATHERS WEAR A ROSARY OF SIX DECADES?

2. IS IT STILL OUR PRIVILEGE TO GAIN A PLENARY INDULGENCE AS OFTEN AS WE SAY THE BEADS OF SIX DECADES?

I.

Many of our readers will be doubtless as much surprised as the writer to learn that in Spain Ours use a rosary of six decades, and that such a rosary was in use in the old Society. Of this there can, however, be no doubt since it is clearly stated in the Manual for the Novices, entitled, "Practicas Espirituales del Noviciado de Villagarcia," a work used in the Old Society and still in use to-day in Spain. It recommends the novices to say with especial devotion the words *in hora mortis nostræ* and gives as a reason, that in saying only one chaplet we call to mind death sixty-three times, and sixty-three times we ask Mary to obtain for us a happy death.[1] As in the ordinary beads of five decades, including the three Hail Marys said at the beginning, there are but fifty-three Hail Marys, there must be six decades to make up the number sixty-three, which is supposed to be the number of years the Blessed Mother lived.

This is fully confirmed in the next chapter of the "Practicas;" for six, not five, mysteries are assigned for each of

[1] Con un poco de atencion, en sola una corona nos acordaremos sesenta y tres veces de la muerte; y sesenta y tres veces pediremos afectuosamente una buena muerte a Maria Santisima.—(*Edicion de* 1858, p. 72.)

the three parts of the rosary. Thus we have added to the Joyful Mysteries, the Adoration of the Magi; to the Dolorous Mysteries, the Death and Burial of Jesus; to the Glorious Mysteries, the Death of Mary.

Father Dirckinck in his "Horologium Spirituale Scholasticorum," p. 181, in giving a "Praxis Recitandi Rosarium" also speaks of six decades.

All this would lead us to believe it probable that the rosary of six decades was used by St. Ignatius and his companions, but we would like further information. Perhaps some of Ours in India can tell us what beads St. Francis Xavier used.

II.

The father from St. Ignatius's country already referred to claims, in addition, that the indulgences attached to the six-decade beads are far greater than those attached to any other beads. In fact, Padre Villada in the second edition of "De Confessariis Nostris" has in Appendix v., page 247, several pages "De Indulgentia Coronæ[2] B. M. Virginis," in which he shows that in the "Compendium Privilegiorum Societatis edit. Prag. Inst. 1705, et in aliis antiquioribus Compendiis," it is stated that, "Toties quoties Nostri coronam B. M. Virginis 63 Ave Maria et de decem in decem unum Pater Noster dixerint, plenariam indulgentiam consequuntur." Padre Villada states that this privilege was recalled by Paul V., but restored two years later by the same Paul V., and confirmed by Innocent XI. on the 15th of May, 1688; so that he believes the Society still enjoys this plenary indulgence. His words are: "Tuto ergo acquiescere poterimus compendiis privilegiorum stantibus pro corona 63 Ave Maria."

If we understand Padre Villada, it is not necessary to have a chaplet or rosary of six decades blessed to gain this plenary indulgence, but, if we have such a rosary blessed by the Crosier Fathers, Ours may gain both indulgences at the same time, and if, in addition, we have a rosary blessed by one who has the faculty to give the Apostolic Indulgence we can also gain these.[3] If this privilege still exists, it affords us the greatest indulgence we can obtain in the reci-

[2] Padre Villada makes a distinction between the "Corona and Rosarium:" "Rosarium vel tertia pars rosarii aliquando dicitur corona, sed proprie corona B.M.V. est quæ supra descripta est in antiq. Compend. privileg."—Opus cit., p. 199. As this distinction is unknown in English, we have not made it in this article.

[3] Padre Villada's words are as follows: "Præstat igitur ad plures lucrandas indulgentias ut a Nostris recitetur Corona B. V. Mariæ sex decadum in rosario per Crucigeros benedicto, et penes se habentibus v. g. in cingulo con-

tation of our beads, but as it is not mentioned in any of the Prague editions of the Institute after that of 1705, nor in the new edition of the Privileges confirmed by Leo XIII. and published in 1887 as the third volume of the Institute, we ask,—*Can we safely use this Privilege to-day?*

It may be well to add, that if this privilege no longer is of value, the greatest indulgence we can obtain from the recitation of our beads is to have our names enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, and our beads blessed by a Dominican Father, or one having the power from the Dominicans to bless them. The only condition, besides being enrolled, is to say the entire rosary, or three chaplets, once a week. It is commonly supposed that the Crosier indulgence is the greatest, but this is not true. The Crosier indulgence is but 500 days for each Ave Maria; the Dominican Confraternity indulgence five years and five quarantines for each Ave Maria. See Beringer "Les Indulgences," vol. ii., p. 188, and Meschler's "Our Lady's Garden of Roses," p. 149.

It is advisable to have the beads blessed by a Dominican, or one having such power from the Dominicans, and a number of indulgences can be gained by using such blessed beads; but to gain the indulgences of the Confraternity it is not necessary to use any beads, we have only to recite the Our Fathers and the Hail Marys, meditating on the mystery (See Appendix to Beringer, recently published, page 43). Formerly there was doubt about this, and even Beringer in the body of his work speaks of this as "an opinion not sure in practice." The recent publication, however, of "Acta Sanctæ Sedis . . pro Societate SS. Rosarii" by the General of the Dominicans removes all doubt. The Briggitine and the Crosier Beads do not, of course, possess this privilege. There is, besides the indulgences, another advantage in having the beads blessed by a Dominican, not possessed by any other beads. It is that if several persons are reciting the beads in common, it suffices that one have the beads and the others unite themselves in prayer with him, and it has been recently decided that this may be done while they are engaged in some manual work, as in shops and factories, where the beads are thus often recited.

suetam coronam nostram a Superioribus vel ab alio ex horum facultate, benedictam; sic enim præter indulgentiam plenariam recitationi coronæ concessam, obtineri simul poterunt, utpote compatibiles, indulgentiæ apostolicæ, et *ut videtur*, indulgentiæ quoque Crucigerorum, vel harum loco, si mavis, Birgittinæ."—Opus cit. p. 251.

AD NOVOS SACERDOTES.

III. KAL. JUL. AN. M. D. CCC. XC. III.

Post iter longum vigilesque curas
Postque certamen redimita tandem
Cernimus sacra viridique lauro
Tempora fratrum!

Sit dies fastis, Juvenes, notata
Ista, postremis veneranda sæclis:
Sitque festivis celebranda votis
Ipsa quotannis! . . .

Vosque felices, Socii juventæ!
Chrismate en palmas veneramur unctas,
Oh Sacerdotes! quibus Ipse obedit
Conditor orbis!

Ejus ad vocem reticent procellæ:
Ejus ad visum juga montium ardent:
Ejus ad nutum celeris movetur
Machina mundi.

Dicitis . . . verbum resonans per auras,
—In Deum miranda hominis potestas!—
Cogit immensum Dominum supernas
Linquere sedes.

Oh decus nostrum! Zephyri secundi
Vos ad usque alis referant amorem
Quo Deus quondam socios revinxit,
Carmina vatis!

En patent vobis polus atque mundus:
Mundus ad pugnas: polus, ut beatis
Vestra cœli dextra animis supremas
Impleat arces.

Messis est, nostis bene, multa campis:
Vos vocat messis Dominus: profudit
Ipse semen, quod proprio rigavit
Sanguine, Christus!

Vos vocant Andes: patrii reclamant
Barbari occulti nemorum recessu:
Fulgeat vestræ sapientiæ alma
Luce cathedra!

Ast tibi, Woodstock, meritas referre
Gratias gentes variæ fatiscant:
Namque, fons purus sophiæ, per orbem
Flumina mittis.

En tibi magnas America laudes
Solvet: en nomen celebrat per auras
Fama: te, Woodstock, memores alumni
Pectore servent!!

Operæ pretium duximus hos versus excerpere ex eleganti carmine latino, quod ad quosdam e nostris Neo-Sacerdotibus, gratulandi causa, scripsit Fr. Aloysius Velasco, S. J., ex Collegio Maximo Missionis Æquatorialis, Pifi, prope Quitum.

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH ITALY.

A Letter from Fr. Russo.

303 Elizabeth St., N. Y.
Oct. 19, 1893.

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

Most willingly do I comply with your request, and send you a few details of my trip to Italy.

I left New York Aug. 16, and as I was anxious to come back to my work by the end of September, I had to travel rapidly. I can say that my first two days of rest were taken in Turin. A portion of this time was spent with some of our scholastics in their beautiful *villa* on the Alps. It was formerly an old convent of Augustinians, bought many years ago by a man who hated the monks, and much more our holy religion. Fearing that sometime or other that convent might be again used for religious purposes, he pulled down both the church and the cloister. The punishment soon followed the crime, for not long after, the unfortunate man was seized by a sudden frenzy, and threw himself into the well in the garden. This place was bought by a friend of the Society a few years ago, somewhat restored and presented as a gift to our new college of Turin.

My stay was too short to see much of the city. The few hours I remained in town were spent in visiting the Cottolengo Institute. It is not much spoken of outside of Italy, yet a similar institution is found nowhere else. It is a city within a city, walled all around and occupied by over four thousand unfortunate human beings, afflicted by every kind of disease, even the most disgusting; for they receive therein whomsoever the hospitals and other institutions refuse to shelter. About twenty secular priests minister to their spiritual wants. They live there, and do work without any human remuneration. There is, besides, a distinct community of Sisters for each work of mercy. They have, each their own superior, besides a general superior for all, a priest appointed by the ecclesiastical authority. The founder of this institution was a secular priest named Cottolengo. He died not many years ago in the odor of sanc-

tity. They speak of his beatification. The institution has no revenues and is a constant miracle of Divine Providence. One would hesitate to believe what one of the priests told me. Instead of helping them, the Government these last two years, has taxed them. They have to pay fifty thousand lire yearly!

I left for Florence Aug. 28, and lost no time in going to Fiesole. I shall never forget the charity, kindness, and affection with which our Father General welcomed me. His heart was rejoiced at hearing what was being done here for the poor Italians. Not only does he look most favorably upon this little mission, but he will do anything in his power to make a great success of it. His words did me more good than the trip itself. He needed not to tell me, as he did, that he spoke from his heart; I felt it, it was most visible. He gave me permission to see the various provincials of Italy and to enlist their sympathy in the work. He was truly eloquent, when, passing to other subjects, he spoke of the good our Society can do by the sodalities. They are the best means at our disposal. The enemies of God, said he, have learned from us the secret of our past success and victories. They work by means of associations. It is by the same means we have to defeat them. I wish I could repeat *verbatim* what he said on this topic. I was so carried away, that I said without much reflection: "I wish the whole Society was listening to your Paternity now." He said he had spoken of it in the general congregation, and would touch upon it in his encyclical.

The pleasure of my visit to Fiesole was increased by the cheering words of all the assistants. The Assistant of Italy, Rev. Fr. Freddi, was the first whom I saw. His face indicates the kindness of his heart. Rev. Fr. Grandidier, Assistant of France, had been my professor of rhetoric at St. Acheul. I was very happy to see my old teacher once more. Age does not tell much on him, and he is as kind to his old pupils now as he was in the school-room about thirty years ago. As to Rev. Fr. Meyer, he could not have been more kind and cordial. Knowing by experience what the Italians are in this country, and how they are generally treated, he was greatly rejoiced at what was being done for them in New York. He wished a similar work could be undertaken in all our great cities, where Italians are in large numbers.

From Florence I went directly to Rome and was most cordially received by our fathers of the *Civiltá Cattolica*. Here, again, what an array of great men! Rev. Fr. Gallerano is the Rector. He is the great orator of Italy. He reminded me most forcibly of Fr. Felix, not so much by his appear-

ance as by his simplicity and humility. Then who could look upon Fr. Berardinelli without emotion! He is a venerable old man, yet still at work; he is the Director of the *Civiltá*. Then there are the *Scriptores*, Frs. Steccanella, Ballerini, de Cara, Rondina, Polidori, etc., all men of world-wide reputation, yet all of them so unassuming. I need not say much of Fr. Brandi. He is well known here; and I can say he is already well known in Italy. His articles are well appreciated by all classes of the people. The clearness of his style and the solidity of his reasoning place him among the first writers of the Review. It was through Fr. Brandi that I obtained a speedy audience with the Holy Father. He was instrumental in obtaining several special favors for our church, as well as a good number of relics. Fr. Brandi seems to be very happy in his new position, nor has the consideration in which he is held, changed him in any way. When I saw how high dignitaries of the Church, and even the Holy Father, spoke of him, I realized once more the loss this province has sustained.

Before leaving Rome I paid my respects to Cardinal Parrocchi the Vicar of Rome. I was most cordially welcomed, not on my own account, but because of Fr. Brandi who accompanied me. I had long ago been told that Cardinal Parrocchi was very popular in Rome; nor did I wonder when I had the pleasure of seeing him and talking with him. You can conjecture the topic of our conversation, which lasted about one hour, and, indeed, was not new to him. Then the school question and kindred subjects were spoken of. He is a staunch defender of the parochial school, and looks unfavorably upon any compromise. Of course I did not omit to pay a visit to Cardinal Mazzella. He has not changed in the least. The rumor had been spread that he was very sick while in Naples, and he was flooded with telegrams and letters of inquiry. But it was sufficient to look at him to see that he has a long life before him.

I need say nothing of my visits to the principal monuments of Rome. I will only mention the tomb of Pope Pius IX. in the Basilica of St. Lawrence. It is a chapel all in mosaics,—ceiling, walls and floor. It will cost millions when finished. It is the work of the whole Catholic world. There are, in one of the walls especially, many little squares measuring about four inches, waiting for the mosaics. The wall alluded to, is alloted to the North American dioceses; but few, however, have sent in their contribution! I looked for the square representing New York. It was there and I called the attention of the monk, who was showing me the place, to the fact that this diocese was represented.

I see that this letter is becoming too long, so I will say the rest in a very few words. I visited Naples and Sicily. Rev. Fr. Degni, the Rector of the Convitto Pontano, was happy to meet an old friend, nor was I less happy to meet him and congratulate him on the magnificent and prosperous college under his direction. The interior compares well with any other college I have seen. The marble steps, the tiled floors, the frescoed walls impressed me most favorably, and the cleanliness with which everything is kept, is beyond praise. While in Naples I made an appeal for men to the Rev. Fr. Provincial. He was most willing to help me, but the men at his disposal were either too old or too young and inexperienced. Before coming to any decision, I went to Sicily and the Rev. Fr. Provincial, Fr. Amico, gave me just the man I need, Fr. Errigo Longo. As this father was in Greece, I could not wait for him. He will be here by the end of this month. Others, if needed, may come later on.

Servus in Xto.,

N. Russo.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Christ in Type and Prophecy.—By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J., New York, Benziger Brothers, 1893. Two volumes in 8vo. Vol. 1 pp. 485. Price $2.00.

This is the first volume of the book we have already announced as in preparation; it is the work of many hours and much thought, a work, too, which we know has been one of love and devotion on the part of the author. Eagerly as it has been looked for by those who knew of its preparation, we have no hesitation in saying, that it will be found to surpass all that was expected of it. The object of the work is indeed sublime, for Fr. Maas tells us, "It is to study the rise and progress and supreme splendor of the Light of the World from the inspired sources supplied by God's own goodness and infinite wisdom." The prophecies are arranged under eight heads, the Genealogy, the Birth, the Childhood, the Names, the Offices, the Public Life, the Suffering, and the Glory of the Messias. Four of these are treated in each volume. The book may be used as the author truly states, "as a weapon against the Jew and unbeliever, as a crutch for the feeble in faith, as an overflowing fountain for the dogmatic theologian, as a topic for the preacher, as a meditation for the devout, as a series of interesting facts for the historian and the psychologist." Though it is a learned work it is by no means uninteresting even for the ordinary reader. Take for instance chapter II. of the Introduction. It treats of "The General Diffusion of Messianic Prophecy." Fr. Maas first shows the general misery among the nations before the coming of the Messias, and then the general hope for redemption. The traditions and expectations even of the Persians, Indians, Chinese, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians are briefly, yet sufficiently stated, till the reader is astonished to learn how universal was this expectation of the Messias. No better nor more profitable reading could be found for the devout during the holy time of Advent. To get an idea how Fr. Maas treats the prophecies we have but to turn to Part I. The title of the first chapter is, "The Messias is the Son of God." It begins with an introduction to the second Psalm of David. The structure, author, and subject of this Psalm are explained. The Psalm itself is then given in rhythm, accompanied by a copious commentary. The reader is now ready

for the corollary: "The Messias is the Son of God." This is shown in the light of Christian Revelation, in the Light of the Old Testament with Rabbinic testimony for the Messianic character. The same treatment is followed in regard to the other prophecies, and all afford most excellent material for meditation and suggestions for sermons. How much may thus be gained from the prophecy in regard to the Blessed Virgin in Chapter III. of Part II. on the Virgin Mother, or on the Messias in Chapter IV!

This work is also most opportune, for Fr. Maas treats of the objections of modern rationalists and liberal Christians. Thus Dr. Briggs' and Dr. Robertson's views are analyzed in a masterly manner. We are only afraid that readers may be repelled by a first glance at the book. The many references, the divisions and sub-divisions, the truly scientific way in which all is presented, will be apt to cause one to think that it is for specialists only. It will need but a half hour's serious reading to dispel this illusion and convince the devout man, as well as the theologian, that he has in his hands a most precious treasure. It is just such books that we want at the present time. The old books, good as they are, do not meet the attacks of modern infidels and Protestants, while Fr. Maas has written with so much earnestness and interest against modern rationalists, that his book cannot fail to interest every educated Christian. Surely our priests and scholastics cannot fail to profit from reading and studying *Christ in Type and Prophecy;* nowhere else will they find the same matter brought down to our times.

The typography and general appearance of the book is the best we have seen from the American house of Benziger Brothers. The paper is excellent, the print clear, and the divisions and sections in black type, a disposition which adds much to the elegance of the work and the convenience of the reader. We are delighted, also, to see that the publishers have printed the personal and relative pronouns referring to God in small letters. It has been their custom heretofore to use capital letters for such pronouns, a custom which has long been given up in our best printed books, especially in this country.

An author has generally one among his books, which he feels to be his own more than the others. Such we believe will *Christ in Type and Prophecy* be for its author. Indeed Fr. Maas concludes his preface by telling us, that "it is with sincere sorrow he surrenders a work that has afforded him so many hours of interior joy and consolation." We know this is true, for the writing of this book has been a work of love, and whatever else he may write we believe this will always remain his book of predilection.

The following extract from the *New York Herald* of Oct. 29 will show how the book is appreciated even by those from whom we could hardly expect praise:—

"But beyond everything else it is scholarly. Professor Maas has spent many years in the study of his subject and his work bears evidence of that fact. It makes rather hard reading in parts, for it deals largely in details and is full of close reasoning. We may not be wholly convinced, but we must needs have a profound respect for the writer. He is a generous and conscientious author—generous enough to say in his preface, "When St. Luke tells us that 'at Antioch the disciples were first named Christians,' he implies that they were Christians before they bore the name. If Christian means a believer in Christ all that have ever believed in the Messias—the Hebrew equivalent for Christ—have been Christians. And since 'there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby they must be saved,' all that have been saved from Adam to Noe, from Noe to Abraham, from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Jesus Christ, and from Jesus Christ to our own day, have been Christians, or believers in the Messias.

"The task he has assumed—namely, to prove that the ancient Hebrews, who believed that a Messiah should come, were thereby Christians—may be thought a difficult one and a roundabout way in which to insure the salvation of souls that never heard of Jesus, but it shows at least that the Professor is unwilling to admit that they can be eternally lost, and this is the easiest way to show that they will be accepted in the last day.

"The volume is somewhat bulky, but it makes solid reading and should have a place on the library shelf of every careful student."

Méditations sur la Vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ par le R. P. M. MESCHLER, S. J. Tradiuts de l'Allelmand par M. l'abbé Ph. Mazoyer, du Clergé de Paris. Three volumes in 12mo, 600 pages, Paris, Lethielleux. Price 12 francs.

We call our readers' attention to this work more particularly, as an English translation, from the French, has been made at Woodstock and will soon be issued by the *Messenger* Press at Philadelphia. Father Meschler intends this work to be a book for meditations. He warns us that we will find in it no new truths; but old truths with new clothing, ordinary reflections exposed under a new light. He tells us that he has had three objects in mind: (1) To point out in each mystery what most concerns the dogma and morals of our holy religion, the development of the Church and of Christian life; (2) To bring out in high relief the person and character of Jesus; (3) To present each mystery in a certain number of points arranged in a logical or historical order. In the preface, besides explaining his object, he gives a method of meditating on the mysteries of our Lord. Next comes a valuable introduction showing the nature of the country, the characteristics of the age in which Jesus lived, and of the people. After this we have a preliminary meditation on Advent in

three points: (1) What is Advent; (2) How to spend Advent; (3) Motives for spending Advent holily. The Life of Jesus then follows divided into three great divisions: (1) The Life of Jesus from all eternity; (2) His life on this earth; (3) His mystical life in the Church. Each meditation begins with the Gospel of the Mystery, the points follow in a logical division and hence they can be easily remembered. Father Meschler has given us a meditation book different from many others. It is the Life of our Lord disposed and put in such a way as to afford excellent material for meditation. The points are not a few short sentences, but are full enough to serve at the same time for spiritual reading. This would seem to be the idea of the Society when it decreed (Congregatio vii., xxv., 3.) that there should be a quarter of an hour before the night examen, which each shall employ in spiritual reading, at the same time preparing his morning meditation. Besides, such has been the practice of many of our writers. Father De Ponte, who has written perhaps the most solid book of meditations we have, for it is founded on St. Thomas, certainly followed this plan of giving much matter for reading, from which we should draw our own points. Father Meschler has thus assuredly written in the spirit of the Society and according to the masters of the spiritual life; besides having availed himself of the most recent commentators, his book is adapted to our own times. We welcome the book most heartily, and we shall welcome still more the English version; for those who use it will, we are confident, learn better the Life of the Divine Model and his spirit which, we of all men, assuredly should try to make our own.

Father Freeman's article on "The Life-Saving Service of the United States" in the "Scientific Chronicle" of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, has elicited the following beautiful letter from the General Superintendent of the Service. There is no greater authority than Mr. Kimball on these matters, and he could have hardly written a warmer or more eulogistic letter.

Treasury Department,
Office of the General Superintendent Life-Saving Service,
Washington, D. C., October 2, 1893.

Rev. T. J. A. Freeman,
My dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, with your compliments, of a copy of the July number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, containing in its "Scientific Chronicle" an elaborate article from your pen on "The Life-Saving Service of the United States."

I beg to thank you for the pamphlet and to express my most hearty appreciation of the article, and of the cordial and earnest spirit in which it is written. It runs with the ease of

poetry and romance, dealing with facts and statistics in such a way that, instead of recoiling from tables and summaries, the interest of the reader is only intensified as he passes from one captivating array of figures to another. I feel sure that there is something in your heart which made the work more a labor of love than the perfunctory duty of a reviewer.

While the paper has all the freshness and vivacity of a magazine article, no more thorough and exhaustive treatise upon the subject has ever appeared. It cannot fail to accomplish great good, and to arouse a deeper public interest in the cause of humanity, to which the Life-Saving Service is devoted. Indeed I am unable to find phrases sufficiently expressive of my estimate of its value. Of your complimentary expressions regarding myself, I can only say that, while I thank you for them, I sincerely wish I better deserved them.

I am with great respect,
Faithfully yours,
J. S. KIMBALL.

Poesies d'Arthur Masriera de la Companya de Jesús, Barcelona. Llibreria Católica, carrer del Pi, 5, 298 pages.

Between the elegant covers of this little book is a garland, woven in poet-land, of rare grace and beauty. It would be a mistake to rank these poems with the numerous collections of pious hymns and songs that we almost daily happen upon. Persons acquainted with Spanish literature will readily recognize the peculiar merit and charm of Fr. Masriera's *poesies*. The images are lofty and original; rare simplicity and elegance characterize the diction, and the poet's magic wand—that beautifies all it touches—is everywhere apparent. This little book, as well as other productions of the Catalonian poets of the present day, gives welcome evidence of a revival of the days of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. Like the *Canciones* of these latter, this garland offered by Fr. Masriera finds its inspiration in holy love of Jesus Christ and breathes throughout the fragrance of heavenly virtue. We would be glad to see these poems, and the *Mistich Idilis*, too, of the now famous M. Jacinto Verdaguer, done into our own language, that all our people might be able to enjoy with us these gems of piety and literature.

We thank the author for remembering the LETTERS in distributing this little book, and we can assure him that there are those at Woodstock who appreciate both it and his kindness in sending us a copy.

FATHER JOSEPH SPILLMANN, the well-known author of *Wolken und Sonnenshein* has issued a new work: *Die Wunderblume von Woxindon*, an historical novel of the time of Queen Mary Stuart. It is published by Herder in two volumes 12mo, xvi., 636 pp. Price 5 marks. It is said to be one of the very best of Fr. Spillmann's works.

The *Moniteur Bibliographique* (July-December, 1891), contains, as usual, varied and instructive information on the work done by our writers. The regular issue is no. vii. It is supplemented by a special publication, issued apart, and ranked as no. viii., which is devoted exclusively to the "Bibliography of the Third Centenary of St. Aloysius Gonzaga." In this latter supplementary number, there are no less than 347 entries of Writings of the Saint; Lives and Biographical Documents; Panegyrics and other Discourses; Poems, Hymns and Dramas; Inscriptions; Printed Documents regarding the celebration of the Centenary; Various other publications, including bibliographical documents. And yet Fr. Rivière does not pretend that his report is complete.

In the regular number, vii., there are recorded 1560 works of all sizes by our writers; besides 141 from the pens of non-Jesuit writers, relative to the Society and its affairs. In these numbers, the Editor has begun to record all kinds of work put in print by Ours; hence, letters which appear in our domestic publications, like the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, appear in the columns. Fifty-three periodicals "belonging to the Society" are enumerated. Others are recorded, which are merely under the direction of Ours.

A lively war, it would appear, has been going on in Germany over the possible return of Ours to the Fatherland. The titles of works, which have poured out from anti-Jesuit agitators and have been answered by friends, look like a bibliographical comedy, whereof we are the humble *Corpus delicti* (entries 1573-1607).

The famous little book, *El Liberalismo es Pecado*, has been published in eight languages. Don Sarda y Salvany, the author, may evidently compliment himself on enjoying the sympathy of Jesuits. For all the seven translations have been executed by Ours—into Basque, French, Portuguese, German, Latin, Catalonian, Italian. An English translation will now be in order.[1] There is a literary gem in the book which deserves special attention, for being as fine a piece of elegant satire as may be found in any language. It is the long quotation, filling several chapters, taken from a former number of the *Civilta Cattolica* (Entry 158).

The seventh volume of Wetzer and Welte's Kirchenlexicon (*Kaaba* to *Litanei*) has no fewer than fifty-two articles from the pens of Jesuit contributors (Entry 750).

The new publication of Quarterly Series is an originai *Life of Father Law, S. J.*, by Ellis Schreiber.

[1] More than a year ago Don Sarda y Salvany, who is an excellent priest living at Madrid and a great friend of the Society, gave a most cordial permission to the editor of the LETTERS to translate any of his works into English. *El Liberalismo es Pecado* should be the first to appear and we should be delighted to forward the work to any of Ours who will undertake the translation. We will cheerfully make all the arrangements for its publication.—*Editor W. Letters.*

Father Agusti has published at Barcelona a most complete *Vida de San Estanislao Kostka*, having been favored by the Bollandists with a copy of the remarkable MS. Life of Father Ubaldini which is in course of publication in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, a favor extended to the editor of the new edition of the *Story of St. Stanislaus*. Father Agusti's work forms one of the *Galería Sacrada*, of which the Lives of St. Peter Claver and that of St. Alonso Rodriguez, by Father Nonell, had already appeared.

The last-named indefatigable author has but lately published a magnificent folio volume, *La Santa Duquesa*, an original Life of the Duchess of Villahermosa, sister of St. Francis Borgia, illustrated with reproductions of contemporary portraits. It contains a series of valuable Appendices full of original documentary matter, and is printed at the expense of the present Duchess of Villahermosa. The work is worthy of the best publishers of Europe. No doubt its admirable text will furnish matter for an article in some of our publications.

Father Michel has brought out a French edition of Bartoli's *Life of St. Ignatius de Loyola*, with a quantity of unedited documents very profusely illustrated with engravings, reproductions, etc., which has met with the warmest reception on all sides, and a very flattering letter from Father General.

The same Father has written a *Life of St. Stanislaus* to be published by Benziger as a companion to the *Life of St. Aloysius* of Father Schroeder, published in various languages at the time of the centenary. It is to be elaborately illustrated, and the authors hope to follow it up by similar Lives of St. Francis Xavier and St. John Berchmans.

Father Couderc has just published his *Vie du Venerable Cardinal Bellarmin*, two vols. octavo. Apart from the clearness of the style, and the careful arranging of facts, the work has a special value, as the Father has had the immense advantage of researches at Simancas, and he prints a number of documents hitherto unpublished and unknown.

Three admirable Lives of the Blessed Martyrs of Salsette have just appeared in Italian, French, and Spanish, by FF. Angelini, Suan, and Augusti respectively. Father Angelini has made good use of Roman sources, while Father Suan has given us an unpublished account by Father Gazet of Brother Rodolf's vocation, from the Brussels MSS.

Father Stevenson has been so fortunate as to discover in the British Museum a copy of a letter written by Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador in London, addressed to his sister in Spain, respecting the martyrdom of Blessed Edmund Campion and his companions. This copy has evidently belonged to some Spanish house of the Society, to which it was sent in accordance with Mendoza's request contained in it. Mr. Simpson, when writing Campion's Life, searched in vain for Mendoza's correspondence, and this extract from an impor-

tant letter is therefore all the more valuable. A translation, accompanied by a comment by Father Morris, will speedily appear in *The Month*.

Another valuable find is an unpublished autograph letter of Blessed Rodolf Acquaviva when at the Court of the Emperor Akbar. It will appear in the new English Life, now in preparation. Nor should the only extant letter of St. Stanislaus be forgotten, lately published in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, from the MS. Life by Father Ubaldini. This charming letter, which gives an account of the Saint's escape from Vienna, will be found in its place in the new edition of the *Story of St. Stanislaus*, by Father Goldie, which is almost ready for publication.—*Letters and Notices.*

Father Hamy writes to us from Paris that tom. ii. of the *Galerie Illustrée* was sent out the last week in October. Tom. iii., iv., v., vi., vii., and viii. will be published on December 15, only in favor of those subscribers who wishing to get the work finished at once, have supplied him with the means to do so. All the plates are engraved, and the printing of the text is being done in good time.

In the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, November, 1893, appears a very learned and valuable article entitled "A New Moral and Physiological Problem," by Rev. Rene I. Holaind, S. J. It is intended as an introduction to the solution of the *casus conscientiæ* proposed in the *Review* some time ago. Fr. Holaind has grouped the answers to questions, sent to leading members of our Medical University Faculties and other specialists in the department of obstetrics, and thus presents an analysis of the best obtainable experience on the subject.

Rev. Augustine Lehmkuhl, S. J. and Rev. Aloysius Sabetti, S. J. are among the three who give a solution of the *Casus de Conceptibus Ectopis, seu Extra-Uterinis*, from a moral standpoint. These solutions give the opinions of the three representative Catholic theologians whose text-books are at present the leading authorities in the theological schools of America and Europe.

The Bollandists.—In the July number of the *Letters and Notices* Fr. Thomas Hughes of St. Louis' University writes as follows. "The *Letters and Notices*, January, 1893, remark that 'there are three sets of the works of the Bollandists in the United States, and all three are in our libraries,' viz., in Woodstock, Denver, and San Francisco. We have not a few other complete sets. In the Province of Missouri there are three, viz., at St. Louis' University, St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. There is a complete one in the library of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. My memory does not serve me to affirm distinctly the same of Georgetown and the Gesù, Philadelphia, though I

have little doubt of it. As to Fordham I have no recollection; and I do not know anything of the two Colleges of New Orleans and Spring-Hill."

Fr. Hughes' vindication of the fair provision of books in our libraries has prompted us to make inquiries as to the real number of "sets of the works of the Bollandists" in our libraries in the United States. Thanks to those who have greatly aided us in this investigation, we are certain at the present writing, that, besides those positively mentioned above, there are seven more of our libraries and five secular or public libraries that have this great work.

The following are the places from which we have heard directly. St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Canisius College, Buffalo, St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Boston College, Boston, St. John's College, Fordham, St. Louis' University, St. Louis, St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, Spring-Hill College, Mobile, Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans, Gesù, Philadelphia, Sacred Heart College, Denver, Georgetown College, Washington,[1] Woodstock College, Woodstock, Overbrook Seminary, Overbrook, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, City Library, Worcester, Newberry Library, Chicago. As there are many other more valuable public or private libraries in the country, we might have without doubt lengthened the above list, had not want of time and other circumstances prevented us from making further inquiries. However, this brief notice will convince our readers that the sets of the works of the Bollandists are not so few as might be imagined.

Father Brausenberfer has brought out a most accurate "History of the Catechisms of Blessed Peter Canisius." It is published by Herder.

Father Nilles has written a short but valuable treatise on the judicial value of the "Tolerari potest." The recent discussions about the parochial schools give a special value to this commentary.—*Letters and Notices.*

BOOKS IN PRESS OR IN PREPARATION.

Fr. William Poland's book on *Laws of Thought* is to be followed shortly by a companion volume entitled *Fundamental Ethics.*

Fr. Francis Finn's new juvenile *Claude Lightfoot;* or *How the Problem was Solved* will be published by Benziger Brothers. It will be out on Nov. 10, 1893; and in general make-up, will be similar to *Tom Playfair*, *Percy Wynn*, and *Harry Dee.*

[1] Georgetown has a copy of the first and original edition of the Bollandists, published at Antwerp MDCXLIII.

The Lights in Prayer of the Venerable Fathers de la Puente and de la Colombière, and the Rev. Fr. Paul Segneri, and the revised edition of the *Story of St. Stanislaus* will be soon issued in the Quarterly Series. The latter is nearly ready.

Among the contributors to the new *Standard Dictionary*, which is promised to be ready before the close of the present year, are Fathers Thomas Hughes and Rene I. Holaind; the former writes for the department of Pedagogy, the latter on Church Terms. We know, also, that Father Holaind has made many corrections and suggestions in regard to other departments of this great work, so that the dictionary will be indebted to him for its accuracy on a number of topics.

Compendia Philosophiæ et Theologiæ in usum scholarum: According to the ordination of the last General Congregation, the German professors of philosophy and theology are having their text-books printed. The following have been published or are in preparation. *Logica*, by Fr. C. Frick, S. J., already published, 8vo, viii., 296 pp. M. 2.60. Herder. *Ontologia*, by Fr. C. Frick, S. J.; *Cosmologia*, by Fr. H. Haan, S. J., in press; *Philosophia Moralis*, by Fr. V. Cathrein, S. J., already published, Herder, 8vo, x., 396 pp. M. 3.50; *Theodicæa*, by Fr. B. Bödder, S. J.; *Psychologia*, by Fr. B. Bödder, S. J.; *Theologia*, by Fr. Chr. Pesch, S. J.

Of the other series, the so called *Philosophia Lacensis*, Fr. Joseph Hontheim, S. J. has just published *Institutiones Theodicææ*, and Fr. Tillm. Pesch, S. J. will come next with his *Psychologia*.

Father Wilmers of the German Province is now preparing the fifth edition of his *Lehrbuch der Religion* in four volumes. The first two volumes will be published in December, the third and the fourth during the course of next year. Each of the first three volumes has been increased by nearly 100 pages and will thus contain 660 pages. In the author's judgment this edition has attained the perfection intended in the original plan. We need not recommend a work which by its five editions speaks for itself. Five thousand copies of each of the first two editions have been sold, and 2000 and 3000 of the third and the fourth editions, making altogether 15,000 copies or 60,000 volumes. It is much to be regretted that we have not an English translation of this valuable work. We know a father of this province, eminently fitted for the work, began an English version some years ago. We trust that the publication of this new and perfected edition will encourage him to finish what he has so well begun. Though Father Wilmers is already in his 76th year, he is not satisfied with revising his *Lehrbuch* but is busily at work on some theological works. May God prolong his life that he may finish what he has undertaken!

FATHER ALEXANDER BAUMGARTNER is hard at work on a *National Litteraturgeschichte.* At present he is in London collecting material for the old oriental literature of India, China, Persia, Arabia, and Egypt.

Fr. Sabetti will have another article in the December number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* on the *Casus de Conceptibus Ectopis* which appeared in the November number. It will touch upon two of the solutions that were therein proposed. Fr. Holaind will also publish in the same number another paper containing all the replies received from medical men concerning this physiological problem.

A coming volume of the Quarterly Series will treat of the lives of the fifty-four English martyrs whose cultus as *beati* was confirmed by the decree of December 8, 1888. It will be edited by Father Pollen.

The "Life of St. Francis Borgia," by Miss A. M. Clarke, and the "Life of Blessed Antony Baldinucci," by Father Goldie, are passing through the press.

FATHER VELEZ, of the Province of Toledo is editing a collection of the greatest importance for the history of the Society. From a circular just received it appears that the series is to be called "Monumenta historica Societatis Jesu." The first is to appear in January. The prospectus promises a monthly issue of a number containing 160 pages, 8vo. The first, fourth, and seventh, are to comprise a new set of the "Cartas de San Ignacio;" the second, fifth, and eighth, the "History of the Society," by Father Polancus. The documents vary greatly in length, and it is to provide variety that the subjects appear at different intervals. The annual subscription for countries in the postal union is £1.— *Letters and Notices.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. We have received the following books and pamphlets for which we beg to return our sincere thanks: From Father Joseph Cooreman, Louvain, Belgium, *Ordo Domesticus Magistrorum Provinciæ Flandro-Belgicæ Societatis Jesu*, Prælegendus singulis annis in Triclinio, Initio Studiorum, Antuerpiæ, 1715; from Padre Arthur Masriera, Colegio de S. José (Cuarte), Valencia, *Poesies d'Arthur Masriera, S. J.*, Barcelona, 1893; from Father Gartlan, Sydney, Australia, *Our Alma Mater* for 1893; from Padre Fiter, Director of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin at Barcelona, Spain: A specimen of the medal of the Congregation; *Las Universidades Españolas y la Immaculada Concepción, Platica de San Luis;* from Padre Algué, Manila, *Vida del P. Juan Saloni; Cuentos y Verdades por el R. P. F. Morell; Novena de San Ignacio;* from Père Rivière, of the *Etudes*, Paris,

Bibliographie du Troisième Centenaire de Saint Louis De Gonzague, 21 1891.; The Fordham Monthly; The College Journal.

The following exchanges have been duly received: *Letters and Notices, The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, The Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs, Colombia Christiana* of Bogotá, *Le Messager du Cœur de Jésus, Petit Messager du Cœur de Marie, Précis Historiques. Mesajero* of Mexico, *Revista Catolica.*

The Librarian of Woodstock College asks us to acknowledge the following books which have been presented to the Library: From Rev. Thomas L. Kelly, of Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland, a dozen works of which the most important are; *Dodd's Church History of England*, five volumes; *History of Catholic Emancipation* from 1771 to 1820, two volumes, by Father Amherst, S. J.; *Collectanea*, illustrating Biography of the Scotch-Irish, and English members of the Society; from a Friend, *Editio Princeps* of some rare volumes of the 15th and 16th centuries.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Answer to Query vi., page 315, July, 1893.

I made the assertion, in a sermon at St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore, that Fr. Neale, S. J., passed over from ——— and baptized Washington on his death-bed. My authority was a Mrs. Darling, living in Baltimore. Her grandmother, Mrs. Mulineux, was first cousin to Washington. She stated to me and has, since, stated to others that such is the tradition in her family. Mrs. Darling is a convert and very friendly to Fr. Ardia and other fathers of this community.

With the greatest respect
In Christ, Yours,
P. Aloysius Jordan.

Loyola, Baltimore, Aug. 1, 1893.

QUERIES.

XII. Did the first fathers of the Society use a rosary of six decades? (See page 478)

XIII. Have we still the privilege of gaining a plenary indulgence every time we recite the rosary of six decades? (See page 478)

XIV. Information is wanted as to the history and the application of the "Ratio Studiorum." Can any of our readers give us full titles of articles or books on any subject bearing upon our method of teaching?

XV. Our Brazilian correspondent, Father Galanti, asks the following questions hoping that some of our Indian missionaries may answer them:—

a Do the North American Indians belong to different races, or is there anything to show that they belong to only one race?

b Are their different languages so similar as to belong to one family, or are they utterly different, as English, German, Italian?

I ask this question because in Brazil all the different languages are, with a few exceptions, mere dialects of the Tupí-Guraní, which is spoken, or at least understood, from the Amazon to Paraguay, being for this reason called *Lingoa geral.*

c Is their language one of the agglutinant, monosyllabic, or of flexion? The Tupí-Guraní is classified as agglutinant.

d What was their period of civilization when discovered? Did they know any metal, particularly iron? Did they use stone for their tools and if so, what stone? Was it paleolithic or the neolithic? Had they only the bow and arrow for hunting?

e Does there exist among them the tradition of there having formerly appeared among them an extraordinary man, who taught them several useful things, morals, and religion, and who being persecuted, fled? Such a tradition is widespread throughout South America. In Peru they say that he came from the Pacific; in Brazil they call him Tumé. Hence our fathers have concluded that he was the apostle St. Thomas, which in Portugese is Thomé. The Indians in several parts of Brazil assert that he left the impression of his feet on the rocks, and our ancient fathers testify to having seen these impressions.

XVI. Can anyone give a list of Ours who have written Latin Plays?

XVII. Padre Coloma, in his story called "A Miracle," speaks of a sceptical foreigner who complained to a Roman Cardinal of the ease with which miracles were approved by the Church. He was thereupon shown the testimony collected for certain miracles in the process of the canonization of a servant of God, and was obliged to admit that for these miracles there could be no doubt. To his amazement he was then told, that this testimony did not satisfy the exactions of the Church and had been rejected. We have read a similar story in which Cardinal Wiseman is stated to be the Cardinal who showed the process to a learned lawyer, but later we read in the Life of St. John Francis Regis by Père Daubenton, printed in the middle of the last century, of this same fact having happened to an English gentleman and a Roman Prelate.

Can any of our readers tell us when the fact did occur, and who were the persons concerned?

OBITUARY.

Father John Lafarge.

On Thursday, July 2, 1891, between the hours of three and four in the morning, at the University of St. Mary, in the city of Galveston, Texas, a noble priestly life came to an unexpected, though not a sudden end. On the festival of her Visitation, our Blessed Lady claimed for the Society of her Son in Heaven the pure soul of that devout religious, that loyal son of Saint Ignatius, Father John Lafarge.

It is impossible to picture the consternation which prevailed among his religious brethren when just a little after the bell had been rung for rising, the startling news was told them by the Father Minister who had just left the patient's room, that dear Father Lafarge was no more. For, although the greater portion of the previous day the dear Father had suffered intensely from acute pains, yet neither from the words of the attending physician nor from those of the sufferer himself could any one in the house fancy, for a moment, that he was within the grasp of a fatal disease, and even then, wrestling with death. But alas! the shadow was lengthening, though no one saw it, and in the morning of Thursday, Father Lafarge had gone to his reward. The Death Angel had dealt gently with the venerable face, as we viewed it that sad Thursday morning. Not a line of it seemed disturbed or unsettled as he lay there serenely with one hand resting open at his side: the other half-folded upon his heart. His agony had been short and seemingly painless.

When the news of his decease reached the ears of his friends and acquaintances in the city, from the lips of all came utterances of deepest regret mingled with unbounded praises of the truly good and priestly man who had just passed away.

But the patients of Saint Mary's Infirmary and of Sealy's Hospital were loudest in their display of sorrow. For the space of three years, both Institutions had enjoyed the blessing of Father Lafarge's spiritual ministrations. The Doctors and nurses, no less than the patients, had learned to appreciate, to esteem and to love that indefatigable, self-forgetting minister of Jesus Christ whose eye could always beam kindly, whose hand could always grasp warmly and affectionately, whose lips could always speak soothingly and encouragingly, whose heart could always beat in sympathy with the most wretched and abandoned. The thought that they should

never see again, moving among the wards, their dear father and friend, seemed torture to those victims of disease on their beds of pain and some fairly broke down and wept like children.

Born on the 20th of May, in the year 1824, near Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne, John Lafarge gave early tokens of that piety and esteem for religious practices by which he was marked even in the Society. Those who lived with him in his latter years were edified at seeing him kneel down to say his Breviary although he seemed much spent by his morning work at both hospitals. Such habits of humble prayer were the fruits sprung from the holy seeds planted in youth.

In November, 1854, he devoted himself to the service of God in the army of Saint Ignatius for whom he felt, even at college, as he used to say, great admiration and a special devotion. After the completion of his studies and his promotion to the priesthood, in 1867, a desire sprang within him to labor on the Missions. He applied to his Superiors for that of New Orleans, but his health being somewhat impaired they judged it more prudent not to accede to his request just then, and he was sent, instead, to Algeria where he remained three years.

At the end of that period he returned to France and finally obtained leave to sail for America where he arrived in Sept. 1872. He first labored at Spring Hill College as a prefect of the larger boys. His imperfect acquaintance with the English language rendered that task irksome and not a little difficult, yet how successfully he discharged his responsible duties the boys of that day, men now, are there to witness. His staunch religious spirit, his unflagging energy won for him the respect of the most unruly, while the gentleness of his manner and his sympathizing nature linked some of the boys to him by bonds of friendship which to the end, knew no severance.

A protracted spell of illness which endangered his life and shattered his never robust constitution, made a change of air imperatively necessary and in 1877 he repaired to Saint Charles College, Grand Coteau, where for a year or so he filled the position of Minister. Who, that knew him then, can forget the fatherliness, we had almost said, the motherliness, he displayed at all times, and to all those of his brethren who stood in need of his official services? Who, that went to his room at Grand Coteau, has ever left it uncheered? Father Lafarge was kind and good and friendly. They knew that trait of his character well, the people of Louisiana to whose spiritual welfare he ministered for so many years and with such painstaking care and delicate regard.

It was, indeed, in that field: the ministry, that his zeal shone with brightest lustre, that his love of his fellowmen and of the Master who had shed His precious Blood for them upon the Cross, was displayed to such goodly advantage. Being

put in charge of those missions round about Grand Coteau. Father Lafarge spared no pains to insure the success which to him was the only one worth striving after, the salvation of souls and the furtherance of religious interests. He was a well-known figure for years, driving in his buggy, rain or shine, foul or fair, through the waving heat of our Louisiana prairies. Dangers, not a few, did he escape as he forded bayous and crossed gulleys in his hot haste to rescue a soul from the devil's grasp or give some pious Christian in the wilderness, the comfort of the last Sacraments.

The news of his wholly unexpected death, we cannot help thinking, must have brought a pang of sorrow and sincere regret to the heart of many parish priests in Louisiana. He had proved himself so ready always to help them in their laborious ministry when they desired his assistance, so willing to take so much of the burden upon himself, so anxious to take his seat in the confessional and give them the rest they so much needed, that his memory must for ever be one very dear to them all. Truly, if there was a feature which essentially marked Father Lafarge, it was his humility.

Endowed, as he was known to be, by all who had the happiness to live with him, and to enjoy his conversation, with scholarly gifts of the highest order; ready, on shortest notice, to dash off verses in Latin and in French which any man might be proud to have written, most ready in wit and quick at repartee, more than ordinarily conversant with scientific branches, he would invariably submit his opinion to those of his brethren and acknowledge a correction, timely or untimely, as a kindness and a benefit.

To him his Superior's words were law. His unquestioning obedience, therefore, stood a lesson to his religious brethren. No man could be so humble and so obedient without being kind to all, even to the least. That kindness he so continually displayed, both at home and abroad among those with whom courtesy or necessity brought him in contact, that it may not be rashly questioned if any one that ever dealt with Father Lafarge can utter his name without the "good" or "dear" before it.

His words were salve to the fever-stricken inmates of a hospital; they were salve and sweet balm to the sin-stricken souls of his penitents in the confessional. "I go to confession," said a child once to a person who questioned him as to his confessor, "to that Father who always says: 'Courage, my child.'" A simple but a most enviable token of love to the heart of a great priest, so much like the Master's Heart! Full well, then, may the eyes of those who knew him fill with tears, and the hearts of those that loved him break with sorrow at the memory of so good and so kind a man!

The Right Reverend Bishop of Galveston, fully appreciated the worth of that zealous, unassuming, self-sacrificing son of Saint Ignatius during the few years in which

obedience had sent him to work in his diocese. On Thursday, July 2nd, at 4 P. M., his Grace performed the funeral rites over the remains of the dead Jesuit at the Church of the Sacred Heart, corner of 14th and Broadway. Tears choked his utterances as he pictured the worth and grandeur of that priestly life now quenched in death. The eloquence of his words struck a responsive chord in the hearts of that great throng gathered together to take a last look at the dear face of their father, their friend, their comforter. Tears flowed fast from the eyes of men, women and children as they echoed every feeling uttered by their chief Pastor. Truly, in the language of the poet: "The people mourned because their priest was dead." But not the people alone; the priests, of almost every church in Galveston, assembled in the sanctuary; his religious brethren wept as they listened with rapt attention and fervent gratefulness to the eulogy of the humble Jesuit who had shunned so persistently all praise of his noble life and deeds during his earthly career.—R. I. P.

Father Henry Begley.

Father Henry Begley was called to his reward at Galveston, March 10, 1893. Though his death was sudden and unforeseen, it was not unprovided.

Father Begley was born in Donegal, Ireland, on the feast of St. Aloysius, 1835. While still very young he came to America with his parents, and somewhere in the forties they settled at Vicksburg, Miss. Both father and mother soon died, but the orphan boy was at once adopted by Father Martin, then of Baton Rouge, and afterwards Bishop of Natchitoches, whom he ever afterwards regarded in the light of a father. Father Martin sent him to no educational institution, but kept him in his house, made him his sacristan, had him with him on his missionary excursions, and took his education into his own hands. Father Begley's record in after life was good evidence that his early training was not neglected.

In 1852, Bishop Martin met the celebrated Father Cambiaso (then Superior of the New Orleans Mission) at Baton Rouge, and spoke to him of "his son." At Father Cambiaso's desire the young man was introduced, and as a consequence, Henry Begley left Bishop Martin to follow St. Ignatius, to the great joy of the good bishop who nevertheless continued to speak of him as "his son." He entered the novitiate at Grand Coteau, April 23, 1852. His fellow-novice was Father Bouige, now of Omaha, and the two together constituted the novitiate. Their novice-master was Father Vital Gilles, a man of high repute for zeal and holiness. The second year of their novitiate was made under Father A. Jourdant at Baton Rouge, for at that time there was a house and college of Ours at the State capital. These were pioneer days, and

hence in addition to the exercises of the novitiate, Mr. Begley performed the duties of professor and prefect in the college. His juniorate was made under the same conditions; yet, in spite of such adverse circumstances, Father Begley was a man of scholarship. During his stay at Baton Rouge, the yellow fever broke out in the city, all the fathers were stricken down, and on the young scholastic devolved the whole burden of the college. Mr. Begley's principal duty was to nurse the fever-stricken, a task he performed with a courage and devotedness that the fathers who survived the epidemic were wont ever after to speak of in terms of the highest admiration. Though continually exposed to the contagion, he came through unscathed, and in October, 1858, began the study of philosophy in New Orleans under Fathers Jourdant and Cambiaso.

In 1861 he was sent to Grand Coteau where he again performed the duties of professor and prefect. He studied moral theology during his leisure hours, as had been his wont with most of his studies heretofore, and in 1866 he was ordained priest at Natchitoches by Bishop Martin who had trained him in his boyhood, encouraged him in his vocation, and given him to the Society. He was Vice-President at Grand Coteau in 1867 and 1868, after which period the college was temporarily suspended, owing to the yellow-fever epidemic having again broken out in Louisiana. All the available fathers of the college were called upon to replace the pastors of the surrounding parishes who were stricken by the fever, and the pastor of Grand Coteau having been sent to Washington, La., Father Begley took charge of the parish in his absence. There are four thousand Catholics in our parish widely scattered over the prairies, and as the fever was raging among them, it is easy to imagine the labors that Father Begley must have undergone. He met every emergency with the zeal and fearlessness he had displayed at Baton Rouge when little more than a boy. He was in the saddle day and night bringing spiritual and corporal aid to his widely scattered flock, and it was not till the epidemic had nearly died out that he himself succumbed to the dread disease. He lingered some time between life and death, but he finally recovered, and towards the fall of the same year he was sent to Notre Dame de Fourvieres, near Lyons, to complete his theology. His studies so far had been snatched, as it were, in the midst of external duties, and now superiors decided that he should have a chance to study in peace. But fate decided otherwise. He was not half-way through dogma when the Prussians invaded France, and in consequence studies were suspended at Fourvieres, and the students dispersed. Fr. Begley went to Ireland and made his tertianship at Milltown Park, after which he returned to New Orleans in 1871. It was then that his life in the ministry really commenced, and then for the first time the many sterling qualities his humility

had hitherto concealed, came to light. Having been assigned parish duties in our church of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, he sprang at once into prominence as a powerful and apostolic preacher. He had a pleasing voice, an elegant diction and graceful delivery, but these external graces were forgotten in the piety, the unction, and the truly apostolic spirit that animated all his utterances. His sermons would not be styled brilliant, but they were solid and fruitful, and such withal that people crowded to hear them. His delivery was usually easy and rapid, but on one occasion in the New Orleans pulpit his usual fluency deserted him. The thread of his discourse was broken, the thoughts would not come, and when after pausing a while he became convinced that he could not continue, he turned to his audience and said quietly: "My brethren, God has thought fit to humble me." Many considered this the most beautiful sermon they had ever heard.

As a confessor whether of Ours or of externs, he was always a favorite, and no one who confessed to him ever forsook him for another. He had always consolation and encouragement, not of a conventional kind, but such as met the situation; and hence his confessional was crowded during the twelve years he was connected with our church at New Orleans. He was minister of the house from '80 to '83, in which year he was appointed Superior in Augusta, Ga., where he remained till October 1886. His usual popularity and success accompanied him to Augusta and the many cities and towns of Georgia where he preached missions and retreats. After spending a year at Galveston teaching and working in the ministry, he returned to New Orleans where he was similarly employed till October 1889, when he went to Grand Coteau as Minister and Procurator. In the fall of 1891, he left Grand Coteau for Galveston, where he was spiritual father, did some college work, tended to the Ursuline Convent and gave occasional missions and retreats.

Though he complained occasionally in his latter years of a tired and oppressive feeling, he taught and worked as usual up to and on the very day of his death. He had been preaching a course of Lenten sermons on the End of Man, and on Tuesday, March 7, he had chosen for his text these words of Job: "I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." After teaching his class on the following Friday, and preparing some children for First Communion, he remarked humorously in recreation that an excess of zeal had its disadvantages, for having recited his Matins and Lauds before the prescribed hour, he had to say his office over again. He heard confession after Litanies and retired as usual, but waking up at 11 P. M., he cried out that he was choking. He then arose, went to the Rector, and asked him to give him the last sacraments, as he was dying. The doctor having been sent for, the father sat down and received the Viaticum. Up to

this time his breathing was exceedingly difficult, but after Extreme Unction was administered, he was quiet and tranquil, calmly awaiting his end. When asked if he were well; he replied: "All is well that comes from the hand of God!" and repeated these words thrice. He then called out: "Mother of God" several times, and invoking that blessed name, departed this life to receive his final reward "from the hand of God."

The love and esteem in which Fr. Begley was held, was manifested on the day of his funeral. Every priest in the city said Mass for him that morning. Communion was offered up for him not only at the convents, but by the two sodalities he had directed (one of them for Colored Catholics), the members of which received Communion for him in a body. Right Rev. Bishop Gallagher officiated at his funeral and delivered a touching panegyric of his "dear friend and spiritual father," moving many to tears. A large procession accompanied his remains to the Catholic Cemetery, and when he was laid to rest, the orphan children whom he loved to visit, prayed together around his grave.

Fr. Begley's characteristic trait was his charity. No one ever heard him speak injuriously of anybody. He was always ready to help his brethren, as well as externs, by word and deed, and more than once risked his life in their service. In his sermons and discourses he nearly always managed to introduce his favorite phrase: "Let us have charity." His humility and submissiveness were remarkable. He showed the utmost deference to the opinions of others, even to the youngest and least experienced, and though he had a peculiar talent for narrative, he was never his own hero. In fact it was not till after his death that many of the younger generation who knew him intimately ever heard of his heroic connection with the yellow-fever epidemics. Although, as we have seen, his novitiate and most of his studies were made under most unfavorable circumstances, he was as strict and regular as a novice, and Bishop Gallagher only spoke the truth when he characterized him as "a model priest and a model religious." He was a man of prayer, and excited a love of prayer in others, and a member of his sodality who said that "his every breath was a prayer," only expressed the impression he produced on those with whom he came in contact. In manner he was simple, joyous and unaffected, and at all times a finished gentleman. He loved the Society dearly, and was wont, when occasion offered, to impress on the younger members the obligation they owed to her. He had a tender devotion to our Blessed Lady throughout his life, and died with her name upon his lips. His brethren, who loved him, were consoled by the thought that the Mother of God, whom he called on with his dying breath, hearkened to his prayer, and took him to her Son.—R. I. P.

Father Eugene McSwyney.

Born in Ireland March 22, 1844, Fr. McSwyney would have been 49 years of age had he lived one day longer. He studied for the priesthood in his native country, but having determined to enter the Society, he came to this country for that purpose. He was admitted into the Society as a novice in 1871, and was ordained a priest in 1880. He was sent immediately to Charles County, Maryland, where he had his first charge over the congregations of which he was pastor at the time of his death. He left here in the fall of 1885 and went to Boston where he had charge of the city hospital for a while. In 1887 he was sent to Frederick for his third year of probation, whence he came to Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, and finally in 1888, to St. Thomas's where after a sickness of only a week he died from typhoid fever.

Father McSwyney was characteristic for his earnest and conscientious devotion to duty, his simple and unaffected manners and self-sacrifice in the cause of charity. About the year 1882, when the small-pox was raging near Pope's Creek, in this county, he made a profound impression upon the people by the heroic manner in which he exposed himself to the dangerous malady by his constant attendance upon and ministration to the necessities of some poor and helpless families who were sick of the disease. He was possessed of a large and sympathetic heart and generous, but very sensitive nature; and was a man of characteristic modesty, but of indefatigable energy in the cause of Christianity and charity. The great and constant exposure to which he subjected himself in his attendance upon the sick and other ministerial duties no doubt conduced to his fatal illness. His parishioners say that few clergymen, that have ever ministered to the spiritual wants of our people, have been so universally esteemed by the masses regardless of sectarian differences, as was Fr. McSwyney. His funeral took place at St. Thomas's, the interment being in our cemetery at that place.—R. I. P.

Mr. Charles Portis.

On the 23rd of March, 1893, died at the novitiate at Florissant, Mo., Charles Portis after the brief career of six months of the religious life. During that short time he had endeared himself to his religious brethren by his amiable character, had been to them a model of a good novice and had acquired a more than ordinary degree of religious perfection.

Charles Portis was born at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, on the 17th of February, 1873. His father, a Protestant, had been received into the Church on his death-bed. His mother, was

descended from an old Catholic French family. She had imbued the soul of her son with a spirit of tender piety from his infancy and gave to him the first instructions in the love of God and in a fervent devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary and to St. Joseph. At the age of fifteen years he was sent to St. Louis, to the boarding school conducted by the Christian Brothers, to receive a classical education. There he made his first aquaintance with the religious life and immediately conceived the highest esteem and love for it. After the first year of his studies his mind was made up, to consecrate himself to the service of God in the Society of Jesus. Having given four years more to his studies he applied to be received into the Society, and being admitted he entered the novitiate on the eve of the Nativity of the B. V. Mary, 1892.

From the first day of his entrance into the novitiate he gave himself with great fervor and most exact fidelity to all the exercises of the religious life. He seemed to have in an eminent degree the gift of piety. He found a real pleasure in the performance of all spiritual exercises and observed all the rules and regulations of the novitiate most faithfully. He could not understand how a religious could offend God deliberately even by the least venial sin. To love God, to serve God, was his one desire, his only happiness.

In return, God bestowed upon him extraordinary graces and an abundance of heavenly consolations. He was not destined for a long life of severe trials, but in a short time his virtue was to be brought to perfection. Three months passed in this fervent practice of the love of God. Three months more of his religious life remained, during which God led him to higher perfection, prepared him for the life of perfect love in our heavenly home.

His health had always been rather delicate, and on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary, he contracted a cold. However, he did not consider it of any importance and tried the next day to follow the regular order. But on the following day, Saturday, he had to go to the infirmary, where the symptoms of a severe attack of pneumonia were soon discovered. He was in a dangerous condition from the very beginning. By careful attention the fever subsided, but consumption had set in and brought him to the grave after three months of illness. Our novice realized his dangerous condition immediately, and the first thought of death filled his heart with holy joy and an ardent desire soon to be allowed to join the Blessed in heaven in their love and praise of God. This longing after the hour of death never left him during his sickness; it rather increased, though at the same time he was perfectly resigned to live as long as it was God's holy will.—R. I. P.

Mr. James A. Flannery.

Close upon the death of Mr. Paillou, came the sad word from Grand Coteau that Mr. Flannery's soul had gone to its reward. The Missouri Province may well feel grieved over the loss of one of her young scholastics, as bright and promising as Mr. Flannery.

Mr. Flannery was born in Cincinnati, on July 27, 1863, and received the rudiments of education at St. Xavier parochial school. When about fourteen years old, he had the misfortune of losing his devoted mother, and, like many another lad of his age, deprived of a loving mother's watchful solicitude, might have wandered from the path of duty. But Providence had marked him out for other things. Assiduous and faithful in daily serving Mass, his bright intelligent face attracted the eye of one of our fathers, who, recognizing his talents, soon had him enrolled among the students of St. Xavier College. Here he began his studies in 1874, and remained till he had finished humanities. He then went to St. Mary's where he studied for a year or a year and a half, when he returned to Cincinnati and went to work. After a discouraging period of about a year, he happened to fall in with one of our missionaries who induced him to go back to St. Mary's to finish his collegiate course. It was during his second stay at St. Mary's that his vocation to the Society became clear to him, and on completing rhetoric, he entered St. Stanislaus Novitiate, July 1, 1881. He took his vows on the feast of St. Ignatius, 1883, and after one year of Juniorate, owing to the demand of the colleges for professors, was sent to Milwaukee to begin his teaching. Here he spent one year. In consequence of some unforeseen necessity, he was exchanged the next year for a professor of Omaha. The third year was spent at St. Mary's and the remaining two at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. He began philosophy after the vacation of 1889, at St. Louis where the Missouri Scholasticate was just opened. Towards the end of the first year, his health weakened considerably; but the days of the following vacation were pleasantly passed at Beulah and he returned to St. Louis, much improved apparently and eager to begin studies again. A day or two before classes were resumed, a slight hemorrhage came on during the evening recreation and for the next few days he continued to spit blood. The doctor pronounced it tubercular consumption and prescribed accordingly. But Mr. Flannery continued to sink, and superiors were advised to send him South in hopes that a more equable climate might effect a permanent cure. About Nov. 1, 1890, he left St. Louis for Grand Coteau, La., where he remained till his death. Shortly after his arrival in the South, the college of Grand Coteau was converted into

a scholasticate, and feeling his health sufficiently restored, he asked and obtained permission to go on with his studies the following year. He made the second year of philosophy and began the third, attending classes regularly until Christmas. At the beginning of March he experienced a decided change for the worse. From the 4th to the 12th, the community made the Novena of Grace, in honor of St. Francis Xavier, begging the Saint to intercede in his behalf. At the conclusion of the novena, Mr. Flannery was still sinking. Recourse was had to another novena, this time storming heaven for a miracle to further the canonization of venerable Fr. de la Colombière. But such was not the will of Heaven; Mr. Flannery had run his course. On the evening of March 17, Extreme Unction was administered, and from that day till the day of his death, he received the Bread of Life every morning. His patience under suffering and his complete resignation to the will of God, were according to those about him, truly admirable; and the prayer most frequently on his lips, "Thy will be done, my God." He fell asleep in the Lord at 10.20 P. M., on the feast of our Lady, March 25, 1893. "On the 27th," writes one of his fellow scholastics, "after Mass and Office, we laid him to rest in our pretty little graveyard; far, it is true, from those amongst whom he hoped to labor, yet, amidst his brethren who loved him and cherished him with that charity dear to every Jesuit."—R. I. P.

Brother John Stevens.

Brother John Stevens peacefully expired at 2 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, March 2, at the University of St. Louis. His death was not unexpected. He had been failing during the last two years. He died almost without an agony, and so calmly that those standing around his bed could not determine the precise moment of his death. When the spiritual father began the prayers for a departing soul, he was perfectly conscious of what was taking place, and he even made the sign of the cross with his fingers. In Brother Stevens the Missouri Province loses one of its oldest members, as he had been a religious for forty-eight years.

Brother John Stevens was born in the quaint old English borough of Guildford, the country town of Surrey, on November 29, 1817. His father was wharfinger, an officer who corresponds in some degree to our harbor-master, but John, not being the eldest son, had no chance of succeeding to that office. He, therefore, devoted his attention to the painting trade. After his long apprenticeship he travelled for some time as a journeyman, according to the custom of most trades in Europe. He then entered the navy, and served on a British man-of-war for three years. At the expiration of this period he obtained his discharge, and came to America.

It is not known how long he lived in St. Louis before he became a member of the Society. His conversion to the faith from the tenets of the Church of England took place at St. Louis. On July 30, 1845, he went to Florrissant as a novice brother.

He remained there a little over two years, and was then sent to the St. Louis University where he remained, excepting some short intervals, up to the time of his death. His life in religion was uneventful. Each day quietly brought its duties for him, which were as quietly fulfilled. He pronounced his last vows on August 15, 1857.

For many years Brother Stevens filled the position of infirmarian, both to the students of the old university, and to Ours. His quiet, methodical and unassuming ways always won the confidence of the boys, and he was thus enabled to manage them most successfully. Many of the older members of the Missouri Province bear testimony to his excellence as a nurse. During periods of epidemic he may be said to have lived in the infirmary; for weeks together taking only three hours sleep at night. This close attention to his duties at length undermined his strength, but he never regretted having lost his vigor in the service of the sick. One day during his last sickness he said to one who visited him, "I am broken down by so much nursing, but I do not regret it. I would willingly do it all again for the love of our Lord and his Blessed Mother."

The deceased brother's career was marked by quiet, but solid devotion. Thoroughly in earnest, whatever he did was done to the best of his ability. Three years ago, when, out of consideration for his years he was relieved from every kind of labor, he sincerely regretted that his working days were over. He carried the same earnestness into the devotional phases of his life. His religious exercises were well and thoroughly done, and duties well performed brought a peaceful old age, and the reward of a happy and holy death.—R.I.P.

Father Joseph Rimmele.

By the death of Fr. Joseph Rimmele, on April 6, the Missouri Province lost a most self-sacrificing and a most saintly member. He was born at Ragenrente, Wurtenberg, August 7, 1831. When quite young he felt called to the priesthood. His father, a wealthy miller and the owner of a large farm, objected, saying that he had given four of his children to religion and that he wished one at least to look after things at home. The boy submitted till he was twenty years old. Just then a celebrated band of our missionaries were giving a mission in his parish, and, at the end of the mission, the father yielded and Joseph began his preparatory studies and

was soon fit to enter the College of the Society at Feldkirch. The lives of the faculty so impressed him that he resolved to join the order. He saw that America needed missionaries and he made up his mind to go there. In 1859 he arrived at New York. He entered the Novitiate at Florissant the same year; but his health failing he was compelled to give up his project of entering religion for the time. He went to Milwaukee, recuperated and was employed as a teacher at St. Aloysius' Academy. With the return of health came the renewed manifestations of his attachment to learning and of his unwavering love of the religious life. His evenings were devoted to the study of theology and Hebrew. "In two years," writes Fr. Lalumière, S. J., "he was able to read the Hebrew Bible. While studying that language he took an excursion into the country with his class. He brought home the back of a turtle and said that he could trace thereon nearly all the characters of the Hebrew alphabet. I asked him to make a copy of it for our museum and one for the St. Louis University. He did so, and I sent the copy to the Hebrew scholars there who were struck by the remarkable phenomenon." The same writer says, "While here, he observed the vows and rules of the Society and was a Jesuit in spirit. He was an earnest, inspiring teacher, full of love for his pupils, and though not sparing the rod, was loved by them. There are many young men in Milwaukee and elsewhere who have risen to good positions and who now attribute their success to the training he gave them." From Milwaukee he went to the Leavenworth Diocese where he was ordained by Bishop Miége, September 12, 1867. For four years he travelled here and there in the West seeking the lost sheep. Many a family was brought back by him, and, as he used to say, "given a new start on the road to Heaven." He was admitted to the novitiate in 1872. In 1873 Archbishop Kenrick requested the provincial to send a priest to the pest-house then established a little outside of St. Louis. When the desire of the Archbishop was made known to Fr. Rimmele he offered his services, went to the hospital and stayed there until the contagion had passed away. His heroism received the highest praise from the citizens of St. Louis. Soon after this he was sent as prefect of studies to St. Mary's College, Kansas. If there was ever a man made for an office he was made for this. The task was a hard one but he was equal to it. Washington, Mo. was his next field. Here he found some Poles who had no one to instruct them. He set to work and learned their language. His zeal did not stop here: he travelled through the country for families who had grown cold in the Faith. These he urged to go to confession then and there; but he was invariably put off till some future day. But on the day fixed upon Fr. Rimmele arrived at

their homes and prepared them for Communion the next morning.

Then followed a year at St. Ann's Church, Cincinnati; nine years as prefect of studies at St. Francis Institution, Osage Mission, where his labor was characterized by his old time zeal and where—such was his interest in the students committed to his care—he learned enough Spanish to enable him to correspond with the parents of a few Spanish students; eight months at Detroit, where he labored daily in the classroom as teacher and study-keeper, and outside of it as procurator and Spiritual Father, and then, the sword having worn out the scabbard, he sunk rapidly beneath a complication of internal diseases of which no person ever heard him complain. Indeed he would have died in harness had not the physician warned superiors of his imminent danger unless he took to his bed.

The few weeks he lingered showed that there was little of the old man left in him. The ruling passion that is strong in death manifested itself in his strong will bent on conquering self. Nothing appeared so striking in his external conduct during this time as the mastery he had gained over the craving of the senses. He spoke of his body as if it were a thing belonging to some one else. Death had no terrors for him. "Give me Extreme Unction; there is no use in anointing a dead body," were his words a day or two after having taken to his bed. On being anointed he said to the infirmarian, "now you may take a rest; it will be all right if I am dead in the morning." He once requested a member of the community to place a bell within his reach. When his request was complied with he was alarmed at the sense of relief experienced thereat. True soldier of the Cross that he was, his resolute soul would have no truce with the senses. He said: "That is strange, why should the body feel more at ease and more gratified just because that bell is near me. I will ask Fr. Rector if there can be anything wrong in my giving the body this gratification." A little before his death he perceived that his senses and faculties were failing. He described his sensation in almost the very words of Newman's "Gerontius." He then asked Fr. Rector if the Society did not dispense a man in his condition from meditation and examination of conscience, and added that all he could do now was to repeat some aspirations. "St. Roche, O good St. Roche, pray for me;" "O Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for me;" "O good Jesus, help me," were on his lips till his last breath. He died without the least effort; and what was rather strange, his eyes and lips closed of themselves, his limbs straightened themselves for the grave and his hands fell folded across his breast, his body was composed as for the tomb. His countenance, after death as before it, wore the heavenly calm that

comes of mortification; and what he said after Extreme Unction was recalled and commented upon: "If I die to-night it will be all right in the morning." Indeed, it would seem that on quitting the body, the soul, assured at last of her victory, lingered a while to perform this act of Christian gratitude to the body which had served her so faithfully during life.—R. I. P.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA
From June 15, 1893 to Nov. 15, 1893.

	Age	Time	Place
Br. Henry Rimbaugh	68	June 22	Georgetown College, D. C.
Br. Joseph Lynch	35	July 24	Santa Clara, Cal.
Mr. Zephyrin Joubert	25	Aug. 24	Montreal, Can.
Br. Joseph Todt	21	Aug. 29	Macon, Ga.
Fr. Thomas O'Connor	38	Sep. 4	Spring-Hill, Ala.
Mr. Odilo Lapointe	24	Sep. 18	Montreal, Can.
Mr. David Duross	24	Oct. 7	Colville, Wash.
Br. Simon Sauzéat	69	Oct. 19	Grand Coteau, La.
Fr. Charles Heichemer	57	Oct. 21	Loyola College, Balt.

Requiescant in Pace.

VARIA.

Alaska.—Our readers will find elsewhere Father Barnum's letters from Alaska. We extract the following items from a letter written after the former were sent, and the latter part just before the steamer sailed. It, therefore, contains our latest news from Alaska.

St. Michael's, July 10, 1893.

I have a quiet time now as I am here at the Agency awaiting the return of the steamer from Ounalaska. Father Robaut went off with the tow-boat and barges, taking the first load of freight, and Father Treca went over to Ounalaska to meet Father Tosi and will return with him. I have sent most of my mail by him, that it may catch the mail-boat from Ounalaska to Sitka and thus gain some four or five weeks over the usual route from here. I never imagined that you would have been so pleased with my poor letter or that it would have been accepted in the Woodstock Collection; well, this year I send more. The reindeer[1] scheme promises to work well. There were 79 calves raised at the Government station last year. I met a gentleman here by the name of Dr. Jackson who is greatly interested in my notes, sketch, maps, etc. Kelly, the agent at Point Barrow sent him a long vocabulary of the Arctic Coast Eskimo, and Dr. Jackson promised it to me. He is anxious that I should go up on the *Bear* and visit all that coast, and he offers to get me a permit from the Secretary of the Treasury. The whiskey business, however, flourishes all along the Upper Coast and *outsiders* are not welcome.

We are greatly disappointed over the result of Father Tosi's excursion, as we confidently expected greater returns. We are glad, however, that he has the powers of a Prefect Apostolic, we are so far from the bishop and all kind of cases are constantly coming up. Every marriage is a tangle of the worst sort. (1) We expected more help; two or three English-speaking priests now would be better than one a year for three years. (2) We expected two scholastics to manage the school and thus relieve priests from that work and enable them to be on the road. There is no reason against having scholastics at the school; there is no risk or danger or exposure. Two scholastics, in their second or third year of regency, sent here for two or three years, would do well. The right men would learn the language, and after their theology could probably return here, already well equipped. (3) We expected to be coupled with some other province, and naturally each one was wishing that it

[1] Father Barnum refers to the plan of the Government to raise reindeer in Alaska. We expect for ourselves a herd of 50 deer and our Delta place is one of the best we have for a reindeer ranche. Next year I may have a letter for you on this subject.

would be his own. If one of our American provinces had it, it would not prove much of a burden. Our laity are generous enough to support it and it is no further off than other missions. Very few men are needed to run it; twelve priests would be enough for many years. Just at present four priests more will complete this mission for some years. We need only two schools, one for the Indians, which we have, and one for the Eskimo, which we must open this spring. We need but very few brothers, and none should be sent up for indefinite terms; three years at the outside would be a limit, except in cases where a brother showed great aptitude for this mission. They should all be able to read. They suffer more than we do, as they have to be alone so much more. They need not bother about the language as we now have plenty of boys from the schools to help them. All in all, Alaska could be added to one of our American provinces without giving the province the least shock or being in any way a drag or drain. We have no debt, we are in America, and we do not require much. Father General has shown a wonderful interest in us and I imagine he would like one of our American provinces to have this mission. The mission would succeed much better under Americans, as the whole of the white element here is intensely American and the mining element particularly is growing very fast. The Seal Fishery troubles make Canadians unpopular. Protestant efforts are yearly increasing, while even the Russians are making unusual efforts. Last year a new bishop came and the old one, a regular scoundrel, was retired in disgrace and sent to Siberia. The bishop came here expecting all to meet him on bended knees, and was most bitterly disappointed and intensely disgusted, and, furthermore, showed it very openly. He has turned all the Russian affairs upside down and has created a great antagonism against him. This year he sent a monk to visit. His conduct has been most immoral, and, to the great delight of the people, he is not to remain here but goes back on the second trip of the steamer. There are now only two native born Russians on the mainland, I mean north of the Kuskokwim. Ikogmut, their head centre, consists of only half-breeds. This is the whole Russian outfit in spite of their census report, where they claim *all* the natives.

August 1st. Father Tosi has just arrived; they towed up the little schooner which he bought at Ounalaska. I am anxious to get away in her and to go up North, but I am afraid that it cannot be done as it is now late in the season. I expect, in any event, to go around a great deal this winter. Father Tosi will surely make an advance toward the Pole. I have just begged to be allowed to go off with a party who will take a great circuit, but there is not much chance that he will let me, although he wants the reconnoissance made very much; still he hints that I will be on the fly so that I will have lots of items.

I have a little scheme which I would like to propose to our friends. Freight is so dear that it would be good to enlist folks to do as in our colleges where they found medals. A child costs $150 a year. Now arrange a scheme for

friends to make up and have fifteen persons contribute for one child; send the name they wish the child to be christened and $150 for its support. In this way our freight expenses will not be so great.[2] We ought, also, by all means to have a good sized naptha launch as in many places there is no wood on the coast. If a number would club together and buy it for us, it could be bought from the Naptha Launch Company's agent in Frisco and sent on a whaler by our procurator in Frisco.

Brother O'Sullivan left yesterday to take the steam schooner into the Yukon if possible. Right off, he is in the very midst of real Alaskan life and left to his own resources. He sends love to all and had not a moment to write. It is a real providence that you let us have him, a real providence, as you will see, if you watch Alaskan news closely. I have written this on a barrel and under all kind of inconveniences, so my letter is a poor affair. I have only to add my heartfelt thanks to all my friends. Remember me to all at Georgetown. Good bye for another year. Pray for me.

Your grateful and devoted Brother in Christ,

FRANK BARNUM.

Holy Cross Mission, July 1, 1893.

Letter of Father Monroe.—Here we are in frozen, desolate Alaska. But what a marvel! I look for snow and ice, and all around what I see reminds me more of California than I thought possible in an Arctic land. As far as the eye can reach the country is green, with its hills and mountains covered with timber, very thick but dwarfish. In the valley where the soil is free from the willow, the cotton-wood and the white birch, there is a rich crop of grass. The only drawback is the exceeding difficulty of curing the hay in this land where the rain is so abundant. To-day I have no reason to complain of the weather, for a brighter day could not be desired. The preceding week was most miserable. We have now our Alaskan summer with the sun shining day and night and the thermometer marking 64° at 10 P. M. Our Mission of Holy Cross is called the Paradise of Alaska. The mosquitoes, however, rob it of much of its pleasure. Some days ago I had climbed one of the high hills behind the Mission to take a look at the country. Beneath me was an immense expanse of verdure with the majestic Yukon and many little lakes shining in the sunlight. High mountains made the background of this grand scene. Whilst comparing this country with other lands I had visited, all of a sudden, I found I was not alone. A swarm of mosquitoes had gathered about me and I had to run for my life. If you come to Alaska bring some protection against these terrible insects or you will find no rest day or night.

Our sea journey was pleasant with the exception of three days. Father Tosi left us at Ounalaska to visit the Aleutian Islands. He expects to be away three weeks. I saw Fr. Barnum for only a few minutes on the night we left

[2] Father Barnum, since he has been in Alaska, has, on several occasions, written to his friends that it is far better to send him money than goods for the natives. In this way the expense for freight would be avoided.

St. Michael's. He was on our little steamer, the *St. Michael*, with Fr. Treca, Fr. Robaut, Bro. Power and the carpenter. How sorry I was we had so little time to speak to one another! But nobody expected the San Francisco steamer so soon, and they themselves had been thrown on a sand-bar for nine days. Two Sisters had come down to meet the new-comers, so we received some news of the Mission. Father Barnum looks the same as ever. It was one A. M. when we met but we could see the steamer miles away. Father Barnum, however, was so concealed by his parki and large hood that I only recognized him when he spoke. All began to ask questions at once, for each had built his own plans and schemes. Father Treca would have me by all means to be Rev. Fr. Cataldo until he stepped on our steamer. Fr. Barnum wanted to know where I had concealed the many fathers and scholastics Fr. Tosi had brought with him, etc. It is indeed sad that Fr. Tosi did not succeed better. We meet Protestant preachers everywhere and they are occupying most desirable localities for missions.

I cannot write at greater length as the steamer is leaving for St. Michael's and they are waiting for my letter. So I close in haste, asking your prayers and begging to be remembered to all our fathers and brothers.

Yours in our Lord,

F. MONROE.

P. S. I see we have very few books here. Some books useful for instructions and some ascetical works would be received with great thankfulness.

Letter of Brother J. Tuohig.—We met our new steamer at Ounalaska. It cost $700, but is worth $4000. It is almost new, with boiler and engine as good as new. We did some work on it during our six weeks' waiting at this point. Our new steamer is sixty-two feet long, draws six feet of water and can carry sixty tons. We arrived in good health and found Brother Power quite well.

Australia, Sketch of the History of the Australian Mission of the Irish Province.—The invitation to found a Mission of the Society in the Colony of Victoria, Australia, was sent about thirty years ago to the Irish Provincial by the late Right Rev. Dr. Goold, Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) of Melbourne. Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society, accepted the invitation. The pioneers, or founders of the Mission, were Father Joseph Lentaigne and Father William Kelly. These two fathers landed in Melbourne on September 21st, 1865. As the primary object of their coming was the work of education, Dr. Goold placed them at once in possession of St. Patrick's College, and there, a few days after their arrival, they began to teach. The number of pupils rapidly increased, and three other fathers, with two lay brothers, left Ireland in 1866, to give much-needed help in the work which had been so well begun. Father Joseph Dalton was named Superior of the Mission, and undertook in addition to the college, the parochial charge of a large district, comprising the suburbs of Richmond, Hawthorn and Kew, handed over by

the Bishop to the Society. Nearly every subsequent year saw the advent of new fathers from Ireland, and both the college and the parish felt the benefit of the additional willing hands that were thus available. The college succeeded well, especially when in 1872 boarders were received within its walls, and it won and maintained an important position among the higher schools of Victoria. In 1878 the boarders were transferred to a handsome and commodious college, which had been built by the Society at Kew, about three miles from Melbourne. The erection of this college (St. Francis Xavier's) and of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Hawthorn, was due mainly to the zealous labors of Father Edward Nolan, who collected the necessary funds in New Zealand and Australia. Since the removal of the boarders, St. Patrick's College has been maintained as a day-school.

Dr. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, invited the Irish fathers about this time to settle in his See, and Father Joseph Dalton, accompanied by Father William Kelly, went in April, 1878, for that purpose to the Mother Colony. After a few years the fathers were in possession of a large parish in North Sydney, of an important day-school, St. Aloysius' College, Surrey Hills, and of a magnificent boarding school, St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, beautifully situated on an arm of Sydney Harbor and distant about five miles by water from the city. In 1890 the Novitiate was transferred from St. Francis Xavier's College, Kew, to a very suitable residence at Greenwich, North Shore, Sydney, which overlooks the waters of the harbor and is surrounded by delightful scenery.

The Society has at present four colleges in Melbourne and Sydney, in which about 700 pupils are being educated. It has, besides, charge of two large parishes or missions. The statistics of this Australian Mission of the Irish Province are, for the current year (1893), the following:—4 Colleges; 3 Residences; 1 Novitiate; and 84 Jesuits. The latter are subdivided thus:—44 priests; 30 scholastics; 10 lay brothers.—*Letter from Fr. M. Watson.*

Austro-Hungarian Province, Innsbruck.—Fr. Hugh Hurter has succeeded Fr. Strentrup as prof. of dogma. Fr. Limburg has been transferred to Presburg. Fr. Gatterer lectures on sacred eloquence, and Fr. Ring on philosophical propædeutics. Those of Ours who pursue special studies will reside in future at Innsbruck instead of Vienna. In accordance with a promise of Very Rev. Fr. General, Fr. Charles Kneller of the German Province has come to Innsbruck as a collaborator of Dr. Louis Pastor on his continuation of Janssen's History of Germany. It is said that two Spanish fathers are also in constant communication with the Innsbruck historian on the same subject.

Hurter on the Index.—The "Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ" of Fr. Hugh Hurter has been placed on the Index of Prohibited Books. Not, however, on the Roman Index, but on that of the Czar of all the Russias! His Majesty evidently thinks the volumes contain doctrines supported by proofs

which it is not well to spread among his faithful subjects of the Greek obedience. Fr. Hurter is to be congratulated. This anathema of the White Czar, however, does not seem to extend to the "Medulla." On the contrary, more orders for this book have lately come from the Muscovite dominions than ever before.

Strike of the Students.—Our last semester in Innsbruck was enlivened by an incident that recalled to some extent the old "town and gown" days of Oxford, not so much in act as in spirit. On the 12th of May last, an order arrived from Vienna, which was tantamount to requiring the disbanding of all student-clubs in the Austrian universities. It stated that the high military authorities had decreed that in future no person in any way connected with a student-club could hold any rank in the army-reserve. As all the students have to serve, for some time at least, in a military capacity, you can imagine the consternation created by the announcement. The students are very much attached to their "Burschenschaften," some of which date from the middle ages, and almost every young man belongs to one or other of them. The cause of this government order is the following. One of the influential university clubs is the "Austria." As it binds its members by a solemn promise never to accept a duel, it is needless to say that it is organized on sterling Catholic principles. This is all the more laudable as most other clubs require the acceptance of duels (*mensuren*) as a *sine qua non* of membership. Now it unfortunately happens that in army circles, even in this Catholic empire, "honor" requires the participation in these barbarous combats which Americans and Englishmen have long ago relegated to their proper place beside cannibalism and piracy. Should it happen, however, that an Austrian officer declines a duel, he is called before a "Court of Honor," and forthwith degraded from his rank in the army, and ostracized by the upper classes in society. To the credit of Catholicism in Austria be it stated, that these degradations are not so infrequent as would be imagined on account of the heroism required in the vicims of a false standard of honor. Within a comparatively short time no less than four officers have been degraded in Innsbruck alone. The last case, which brought on the present action of the authorities, is as follows. A Lieutenant of the Kaiser-Jaeger (Imperial sharpshooters) was insulted by a brother officer, and despite the provocation he received, did not challenge the offender to a duel. This was reported at headquarters, and the lieutenant was called before the Court of Honor. He stated that he had not challenged the aggressor, first because as a member of the Austria Club, he had taken an oath never to fight a duel, and secondly as he had an aged mother depending upon him, he could not risk his life for such a cause. At first the court seemed to be satisfied with his reasons, especially as he had a high reputation for nobility of character and devotion to duty, but finally he was recalled and asked if these reasons alone moved him, or if he were opposed to duelling on principle. He replied that his conscience would not allow him to take part in a duel under any circumstances. He was thereupon

degraded and expelled from the army. Now the commanding general in Innsbruck, excited at the loss of his best officers, brought the matter before the highest military authorities, and the outcome was the order that in future no member of a student-club could be made an officer in the army. The real desire was to strike at the "Austria" on account of its opposition to duelling, but as no discrimination could be made, the order was made general. You can fancy the consternation prevailing in all the universities.

Innsbruck was the first to act. A committee of students waited on the Rector Magnificus, and asked for the great hall of the university for an indignation meeting, and their request was granted. The time fixed was 3 o'clock, Saturday, May 13. When they arrived, however, at the time appointed, they found the doors closed, and a notice posted up recalling the permission. They thereupon called on the Rector Magnificus for an explanation. His Magnificence (such is the proper style) replied that he had received a despatch from Vienna forbidding the use of the hall, and that consequently the matter was out of his jurisdiction. Not to be balked, the students called a meeting in the long corridor, but scarcely had they begun when the Rector Magnificus appeared in state, wearing his gold chain of office, and preceded by his mace-bearers. He asked them to disband the assembly. The students received him with great courtesy, but the chairman stated that, as academic burghers, they had a right to protest against tyranny. His Magnificence then left the university building. In the meeting, the students adopted a resolution that the three secular faculties (law, medicine and arts) would not attend lectures until the senate of the university promised to espouse their cause against the government. Then to the cry of *Burschen heraus!* they gathered in front of the university, where they sang the *Gaudeamus igitur*, and afterwards paraded the city.

On Sunday the 14th, they held a meeting at Igls, a neighboring village, and thence issued a proclamation requiring every storekeeper in Innsbruck to hang out a flag as a sign of adhesion to the students, under penalty of being boycotted. In consequence, the city was soon decorated as if it were a national feast, or in expectation of the coming of the emperor. The action of the Statthalter in the matter was ludicrously weak. First he sent an officer around ordering the taking down of the flags, then another stating that they could remain flying, and apologizing for the first command, and finally a third, countermanding the second. Very few paid any attention to his commands, and the flags remained flaunting in the breeze. On Monday, one unfortunate student went to the university for lectures, but he was unmercifully beaten by the others. On the 15th the university senate met. It is composed of three members from each faculty. Although understood to be in favor of the students, yet it refused to give the promise asked for, but decided that until the students returned to lectures, no measures in their behalf would be taken. On Tuesday, the strikers held a counter-meeting, and refused to attend lectures until the senators answered the following questions: first

will the Senate declare that the students have been treated tyrannically? second, what are the reasons on account of which the great hall was refused us? third, will the great hall be allowed us to hold a protestation meeting in? The Senate would not answer these questions, and the students stood firm. On the 17th the senate caused a notice to be posted up admonishing the students that extreme measures would have to be resorted to if the strike continued. This threat was understood to mean the closing of the university. It was also said that the Statthalter would have the ringleaders arrested. During all this turmoil the divinity lectures went on as usual. Members of the Austria Club studying theology, were allowed to attend, provided they did not wear their caps and scarfs. All was not unanimity, however, among the students. As may be imagined, there was bitter feeling against the members of the Austria Club in the hearts of many. During the strike, four members of the Austria and about a dozen students of other clubs were in a refreshment hall one day, when an "Austrian" was asked for a light from his cigarette. He politely handed it over, but the borrower, after lighting his own, threw the other one on the ground and stamped on it. The "Austrian," said nothing, but coolly taking another from his pocket, lighted it and continued quietly smoking. Again he was asked for a light, but he replied that he was not a servant, and if the other wished to light his cigarette he could obtain the means himself. The aggressor then broke out into vile language, which was too much for the "Austrian." He sprang upon him and pummelled him severely. The other students then assisted their comrade, and the remaining three "Austrians" came to the help of their fellow-member. As it was twelve against four, however, the young men of the Austria Club were handled pretty roughly.

In the meantime the other universities were watching the proceedings in Innsbruck with great attention. Vienna, Graz, and Prague sent telegrams of approbation, and finally held mass-meetings in which they determined to follow the lead of Innsbruck; but as the university senates yielded to their demands there was no strike. Buda-Pesth applied directly to the Hungarian delegates in the Imperial Parliament. The agitation was not confined to academic circles. Two representatives brought the matter before the Tyrolese Legislature and interpellated the government on its attitude in the matter. Finally, a resolution was carried that the Imperial Parliament be informed that the Tyrolese legislature considered the order of the military authorities an unwarranted and unconstitutional interference with the rights of the academic burghers. This parliamentary protest was signed by all of the delegates, with the exception of the Rector Magnificus, who is an *ex-officio* member of the legislature, and another representative who happens to be a professor in the university. It was understood that these two also favored the measure, but their academic positions prevented them from signing. At this juncture of affairs, the Whitsuntide holidays came on. During them the students began to reflect on the gravity of their situation.

Finally, a meeting of the executive committee was called, and, after consultation, the gentlemen forming it waited on the Rector Magnificus, and asked him if he would promise on his word of honor, that in case the students returned to the lectures, the university senate would present their cause to the Imperial Parliament. His Magnificence willingly gave the required pledge. On May 24 a mass-meeting of the students accepted this promise, and the great strike was over. The three boycotted faculties opened again on May 25. It is said that from the first, the three divinity senators, among others, had favored the cause of the student-clubs. This great agitation was not without its effect. In the early part of June, the minister of war was interpellated by the Hungarian delegates in regard to the obnoxious order of the military authorities, and though the minister found with regret that some student-clubs cherished principles at variance with military notions of honor and manly spirit (that is, as Catholics they refused to fight duels), yet the proscriptive command was withdrawn, and so the students won the day. Those of our scholastics who attend lectures in the boycotted faculties had the benefit of the holidays, though, of course, they did not join in the strike.—*Letter from Mr. Fanning.*

***Baltimore,** Loyola College.* — The college opened under very favorable auspices. Owing to the increase of students, two of the buildings on Monument Street have been occupied by the grammar classes. The philosophy class, inaugurated last year in connection with the "Lyceum," will resume its course of lectures at an early date. It is proposed to add a course of literature to the curriculum, in order that a thorough knowledge of the mother tongue may enable our young men to popularize the subtle questions of philosophy. One of the newspapers looks upon the movement as the introduction of "University Extension at Loyola."

***Belgium,** Louvain.*—The following is the status for the present scholastic year. Fr. Van der Aa, Rector; Fr. De San, teaches morning dogma; Fr. Lahousse, evening dogma; Fr. Génicot, moral theology; Fr. Vermersch, canon law; Fr. Delattre, holy Scripture; Fr. Delplace, ecclesiastical history; Fr. Geeraerts, moral philosophy; Fr. Stan. de Backer, philosophy, first year; Fr. Delhaye, philosophy, third year; Fr. Thirion, physics.—In our church a tomb is being built which contains the bones of Fr. Lessius (John Leys), found some months since in the old church of St. Michel. The people begin to have undoubted veneration for the relics and already can reckon upon three miraculous deeds.—At *Liege* the college has undergone some improvements and 1000 scholars are expected at the opening of the term. The new college built some months ago in another part of the city, numbers at the present date probably more than 300 scholars.—A father, a scholastic and a brother went about the 15th of October to begin a new college at Candy in the Island of Ceylon. The site appears most advantageous in point of climate. — The

Mission of the Congo suffered a great loss by the death of Rev. Fr. Dumont, son of the celebrated geologist, whose statue is at Liege, and himself a distinguished engineer. Fr. Dumont had been charged with an official mission and was assisting in drawing up a map of the Congo. Trusting too much to habits acquired in his studies, Fr. Dumont neglected to take the proper precautions in regard to his health in the unhealthy climate of Congo. Not having wished to change his linen after crossing a stream of the Congo, he was seized with articular rheumatism.

Our New Blessed.—The Congregation of Sacred Rites has granted that a solemn triduum in honor of B. Baldinucci, and another in honor of BB. Acquaviva and his companions, be held in our churches and chapels within one year from the time of their beatification (April 6 and April 30, 1893). A plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, is also granted to all those who go to confession and Communion and visit the church during the triduum, praying according to the intentions of His Holiness. An indulgence of 100 years may also be gained once a day by all those who visit the church during these days and pray as above. Father Provincial has ordered that the triduum in honor of BB. Acquaviva and his companions be celebrated some time in the month of January, and that in honor of B. Baldinucci in the month of February. July 27 has been appointed for the feast of BB. Acquaviva and companions, and November 7 for the feast of B. Baldinucci.

Buffalo Mission, St. Ignatius College, Cleveland. — We have 170 boys and we expect a few more. This is a falling off of about 30 from last year owing to the hard times. Of last year's class of rhetoric there have entered Cleveland Seminary three boys who will make excellent priests; the fourth is forced to take a year off on account of sore eyes; the fifth has entered upon the study of law and takes a private course of philosophy at the college, so that we hope to give the A. B. to our first graduate next summer.

A Correction. In my item to the *Varia* of the July number of the LETTERS, I am made to say that a college orchestra would ordinarily be looked upon as an impossibility." This assertion must have made many of Ours smile. I certainly did not mean to say this. I spoke of a *day-school*, a limiting clause which was allowed to drop out of the text.—*From a Letter of Fr. Guldner.*

Canisius College, Buffalo.—There has been a falling off, too, in this college owing to the financial depression and, perhaps, owing to the Brothers of the Christian Schools reopening their St. Joseph's College, in a fashionable part of the city.

Prairie du Chien.—During the summer I visited Prairie du Chien, the Novitiate of the German Mission. It is a charming spot, situated, as you know, on the left bank of the Mississippi, which is crossed just above the town by a wooden rail-road bridge, the property of the Lawler family. A little below

the town the Wisconsin river empties into the Mississippi. It was here, more than 200 years ago, that Father Marquette, coming down to Wisconsin in his bark canoe, first beheld the mighty river and discovered the "Father of Waters." The whole country around is exceedingly interesting, and fascinating. You see that Prairie du Chien is a place which for many reasons ought to be dear to the Society.

Historical Jottings.—In the month of August I gave a retreat in Green Bay, another historic spot. About a mile from the town is shown the exact site of Fr. Marquette's chapel. De Pere, La Pointe, and other places in the neighborhood are old Jesuit Missions. It was from Green Bay, at the mouth of the Fox River, that Father Marquette travelled up the Fox as far as Portage, where his canoe was carried a short distance overland into the Wisconsin, (hence the name Portage) then down the Wisconsin into the Mississippi. Thus you see that the whole of the beautiful State of Wisconsin is sacred soil to the son of St. Ignatius. During my stay at Green Bay I enjoyed the hospitality of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who have charge of the French-English Church of St. John. The Superior is Father Goepfert, the author of the English Life of the Venerable Libermann, founder of the Congregation. Fr. Goepfert was for many years rector of one of their colleges in Ireland. The kindness which these fathers showed me is beyond praise. I was allowed to examine their parish registers. Father Anderledy's first baptism is dated Oct. 4, 1849, the first marriage, Oct. 17, 1849; the last marriage, August 26, 1850; the last baptism, August 27, 1850. Up to June 6, 1850, he signs Ant. Anderledy, from that date to the end, Ant. M. Anderledy. Everything is written with the greatest care and neatness. The names are German, Irish, French, French-Canadian, Flemish, Dutch, Indian. Father Brunner's first baptism is dated Oct. 12, 1849, the last, July 16, 1851. Consequently, Fr. Brunner arrived after Fr. Anderledy but remained longer. One baptism was administered by Fr. Weninger, July 29, 1851. It was probably during one of his missions. In the year 1880 or 1881 our fathers were again in charge for a short time, for I find the name of Fr. Greisch (now in Boston) on the parish register.—*From Fr. Guldner.*

California, St. Ignatius College, San Francisco.—Our new Rector, Fr. Allen, is spending a few weeks in the Rocky Mountains recruiting his shattered health. On Rosary Sunday Rev. Fr. Riordan, Rector of Santa Clara College, was invited by Fr. Hickey, chaplain of the college, to organize the League of the Sacred Heart amongst the students. Rev. Fr. Sasia has been called to Fiesole by Very Rev. Fr. General to give an account of our Mission and that of the Rocky Mountains. He left San Francisco on Aug. 16 and spent two months in the mountains. He leaves New York on Nov. 6.

Santa Clara.—The financial stress is keenly felt here in the far West and, as a consequence, the attendance is not as good as last year. Our 115 boarders, however, make up for numbers by their gentlemanly behavior, their piety

and their attention to study. They are happy and contented. Some of the fathers of the college attend the inmates of the Insane Asylum at Agnew's Station, the Home of the Feeble-Minded and the Hospitals, at all of which institutions much fruit for souls is produced.

San José.—Rev. D. J. Mahony. our Rector, is erecting a fine building on the north side of Market St., opposite the church, for the young men of the parish. The lower portion of the building will be occupied by stores, the upper will contain the hall, reading room, etc. He is enabled to meet this expense by the generosity of our good friend, Mr. O'Connor, of whose devotedness to us we have had so many striking tokens. The new college promises very well.

Los Gatos.—The Novitiate is flourishing. We have at present 28 scholastic novices all from our two colleges, Santa Clara and St. Ignatius College, but mainly from the latter. The grounds have been much extended and beautified by the care of Fr. Master. The health of the community is very good, but Fr. Jacoby our Rector is not at all well. Father Nestor is this year the Minister of our house and Socius to Fr. Master. We have a plentiful crop of grapes and the novices now divide their time between their spiritual exercises and the gathering of grapes.

***Canada,** The Scholasticate.*—The new wing of our scholasticate is completed and has been occupied since August last. The new rooms are well aired, comfortable and cheery. We now have abundant room for our own men and could accommodate a few more. We number 49 students, all of our own mission. Twenty-five are studying theology. Fr. Filiatrault has morning dogma, *De Sacramentis.* Fr. Danel evening dogma, *De Incarnatione.* Fr. Caisse, moral. Fr. Meloche is giving *De Sacramentis* to the short course. The first year philosophy, numbering 12, is taught by Rev. Fr. Rector. The second, by Fr. Jean Schnider. Fr. Reimsbach teaches ecclesiastical history and mathematics. Mr. Setté, mathematics and Mr. T. Conture, science. Fr. Plante, late of Guelph, was named procurator on St. Ignatius feast, and Fr. Rottot, parish priest. This part of our city is developing wonderfully fast. The parish now counts 850 families, nearly all fervent Catholics. In a few days the electric cars will pass our very door. To illustrate the spirit of the people here I mention the following fact: A short time ago an extensive sale of lots facing the park took place in our parish. Before beginning the sale, in order to bring down the blessing of God on the transaction, one of the best lots valued at $800 was given to Fr. Rottot for the benefit of the parish. The sale was a great success.

St. Mary's College.—St. Mary's has as many students as it can conveniently accommodate just now; but extensive improvements have been going on for months past which will enable us to accommodate many more. Our new building is about completed. Within a month we will take possession of two new dormitories capable of accommodating 500 boarders. The college has been raised and the dormitories occupy the whole length of the college. These

dormitories are superb, lightsome, well aired, roomy, and 18 feet high. The new refectory, in which we are already, could easily accommodate between four and five hundred. The English classical course started five years ago and now including poetry class, is a success. Forty-nine are in the classes of English-Latin elements and 78 in French-Latin elements. We have professors engaged in this branch of the classical course alone, and the respective classes have already met in battle array in the Latin declensions. The former spacious dormitory of third division may possibly be used in the near future as a study-room for higher lines, as it is contemplated to put up a new addition yet to give us study-rooms and recreation-halls. Our new college, now the most imposing edifice in Montreal, commands the admiration of everyone. We give degrees only at the close of the 2nd year of philosophy, but all examinations commencing in the class of Infima Grammatica count and go to determine whether the candidate is to have B.A., B.S.C., or B.L.

For the past year a great movement has been set on foot here against our classical colleges, and in general against the Catholic education given in our province. Nearly all the so-called Catholic papers joined in the hue-and-cry, the "True Witness" and "Vérite" being about the only journals to take up our defence. The great eulogiums showered from all quarters on our school exhibit at Chicago, has been quite a damper to this masonic tribe, and shows that we can hold our own at least in education. Four hundred and sixty boys at St. Mary's College this year, prove that we have not suffered from the machinations of our enemies.

The St. Mary's College Cadets heaped glory on themselves last June when they carried away the Duke of Connaught's flag against all competitors. The duke had offered this flag, a beautiful one costing some 100 pounds, on the occasion of his visit some three years ago to our city, to the best drilled company of cadets in the Province. The St. Mary's and Highland Cadets at that time paraded before him in the Victoria Rink, and their perfect drill drew from him warm praise. On his return to England he wrote to our mayor generously offering this flag for competition. Some delay followed, wire-pulling it may be, as our boys then had a clear field before them for the winning. A year passed and other cadet corps were getting into good shape. Our cadets were in the pink of perfection again for the drill, but again they were delayed because the other cadets were not ready to come in and beat them. Seeing this spirit our boys naturally became disheartened and determined not to compete. They gave up the drill for the winter months and soon forgot all about the flag. Spring came on and finally the different corps thought now we've got it sure, and the day of competition was definitely set down for June. The old students came around and pressed the boys to take up the armor once more for the glory of St. Mary's and the past. The president promised to shorten the year by a few days if they won, and finally, though they had lost many of their best-drilled men, they were prevailed on to again enter the lists. Six weeks stood before them and the great day. Sergeant

Phillips of St. John's Company B was summoned to watch their movements and prepare them in the calisthenic exercises which had been added to the drill. They worked with a will, though they had many fresh men in the ranks and were never allowed to take one hour from study. The evening before they went in the field the sergeant before disbanding them encouraged them by saying: "I do not think you can be beaten." Still the boys were far from confident. The next day was beautiful weather. All the college boys went to holy Communion and prayed for success. At two in the afternoon the competing corps (only three showing up), mustered in the drill shed opposite Champ-de-Mars. A penny was tossed up for position. Our boys won the first place, the Highland second, and the Christian Brothers came third. All Montreal was there to see them, with the small boys in trees. The Champ-de-Mars is in the heart of the city and its outskirts was a sea of humanity. On entering the field our boys headed by their drum corps were received with wild plaudits. The skillful way in which they went through the different evolutions amazed even old veterans. Again and again they were cheered to the echo, and after they had showed what they could do and were retiring, the knowing ones said they had a "clincher on it." The Highlands came next and did remarkably well, as did also the Mount St. Louis boys. Then came the breathless moment. A square was formed of the three companies, the judges, officers, mayor and aldermen in the centre. A squad of Royal Scotts came across the field bearing the trophy. Who was to have it? The Judge, a Protestant Colonel from Halifax, was addressing the boys. Suddenly Captain d'Orsormens of the St. Mary's College Cadets was called to the front, and awarded the flag, which in military style he received from the hands of the mayor's wife. The old poplars surrounding the field never heard such cheering in many a day. The boys were boomed, banqueted by the city, and carried the flag home in triumph. That same evening at the Sacred Heart exercises for the month of June in the Gesú, the officers of the company solemnly laid the flag at the foot of the altar of Notre Dame de Liesse, whom they thanked for their victory.—*From Mr. Harty.*

The Novitiate.—So many communities are now opened to aspirants to a religious life that, unless God vouchsafes to multiply vocations very much, we must be satisfied with a small number of well chosen, good novices. Seven fathers of 3rd probation, seven novices of 1st year, and 3 coadjutor novices are making the long retreat. Fr. Lecompte gives the meditations, I give the conferences.—*From Fr. Charaux.*

Father Hudon's Jubilee.—On Wednesday, the 18th of October, Rev. Father Hudon, Rector of St. Boniface College, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Invitations for a literary and musical soirée had been sent out to many friends of the college in Winnipeg and St. Boniface. The response was so hearty that the spacious college hall was closely packed. Many of the clergy were present, together with Senator Bernier, Judges Dubuc and Prud'homme, and all the *elite* of St. Boniface.

The programme, which was, by the way, a masterpiece of typography, opened with an overture by the St. Boniface Band, which also played acceptably on two other occasions. Then came two addresses, one in French by Adelard Grenier, of the philosophy class, and another in English by Bertram Ryan, son of Judge Ryan, of Portage la Prairie. Each address took a different view, one extolling the spirit of devotion with which the venerable Rector's life was full, the other giving an historical sketch of the achievements of that life and pointing out especially how, in spite of his retiring disposition, Father Hudon was frequently employed in the arduous duties of a pioneer, first Canadian rector of the New York college, first Canadian superior of the Order, first Jesuit to take over the college of St. Boniface, first Canadian Jesuit to celebrate his golden jubilee.

There were three well executed choruses by the students, one of which, "compliment en *if*" was encored. Mr. Arthur Leveque, in his rich baritone gave "Le Mineur" and, when recalled, sang with exquisite expression, "Judas."

The distinctive feature of the evening was a dialogue on the life and work of Rev. Father Hudon. The speakers were Noel Bernier, Marcel Mollot, Jean Gingras, Berchmans Auger, and Ernest Golden, all junior students in the university course. It was a most realistic conversation. All these boys spoke alternately in English or in French with perfect naturalness, and, though some had more to say than the others, each of the five speakers was in his turn the object of special interest. The happy hits and boyish repartees were either laughed at or applauded by the attentive audience. Noel Bernier was dignified and fluent; Mollot, a boy who, with his parents, came last year from France, spoke out with the inimitable distinctness of a pure French accent and evidently caught the public taste; Gingras was noticeable for the ringing clearness of his voice; Auger, who personated an American because he lives at Bathgate, N. D., had the typical quiet drawl, and was listened to with pleasure; Golden seemed to be a ruling spirit, keen and witty; it was he who wound up the dialogue with the following lines:

Beloved Father, let us say
What wells up in our souls to-day.
As flows thine own majestic river,
Through gulf to ocean, widening ever,
So is the current of thy years
Becoming wider as it nears
The ocean of infinitude.
But deeper than our gratitude
It ne'er can be. May He Who blest
Thy fifty years of forceful rest,
Of patience firm, of wisdom sweet,
Bestow on thee the guerdon meet
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To us who claim to be thine own.
May Christ's dear Sacred Heart,
Of which in gentleness thou art

A copy fair, sustain thee still
For long and fruitful years, to fill,
In heaven's world, the cup of bliss
Thou hast so nobly earned in this.

This charming dialogue was followed by a Sapphic ode in Latin, read very creditably by Lucien Dubuc. Professor Salle gave a cornet solo, which was peremptorily encored. Alfred Bernier then recited Lafontaine's fable about the old man who was laughed at by three young men because he was planting trees at eighty years of age, and who outlived the three young scoffers. This little boy's voice was hardly strong enough to reach the entire audience, but his manner and gestures were very graceful.

The salient feature of the second part of the programme was Offenbach's opera bouffe, "Les Deux Aveugles," played and sung by Joseph Trudel and Fortunat Letourneau. Both the acting and the singing were remarkable, and the audience was continually breaking out into roars of laughter.

At the end of the soiree Mr. Lecomte, Mayor of St. Boniface, read a thoughtful address to Rev. Father Hudon, and presented him with a pretty basket of flowers containing a substantial offering in gold. No provision had been made on the programme for this interesting incident, for the simple reason that it was an unforeseen and spontaneous movement on the part of the friends of the college. That it was fully and gratefully appreciated by the rector was evident from the tenor of his graceful speech acknowledging the gift and thanking the audience. He spoke of his joy in the past successes, and his bright hopes in the future of St. Boniface College, and added that the gift of college friends that night would go to the Building Fund for the enlargement of the college. The venerable rector spoke in French and English with equal fluency and point.

St. Boniface College, Manitoba.—If you compare the total number of students, 112, with the figures given in your issue of last October, the increase will appear very gratifying. In fact, this college being built with ample accommodation for no more than 100 students, any encroachment on the second hundred is a very good sign. This year's prospects are already better than last year's; and the fine harvest will no doubt bring us in some more students in four or five weeks, as soon as the wheat is thrashed. At the University Examinations last May we did not meet with the brilliant success that we have more than once had in the past. This is owing partly to mediocrity of attainments and talent on the part of some of our candidates and in a great measure to the change in the programme for the Preliminary and Previous examinations (See WOODSTOCK LETTERS, March 1887, p. 15), a change which diminishes the importance of success in Latin and Greek. The effect of our set-back has, however, been excellent. It has stimulated professors and students to renewed efforts in order to secure thoroughness. On one point we have met with the most solid kind of success. Our philosophers distinguished themselves in the Pass subjects. In philosophy proper, history of philosophy and political economy the students of St. Boniface College compete only among

themselves in a special Latin and French course. Provided two of our students get an average of 67 per cent. on these matters, they are sure of two scholarships, one of $100 and another of $60. For these prizes they have no competitors from other colleges. But in the Pass subjects, which were this year Trigonometry and Statics, they have to compete with students from St. John's College (Anglican), Manitoba College (Presbyterian), and Wesley College (Methodist). Now, as all that is needed in these subjects is a Pass, i. e., 25 per cent., ordinary students just try to get through safely. But our boys have always made it a point to head the list. This year the second, third and sixth places out of thirty-nine in Trigonometry were secured by our philosophers, while in Statics the only three that had first-class marks in Statics were our men. This reflects great credit on the training Fr. Isidore Kavanagh gives them, and is really much more praiseworthy than the winning of two silver medals by two of our graduates who had to lump and halve $160, because out of over 1400 marks in two years of philosophy they were practically equal with an astonishingly high average.—*From Fr. Drummond.*

China.—We have just taken charge of the Seminario de S. José, Macao. On Tuesday, May 2nd, the Bishop of Macao and the Rector of this seminary left for a trip to Portugal. Our Superior, Rev. Fr. John Gonçalves, S. J., was appointed Rector, and thus after a lapse of a hundred and thirty-one years, S. José becomes again a house of the Society of Jesus. Some of our fathers have been here from time to time since the restoration, but they were always under secular rule, as we were up to the recent change. We have here about seventy boarders, some twenty of whom are Chinese. There are a hundred or more day scholars. The classes taught by Ours are theology, philosophy, rhetoric, Latin, some branches of elementary instruction, and English. Secular professors have the classes of mathematics, physics, chemistry, French, and Portuguese. On the first day that we took charge of the seminary, Rev. Fr. Rector gave an instruction to the community, and referred impressively to our predecessors in the mission of Macao, who had founded the house which by God's grace was given into our hands again. On Thursday, the official appointment of Rev. Fr. Rector was read in the boys' refectory. They had prepared a lot of fire-crackers, which they set off just outside the door; the noise was so deafening and continued so long that it seemed rather barbarous, but it pleased the boys themselves and was in keeping with the taste of the place. In the evening they brought out their instruments to serenade the new rector, who went down to thank them; the little Macaese smiled their boyish smile of perfect satisfaction, the big theologians expressed their regard for Fr. Rector and led the cheering, the Chinese bowed profoundly with undisturbed gravity, all cheered and applauded heartily at suitable intervals, and the Jesuit Rector was installed in Sao José.—*From Mr. Hornsby.*

Constantinople. — Our college at Constantinople has been closed by order of Father General to whom the General Congregation gave the power. This has not been done through any difficulties with the Government but solely on account of the few pupils and the lack of financial support. It would be impossible to sustain the college without incurring a great debt. It belonged to the Sicilian province, but a father and a scholastic from the province of Lyons were stationed there, and the Superior of the Mission of Armenia made this college his home as often as he came to Constantinople.

England, Stonyhurst.—Father Gerard, who has been prefect of studies for more than fourteen years with conspicuous success, has been replaced by Father Colley, who has been obliged to return from the Zambesi on account of his health.

Wimbledon.—Our readers will remember that this college, at the very door of London, was opened a year and a half ago. It started in the Presbytery, Cranbrook Road, with two boys, and after two removals it took possession in June, of a permanent home, hitherto known as "Wimbledon School." Twenty-three boys were at the first commencement on July 26, when the Bishop of Southwark, in whose diocese the college is situated, distributed the prizes, in the presence of 280 guests. The *Letters and Notices* tell us that the college is beautifully situated on the north-west side of a high table-land, the main part of which is occupied by Wimbledon Common. It commands an extensive view of the rich valley to the south-east, stretching from the Crystal Palace to Banstead Downs. The grounds, including the house, are about eight and a half acres in extent, and adjoin the land on which the church is built. This land also formed part of the original property. The college was built in 1860, specially to accommodate 100 boarders, by the Rev. J. M. Brackenbury. It was built on his own plans, for a "preparatory school" for Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations. These "preparatory schools" are now genteelly described as "crammers." Owing perhaps to having the monopoly of such work, the numbers at Wimbledon always kept up. Mr. Brackenbury was compelled to retire in 1882 on account of ill health. After his departure, owing to much competition in the matter of education, the school failed and the building was bought in 1892 by a syndicate. We purchased the college from this syndicate. There are at present nine fathers and two brothers; though of course not all engaged in teaching the two higher students and thirty day boys who now attend the college courses.

Deaths.—Fr. Thomas Harper, the author of "Metaphysics of the Schools," died of heart disease on the 29th of August. He had long been an invalid. Fr. Joseph Johnson, whom many in this province will remember as Provincial for two full terms, Rector of Stonyhurst, and Socius, died at Liverpool on July the 8th. Fr. John Morris, well known as master of novices and an historical and biographical writer, died at Wimbledon on Sunday, Oct. 22, at the age of 67 years. —R. I. P.

France.—Our colleges continue in peace and prosperity; there is no disturbance whatsoever on the part of the Government. The opening of the classes in October was made without any difficulty and the number of the students was good. We have opened a new college at Lyons where we have put for the time being the preparatory course for the Military School at St. Cyr. It is a high building situated on the hill of Fourvière near our old residence, which was sold after the decrees of 1880. When we have put up the preparatory school in the Quartier des Broteaux, this new house will become a house of retreats. Already the buildings for the new college are going up, and, if it is possible, several classes will be opened there in October next year. These buildings will face one another, being separated by a street. Our province of Lyons this year has scarcely any novices.

Frederick, St. John's Church.—Lately a new fervor seems to have seized the people of the parish and on all sides everything seems to be on the increase. The League Centre is in a flourishing condition. The Third Degree is largely practised and last May and June the number of Communions was doubled. The Bona Mors Association, which has been recently revived, is now flourishing. Two hundred members were solemnly admitted last Sunday evening and many more continue to send in their names for the reception, to be held on the 19th of November. The ladies of the B. V. M. Sodality have organized a relief association to help the distressed poor. The city has been divided into sections and the committee visit the poor of the neighborhood. A well-equipped Sewing Society, which holds weekly meetings, helps to further this good work. The Sunday School has an attendance of over 280. The children are very proud, as well they may be, of their two new statues: The Guardian Angel and the Infant Jesus. It was kneeling around their beautiful statues last Sunday, that they renewed their sodality promises, after which the distribution of prizes for the months of September and October followed. The Colored Sodality has been also reorganized and now has an attendance of 125. The Benediction on these nights is served by six little colored altar-boys and the choir is composed exclusively of colored people. A new pulpit of carved oak has been erected on the gospel side of the sanctuary.

Outlying Missions.—The Mission Sunday Schools taught by the novices are well attended. Urbana has an attendance of 26; Carrolton Manor 45, and the Mountain mission, held at a farm-house about five miles' distant, has an attendance of 30. Here, not only the children, but also the older folks attend and listen with great attention to the instructions delivered every Sunday by one of the novices. A neat little book of Catholic hymns has been printed by the novices for the mission Sunday Schools. Singing forms one of the important factors. There is also a hope of establishing more catechism classes in some of the neighboring places.

Novitiate.—Since we last wrote, many new improvements have been made in our house. Electric lights have been introduced into the chapel, corridors

refectory, and kitchen, and a few weeks ago they were also introduced into the juniors' *Aula*. The "Hospital trial," mentioned in the LETTERS two years ago, has so far proved very successful and will continue this year. Owing to the great increase of novices, all are unable to have this trial, so a new one, known as the "Infirmary trial," has been added. One of the novices spends a month in the infirmary, assisting the brother infirmarian in the care of the sick. The latest addition to the infirmary is the fitting up of a new chapel under the patronage of the Guardian Angels. Here the old fathers can say Mass every morning, and those too sick to go to the domestic chapel can easily assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Our villa is still at Araby, and the juniors and novices each spend a day there once a week. We may say that owing to this all our scholastics enjoy the best of health, and last year there was not a novice or a junior in the infirmary a single whole day. This is certainly remarkable. At present the novices are busy preparing for their Academy to be given on their Patron's feast, St. Stanislaus. This is *our* feast day of the whole year, and all strive to make it a memorable one. This will be our programme for this year:

Programme.—Nov. 12, Sermon, C. Tierney; Nov. 13, 6.15 A. M., Community Mass, Rev. Fr. Rector; 8.30 A. M., Solemn High Mass, Rev. Fr. Provincial; 4.30 P. M., Academy; Piano Duet, CC. Farley and Coveney; Hymn to St. Stanislaus, Choir; St. Stanislaus in Exile, C. Devlin; Music, Solo, C. Fleming; St. Stanislaus in Battle, C. Langan; Music, Hymn to St. Stanislaus, Choir; St. Stanislaus at Rest, C. Fortier; Music, Solo, C. McEneany; St. Stanislaus in Victory, C. Dore; Music, Solo, C. Reynolds; St. Stanislaus and Our Lady, C. McNeal; Music, Hymn to the Society, Choir.

We are so often asked from what part of the country our novices come, that we send the following list:—

	Juniors		Novices		Total
	2d yr	1st yr	2d yr	1st yr	
Boston College	5	3	4	11	23
St. Francis Xavier's	2	7	9	4	22
Holy Cross	.....	4	2	2	8
Loyola	.....	1	1	6	8
St. Joseph's, Philadelphia	.....	.....	2	4	6
St. John's, Fordham	1	.....	.....	4	5
Georgetown	.....	1	.....	1	2
Gonzaga	.....	.....	.....	2	2
St. Mary's, Montreal	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Stonyhurst	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Mungret	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Toronto University	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Brooklyn, N. Y.	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Nashua (N. H.) Academy	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Boston Latin School	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Boston (not from college)	1	.....	.....	.....	1
Mary Immaculate College, Plymouth, Eng.	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Providence, R. I.	1	.....	.....	.....	1
Total	10	17	18	41	86

Georgetown University, The College. — The present number of boarders, actually in the house on November 15, is 215, a number it is believed greater than that of any Catholic college in this country. The total number, including day scholars, 269, is larger than the college has had enrolled on her lists at this time of the year since 1869.—On October 26, a reception was given to Cardinal Gibbons in honor of his Silver Jubilee, in Gaston Hall. Students from all the departments of the university united in offering to his Eminence their congratulations in different languages, and at the end in presenting a beautiful illuminated volume containing these addresses. A reception followed in Coleman Museum when the faculty from the different university schools were presented to his Eminence. Cardinal Gibbons expressed his delight and promised to preserve the addresses in the archives of the arch-diocese. Besides our own faculty, Father Sasia of California, Father Gannon, Rector of Fordham, and Father Gillespie of Gonzaga were present.—The Coleman Museum has received and placed on exhibition over 800 Pontifical Medals. They are coined from the original dies and the collection is complete from the accession of Martin V., 1417, to the present year, thus furnishing a history of the Catholic Church during nearly five centuries.—The Riggs Library has received from the widow of John Gilmary Shea a valuable collection of autographs. It contains 500 manuscripts, among which are papal briefs and documents from the Vatican, an exceedingly good number from the American Hierarchy, autograph letters of fifteen of our Presidents, letters of Webster, Clay, manuscript sermons of Bishop Carroll, etc.

The Observatory.—A new latitude instrument has been put up to replace the Floating Zenith Telescope which was constructed in a rudimentary and cheap way. It consists of an ordinary Zenith telescope in which the micrometer is replaced by a photographic camera with the photochronograph attached. This method was tried for the first time on June 13, and was so successful that a new instrument was ordered. Father Algué has invented and has constructed for his observatory at Manilla a latitude instrument upon another principle. It is called the Reflecting Zenith Telescope, as the star is reflected from a basin of mercury through one end of the telescope, while it is received directly on the photographic plate through a lens placed in the other end. The telescope has thus two object glasses. The wonderful little photocronograph, which is modified to a wheel form, is placed in the centre of the tube, midway between the two objectives. This application of the photocronograph is very ingenious and has excited the admiration of all those, both in this country and Europe, to whom it has been shown. This instrument was first tried in the observatory last year and then taken to Spain by Father Algué. Georgetown observatory has thus tested three different photographic methods of determining latitude for the first time. Each of them has its own advantages and disadvantages, and it will be a matter of opinion with observers to which to give the preference, Georgetown, however, will have the credit of having originated and tried each of them.

The interest that is taken in the observatory is well shown by the *Scientific Visitors* who have visited the observatory on their way to the World's Fair. The following may be mentioned:—

Dr. Max Wolf of the observatory of Heidelberg. He is known to the scientific world from his discovery of some asteroids by photography. He examined our instruments and plates with great interest.

Dr. Eugen von Gothard, member of the Hungarian Academy of Science, F. R. A. S. and director of Herény Astronomical Observatory. He showed us many of his negatives of nebulæ and clusters, and felt very much pleased with our own plates of transits, latitudes and double stars.

Dr. A. Westphal, editor of the "Zeitschrift für Instrumentenkunde." He kindly offered his services in making our astronomical work known to the readers of his widely circulated periodical. He has in fact published abstracts of all our publications, accompanied by beautiful illustrations.

Prof. Selim Lemström of the University of Helsingfors. Prof. Lemström is the one who produced the artificial auroræ on the hills, Oratunturi and Pietarintunturi, near Sodankylä in Finnish Lappmark in December, 1882. His experiments are described by himself in *Nature* of May, 1883.

Prof. Dr. Leman, Director of the physical department of the "Deutsche Reichsanstalt," an institution similar to our Smithsonian Institution. He will give a detailed report to his Government on our observatory and in particular on the photochronograph, which he thinks will be of great use in his physical laboratory.

Dr. Felix Klein, Professor of Mathematics at Göttingen, and editor of the "Mathematische Annalen." He was to represent the teaching of Mathematics at the German Universities on the part of his Government, and to report to the same on the methods of teaching in this country. The few hours he spent at our Observatory and College were most interesting and useful, as he was able to answer any difficulties with the greatest readiness; especially in the line of modern geometry, of which he is generally recognized the representative. He was accompanied by Prof. Asaph Hall, U. S. N.

Dr. John M. Thome, director of the Argentine National Observatory at Córdoba. Dr. Thome and Fr. Hedrick are old friends, having been fellow assistants in the Córdoba Observatory, nearly twenty years ago. Since he is engaged in the greatest astronomical work now in progress, viz., the extension of the Bonn celestial charts to the south pole, his conversation was a great scientific treat to all of us, especially as the work of our 12-inch equatorial is of a similar character to his own, although on a smaller scale. On the one hand he admired the neatness of our observatory, and on the other felt almost discouraged at the sight of the new photographic methods we had to show him. He has no reason however to fear a comparison of his own gigantic work with the work of any other existing observatory.

While these visitors spent only a few hours with us, two others of our own Society gave us the pleasure of their presence for several weeks, Rev. Frs.

Algué and Faura. They came from Spain to the Scientific Congresses at Chicago, as representatives of their Government. Fr. Algué is known to the readers of these LETTERS as a former student of this observatory and now director of the observatory in Manilla. Rev. Fr. Faura is the great expert of cyclones in the Chinese waters. His predictions have a similar importance for the eastern coast of Asia as had those of the late Fr. Viñez in Habana for the Atlantic coast of our own country. They are now on the point of leaving, with their 19-inch equatorial, and will co-operate with us in the line of variable stars and variation of latitude.

The Law School had 235 students on Oct. 26, an increase of 29 over the same time last year, and six more than two years ago which was the most successful year since its foundation.

The Medical School numbers 120, the largest number it has ever had at this time. During the summer great additions have been made to the building. The front has been extended forward eighteen feet, and an additional story has been added to the whole structure. On the second floor a splendid chemical laboratory has been built, more than quadrupling the space previously allotted to this work. The main lecture hall, or amphitheatre, is supplied with a large number of electric lights, affording perfect illumination. Back of this room is a new department for the prosecution of microscopy and bacteriology. There are accommodations for forty students, with every appliance for germ cultures and other investigations. The new story gives, as its main feature, a dissecting room that has no superior in the country, being fully lighted by seventy-five incandescent lamps. It contains 3400 square feet of floor space. In front of this is a room in which valuable specimens will be stored.

The University.—The whole number at the university in actual attendance on November 15 is as follows:—

College Classes		174
Preparatory Department		95
	Boarders	215
	Half boarders	6
	Day scholars	48
		269
Law School		235
Medical School		120
TOTAL		624

***German Province,** The New Scholasticate at Valkenburg, Holland.*—Although the bill concerning the return of the Jesuits to Germany will be brought in next Christmas and has some probability of passing, at least in the "Reichstag," but not yet in the "Bundesrath," the prospects for the future are so dubious that the German fathers apart from other reasons have

thought it best to sell the old scholasticate of Maria-Laach. The Benedictine monks, to whom it belonged before the time of secularization, have purchased it. Besides, as the number of scholastics increases year by year, the philosophers at Exaeten numbering 79, it was resolved to build in Valkenburg, near the station, a new house of studies for about 200 inmates, destined in the first place for the philosophers, and, probably, later for the theologians, who are yet in Ditton Hall. The new house, as well as Exaeten, will be kept up by the German province even in case of our returning. Valkenburg is a little country-town in Holland, a few miles from the German frontier and about four hours' walk from Aix-la-Chapelle. The country is very picturesque and healthy, so much so, that a great part of the year it is frequented by many strangers as a "Luftkurort" (health-resort), and is covered with many quaint villas and hotels. The scholasticate, which is now almost under roof, stands on the slope of a hill and commands a view of the surrounding valley. As it is a first-class building in every respect, being erected, according to the plan of an experienced German architect, by an able builder, who has 200 workmen, it excites the admiration of all who pass by in the trains. The edifice has three and four stories, and is built of yellow brick, the windows, turrets and other parts being bordered with grey sandstone and red brick. The main wing, 300 feet long, will contain the rooms of the professors; they are all on the front side, the south-east, while the opposite side, the north-west, is left for bright and long corridors. Perpendicular to the middle of the main wing, on the south-east side, there stands a fine chapel with a spire and many architectural ornaments. On the other side of the main wing, to the north-west. right back of the chapel and in a line with it, are the refectory, library, and academy-room. One more wing parallel to the refectory, etc., at the north-west corner of the main wing, completes the building. This last wing will hold the cells for the scholastics on both sides of the corridors. The house will be heated by steam. The grounds of the future "Collegium Maximum" contain as yet only 16 "Morgen" (10 acres), but will be enlarged later on, not, however, without great difficulties on the part of the land owners. Most probably, next autumn one wing will be finished and then the philosophers of Exaeten will settle there. This may involve some other changes in the German province, viz., of transferring some more houses, the particulars of which are not yet fully known.

The Philosophers' New Villa, The Missionaries' House.—Meanwhile, "Marienbosch," the new villa of Exaeten and residence for ten missionaries has been established. It is situated close to the depot "Baexem" and, therefore, very convenient for the missionaries going to Germany. Its distance from Exaeten is hardly two miles, which can be made easily on a villa-day even by the invalids. The area of the estate is (12 Morgen) about 7½ acres. The house stands on a little elevation and has three stories. In front it has a covered veranda, which is of great use. The soil is almost bare sand, but has been already improved wonderfully by the brother gardener. In the "Bosch" as

the Dutch call it, a little grove of oak and fir-trees, 600 new trees of different kinds have been planted and a little brook has been changed in its course. What before was a swamp, has been partly filled up, partly dug out as a pond, and two swans, some dozen ducks, and a little boat, named Loyola, are now gliding through its limpid waters. Work was first begun in July '92, and it was but ten months later, that our dear little villa re-echoed with the songs and merry voices of the scholastics.—*From Father W. Vosskühler, Exaeten.*

Germany and the Province in general.—The Catholics are getting more and more angry at the persistent refusal of the Imperial Government to rescind the anti-Jesuit legislation. Fr. Heinrich Pesch is an authority on "the Social Question." To treat this question thoroughly and enable their Catholic popular speakers to meet in their assemblies the socialist agitators and overthrow their sophisms, the Catholics have established a "Volksuniversität" (People's University), regular systematic courses of lectures on the Social Question in all its bearings. These lectures were delivered last summer in Bamberg, Bavaria, and in Neisse, Silesia. This Volksuniversität may be compared to the Catholic Summer School with this difference: (1) That the lectures form a systematic course on the Social Question and nothing else; and (2) that the audience are exclusively educated gentlemen, priests and laymen who are, or are fitting themselves to become the leaders of the Catholic people of Germany in their struggle against socialism and false liberalism in Social Questions. Fr. Heinrich Pesch was one of the "Professors" at both the sessions of the "University" this summer. His lectures in both cities were listened to with unbounded admiration.—The German Mission has had its share of domestic sorrows the last two years. It has lost FF. Körling, Kerckhoff, Friderici, Röther, and Kamp, their ages ranging between 54 and 57 years, all excellent, hard-working men whose loss is deeply felt. Also Fr. Ehret, only 33 years old. However, if there have been sorrows, there have also been domestic joys. The venerable Fr. Behrens had to submit last fall to the double celebration of his "diamond" jubilee (60 years), as a Jesuit and the golden jubilee of his priesthood. The Bishop of Buffalo was present at the feast and made a speech in which he thanked Fr. Behrens for the great service he had done to his diocese and proposed him to his priests as the perfect model of the good priest. Good old Fr. Pottgeisser also celebrated his jubilee of 60 years in the Society, and Fr. Karlstätter his golden jubilee. Fr. Häfely's golden jubilee was celebrated a few weeks ago, and Fr. Leiter's will be here in a few weeks. All these men are veterans of the Swiss days of the German Province, and have suffered two or three expulsions *for the name of Jesus.* Fr. Behrens' name will be written in the history of the German Province. Fr. Pottgeisser was associated with the great Fr. Roh in the memorable missions given in most of the great cities of Germany thirty years ago, Fr. Karlstätter has given missions throughout the eastern and middle states, FF. Häfely and Leiter, of Swiss nationality, have toiled and labored in their own country, in Germany, in India, and in America.—*Letter from Fr. Guldner.*

Ireland, *The Intermediate Examinations.*—Catholic colleges and students scored a success this year in the Intermediate Examinations, surpassing even that of last year. To them have fallen the first and second places in the Senior, Middle, and Junior Grades, and the first place in the Preparatory. All the medals in the Senior Grade, three out of five in the middle, and four out of five in the Junior have been carried off also by Catholics. Of eighty-four schools that won at least one exhibition, our college of Clongowes Wood got the third place, having gained fourteen exhibitions; Belvidere twenty-third with three, and Limerick thirty-third with two. There was no man from Galway. The greatest number of exhibitions gained was thirty, won by the Christian Brothers' school, Cork, which obtained one in the Senior Grade, thirteen in the Junior, and sixteen in the Preparatory. Their chief school in Dublin came next with a total of seventeen, having won one in the Senior Grade, three in the Middle, six in the Junior, and seven in the Preparatory. Notwithstanding this numerical superiority, not difficult of attainment in a large day-school, Clongowes, with quarter the number of boys as raw material to work on, makes relatively a far better showing. It gained two exhibitions in the Senior Grade, two in the Middle, seven in the Junior and three in the Preparatory, having won second place in the Senior, second in the Middle, and first in the Preparatory. The gold medals for English in both Senior and Junior Grades were also won by students of Clongowes. The Cork Christian Brothers this year gained the greatest number of exhibitions ever won by any single school. Of the eighty-four schools that gained at least one exhibition, thirty-one gained but one, twenty-one gained two, ten gained three, five gained five, and five gained four.

The following table shows the number and value of the money prizes won respectively by Catholics and non-Catholics this year and last.

	Catholics won	Value	Non-Catholics won	Value
1893	497	£4859	221	£2540
1892	372	£4383	200	£1953
	—	—	—	—
	Increase 125	£476	21	£587

The money prizes are sufficiently numerous and valuable to work hard for. This year there were fifteen £50 prizes awarded in the Senior Grade; thirty-six £30 prizes for two years in the Middle Grade; one hundred and twenty-nine £20 prizes for three years in the Junior Grade, and one hundred and eleven £20 prizes for one year in the Preparatory. Besides this encouragement to the individual student, the Results Fees paid to the schools amounts to a handsome sum. Clongowes came in for about $6000 in this way this year.

Milltown Park.—The closing of the scholastic year was marked by the Grand Act of Father Jouanen, of the Toledo Province, in the hall of the Catholic University, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, on the 30th of June, 1893.

From 11 A. M. until half-past 5 o'clock P. M., with only a short interval for luncheon, Father Jouanen, of Milltown Park, held his own against some of

the ablest theologians of the Secular and of the Regular clergy, both of our own and of other countries, whom the occasion had brought together.

Father Fabbri, a Roman Jesuit, after a brief introductory speech, began the real work of the day by attacking the doctrine of the Trinity, and urged difficulties and arguments with which one of Cardinal Newman's finest sermons has made most of us familiar. He was followed by Dr. O'Donnell, of Clonliffe, who took up the question of Original Sin, and urged the injustice of punishing many for the fault of one, the plentifulness of Redemption, the purification of parental nature by Baptism, and other like arguments against the Christian teaching. After Dr. O'Donnell, Father Pius Dowling, O. P., initiated one of the most abstruse discussions of the day, and one of the most interesting for such an audience as was present—the nature of the Divine knowledge, especially as regards things which might be but never will be. At the conclusion of Father Dowling's arguments, permission was given to any who chose to take part in the discussion. The first to do so was Father Hayden, S. J., who asked for explanations concerning the indirect authority of the Church in temporal matters, and then argued against the explanations given from the dissensions likely to arise between the Church and the lay world in case of such interference, and from the undue curtailing of lay rights and liberties. Father R. Kane, S. J. followed with an argument against the unchangeableness of God, drawn from His perfect freedom, and then an adjournment took place for luncheon.

On resuming, Dr. Walker M'Donald, prefect and professor of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, put forward the chief difficulties of the agnostics against the Divine existence, maintaining that the world—an eternal mass of matter, with endlessly changing modes of being, explains itself sufficiently, without the need of a Creator, least of all, of a spiritual Creator, distinct from itself. Then Dr. Murphy, of the University Church, St. Stephen's Green, attacked the doctrine of the Roman Primacy, contending that there was no evidence of any pre-eminence bestowed by Christ on the successors of St. Peter in the See of Rome, and Father Wiedenmann, a German Jesuit, the last of the appointed disputants, discussed the nature of an act of Divine Faith, and the motives on which we base it.

This brought us up to five o'clock P. M., when permission was again given to any of the audience who wished to urge objections. Father Devitt, S. J., the rector of Clongowes, opened up the difficult question of sufficient grace being given to all mankind, arguing that there were sinners who could not "be renewed to penance;" that there were those for whom "there was now no victim," etc; and then his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin closed the disputation by a series of difficulties against the doctrine of Intention which is required in the administration of the Sacraments.

The mention of the chief points raised and of the chief difficulties urged will show the wide extent of matters which the "Theses" covered. Indeed, the whole field of theology was included in the pamphlet of "Conclusions"

which Father Jouanen undertook to defend, and there was only one opinion as to the brilliancy and solid exactness with which the young Jesuit met all objections. The discusssion was carried on entirely in Latin, which, however, seemed to offer no difficulties either to Father Jouanen in the exposition and defence of his doctrines or to the gentlemen who opposed him.

A quite unusual function was brought to a pleasant conclusion by hearty and well-deserved congratulations bestowed on the gifted young priest by the distinguished audience, among whom were noticeable—Fr. N. Walsh, S. J., rector of Milltown Park, who presided; his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, their Lordships the Bishops of Galway, Achonry, Meath, Ardagh, Clogher, Canea; Mgr. Browne, president of Maynooth; Mgr. Fitzpatrick, president of Clonliffe; the Presidents of University College, of Blackrock College, of Clongowes, of Terenure, Belvidere, etc; the Provincials of the Carmelites, of the Jesuits, of the Passionists, etc; the students of Clonliffe, of St. Paul's, Harold's Cross; of Terenure, of Milltown Park, etc, and a large number of the other secular and regular clergy.

Several students of the Order of Calced Carmelites attend the classes of dogma and moral along with our scholastics. This year the students of a new congregation recently founded in England have begun to attend also. A house has been taken for them about half-way between Milltown and the University College, St. Stephen's Green. The new chapel will not be begun till next year.

Ministeria Spiritualia.—During the months of July and August our fathers were engaged giving retreats to various religious communities of men and women throughout the country. About one hundred and sixty were given in all. Some of the fathers gave as many as five. It was found to be impossible to satisfy all the calls for the Spiritual Exercises. The ex-Assistant, Father Whitty, conducted the retreat for the clergy of the diocese of Ardagh, Father Sutton, that of Kildare and Leighlin, Father Peter Finlay, that of the archdiocese of Armagh, and Father Cullen, that of the five hundred students of the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth. The annual retreat for the men of the Sodality of the B. V. M. under the direction of Father James Walshe in St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, was conducted by Father William Butler. The average attendance every night at the sermons was upwards of two thousand.

On the 3rd of October the grand new hall of Maynooth College was inaugurated. Fr. Thomas Finlay, F. R. U. I. who was chosen for the first of a series of monthly lectures to be given in it, took for his subject, "The Progress and Prospects of Socialism." He was listened to by a goodly audience, having assembled before him two Cardinals (Moran and Logue), twenty-eight bishops, and the faculty and students of the college. At the close of the lecture several of the assembled prelates took part in a discussion of various points of it.

Jersey City, St. Peter's College.—An Alumni Society consisting of some sixty members, has been formed. The constitution cites as the aims of the association, the improvement and advancement of its members, the renewing of the old college friendships and the forming of new friendships among the former students of the college. The regular meetings are held quarterly. The annual alumni dinner is to be held in November, and so great is the enthusiasm among the members that it is proposed to have a club-house of their own at no distant day. The college opened with 143 students and the classical course is doing well.

Macao Mission.—The Portuguese Mission of Macao is not confined to the city, but is territorially co-extensive with the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Macao. It comprises the province of Kwaugtung which has a population of about nineteen millions. There are a few Italian and French missionaries in the province, but they are there only temporarily, until the Bishop of Macao may be ready to put his own missionaries in their place. The Bishop of Macao has jurisdiction also over a part of the English colonies of Singapore and Malacca, and over the Portuguese half of the large island of Timor in the Malay Archipelago. The natives of Timor, according to Wallace, belong to the Polynesian race of the eastern islands of Oceanica, and they are good subjects for evangelization, as, in the Portuguese dominion, there is not a Protestant missionary among them. A map of the Macao mission is now being prepared, and will be sent to different provinces as soon as possible. There are at present only four fathers, four scholastics and two brothers on the mission, but it is hoped that the nineteen million Chinese and interesting Polynesians of Timor will soon attract many zealous missionaries.—*Extract from a Letter of Mr. W. Hornsby.*

Mission of New Mexico and Colorado, Denver.—Our fathers are struggling this year against the pressure of adverse circumstances. As Colorado and the other silver-producing states have been paralized on account of the sudden closing of the mining industries, very few of the parents have sent their children to boarding schools. Providence, however, is near. With the generous help of several friends they have been enabled to open the college although with an insufficient number of boys to keep it up. Fr. Pantanella has started a post-graduate course, which is patronized mainly by the old graduates, resident in the city. So far he has twelve young men who attend his lectures regularly.

Missouri Province, Florissant. — Sixteen scholastics and five brother novices have been received. The tertians, ten in number, represent the Missouri Province, and the Southern, Rocky Mountain, and the Denver Missions. The new Sacred Heart Church in Florissant is practically completed and will

be dedicated in November. It is claimed that this church is the largest and the finest in the state of Missouri, outside of St. Louis.

St. Louis.—When finished, the new church of St. Francis Xavier will be undoubtedly the noblest church in the West. It is built in what is known as the Gothic style of the transition period; the period, namely, between the early English-Gothic and the decorated Gothic. It is worthy of note that this is the only church built in this bold and effective style. The material and design are such that time will age the structure only to beautify it the more. The interior will correspond with the exterior, and will produce on the visitor such an impression as can be imagined by those alone who have entered those grand churches of Europe that have come down to us from the ages of faith. We hope, at a later date, to give a detailed description of this grand church.—In the scholasticate there are at present 53 scholastics, of whom 20 are in the first, 17 in the second, and 16 in the third year. The faculty is as follows: Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, Prefect of Studies; Rev. James Conway, Professor of 3rd year; Rev. F. Bechtel, of 2nd year; Rev. A. Rother, of 1st year; Rev. T. E. Sherman, Ethics; Rev. A. De Laak, Physics; Mr. Cooney, Chemistry; Rev. Thomas Treacey, Mathematics.—The missionary band has been increased by two new members, Frs. Harts and Mulconry.

Chicago.—At the Parliament of Religions of the Chicago World's Fair, Rev. T. E. Sherman read an ethical paper on "Christian Conduct."

Cincinnati.—Fr. Nussbaum celebrated his Golden Jubilee on Oct. 3rd. That time has dealt kindly with the venerable father, is evidenced by the fact that he is giving the regular course of Sunday lectures in St. Xavier's church.

Milwaukee.—The church of the Gesú is nearly completed. It will serve as the place of worship for the united parishes of St. Gall's and the Holy Name Churches.

In General.—The Missouri Province has at present 150 priests, 173 scholastics, 116 brothers; 439 in all. There are 4 tertians, 25 theologians, 49 philosophers, 29 juniors, 30 scholastic novices, 9 brother novices.—Considering what is popularly known here as the "financial stringency," the number of students in the various colleges is gratifying, as the subjoined list will show: Chicago, 392; Cincinnati, 376; Detroit, 293; St. Louis, 270; Milwaukee, 235; St. Mary's, 226; Omaha, 136.

Course of Studies.—In 1886, Rev. R. J. Meyer, then Provincial of the Missouri Province, in accordance with a resolution unanimously passed by the Provincial Congregation of Missouri, issued a circular letter relative to the appointment of Committees, sub-Committees, etc., for determining a uniform plan of studies for all the colleges of the province. Taking as a standard the grading set down in the *Ratio Studiorum* for each class, the Committee was to determine: 1. The text-books to be used in each class. 2. The amount of matter to be seen in each class, in the different branches. In June 1887, Rev. R. J. Meyer formulated the report of the Central Committee, and the plan of studies henceforth was followed in all the colleges.

In March of the current year, Rev. J. P. Frieden, Provincial of the Province, at the request of the fathers of the last Provincial Congregation, appointed a Committee for the purpose of considering difficulties that might arise concerning the meaning or the practical working of the "Course of Studies." Rev. Fr. Provincial wished it to be plainly understood that the plan as adoped in 1887 remained in full force; and that the advantages connected with its observance were demonstrated by the higher standard which now prevails in our schools. Hence the general regulations of the "Course" were not to be in any wise changed; nor, indeed, had any of the colleges expressed a desire for such change. During the last week of May, accordingly, and during the early part of July, the Committee held its sessions. No important changes were made; and the modifications introduced amounted to little else than a fuller explanation of certain points in the former course that were open to misunderstanding. The revised edition of the "Course of Studies" appeared about the middle of August.

New Orleans Mission, Grand Coteau.—Our community here numbers 60 persons. The classes are thus divided: 3rd year has 12 members; 2nd year 9, and 1st year 7. We can boast of only three theologians, but it is said, they are worth a host in themselves. The teaching staff is as follows: Fr. de Potter is prefect of studies and teaches 1st year; Fr. Rittmeyer has 2nd and 3rd years combined, for psychology and natural theology, while Fr. de Stockalper has ethics. Fr. Whitney has the mathematics of 1st and 3rd years, and Mr. Raby presides over the department of natural sciences. Our life here so far has been very quiet: the late stormy event did not deign—thank God—to pay us a visit.—Fr. Porta, whom I do not include in the three theologians mentioned above, is here with us, and is preparing as hard as his health will allow, for the final test.—Great interest is being shown in astronomical pursuits, and star-gazing "sensu proprio" among the third year men has reached an alarming climax. It is no unusual thing to see a grave philosopher, as soon as the first bell in the morning rings at half-past four, seize a Chinese lantern and climb to the top of our church-tower 85 feet high, to make out the star-lit tracery of the "Gemini" or the "tristes Hyades."—So far the scholasticate. Now for outside. Grand Coteau is not so far behind the age as one might be apt to think. Since last spring it boasts of a "Catholic Club" well attended, nicely located in a cozy little southern cottage embowered with venerable trees, and overshadowed with a huge slice of the stars and stripes, dangling from a 60-foot pole a wonder to the natives. The club has 40 members on the roll; and thanks to its billiard-table, and games of all kinds, it is quite an attraction to the men of the village, and is an active agent not only in keeping them out of harm's way, but in bringing them under the spiritual influence and guidance of which they stand in need. Fr. Whitney who or-

ganized and now directs the club, has spared neither money nor trouble to make it a success.—Besides the club there are two sodalities of our Lady, one for young men, also directed by Fr. Whitney, and numbering about 20 members: another, directed by a scholastic, for boys, with the same number: both sodalities are doing excellent work. There exists also a "Junior Club" if it may be so called, whose purpose is to afford innocent recreation to the young generation of Grand Coteau.—As for the work done in the parish, it has very consoling features. The devotion to the Sacred Heart has taken deep root among the people, as may be gathered from the sight of the crowded altar-rails on a first Friday.

Spring Hill.—There are now 135 boys present, an orderly, gentlemanly set. Many improvements have been made in study-halls, and dormitories; prospects for increase are good, and all augurs well for a successful year. The storm which did so much harm on the gulf-coast, respected the college, but our church (St. Joseph's) and presbytery in Mobile suffered somewhat, but not seriously, from the fearful torrents of rain, so violent, according to the pastor, Fr. Beaudequin, that the water oozed through the brick-walls. We must thank God that no more serious injury was done.

New Orleans.—We have 350 boys present, and the number is increasing. There is an excellent philosophy class: its teacher, Fr. Power, is contemplating a public philosophical disputation towards the middle of the year. Mr. Green's Athletic Club is doing good work: that it has done so in the past, those who have read the reports in the papers can easily tell.

Macon, The Novitiate.—Fr. DeBeurme has succeeded Fr. Taillant as Minister, who is now teaching the juniors. Fr. Kennedy, who is now at Manresa, Spain, for his tertianship, has been replaced by Fr. Higgins as professor of the second year juniors. Fr. Tarr is still with us looking well for a man in his condition, and seeming rather to improve than to be losing; he will before long leave for Florida.

Our Novitiates.—We give as usual the number of juniors and novices in the eight novitiates in this country and Canada. The juniors and novices from New Mexico are at Florissant.

	NOVICES						JUNIORS		
	Scholastics			Brothers					
	1st yr	2d yr	Total	1st yr	2d yr	Total	1st yr	2d yr	Tot.
Maryland-New York	41	18	59	1	3	4	17	10	27
Missouri	15	14	29	5	4	9	19	10	29
Canada	7	8	15	3	3	6	10	...	10
California	12	16	28	3	2	5	7	3	10
Buffalo Mission	12	3	15	3	2	5	8	5	13
Rocky Mountains	13	10	23	1	1	2	4	2	6
New Mexico	3	5	8	..	..	..	3	5	8
New Orleans	3	18	21	1	3	4	7	9	16

Philadelphia.—Our readers know that Father Villiger was sent last July from Philadelphia, where he had been Superior at the Gesù for so many years, to Frederick to be tertian master. The following letter shows how much he was appreciated by the archbishop.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, LOGAN SQUARE,
Philadelphia, July 17, 1893.

Dear Father Villiger:

I heard with surprise and regret of your leaving old Philadelphia. After so many years of labor and success with your great work yet unfinished, it must have tried the human element in you to leave. However you are too good a Jesuit not to be prepared for any change which might come. Philadelphia owes you a great debt of gratitude for all you have done for the benefit of religion here and I am sure she is deeply grateful and your people mourn your departure from amongst them. I should feel pained at your not calling on me, but I understand you left, as Abp. Kenrick left here for Baltimore, in silence and secrecy.

Recommending myself to your prayers and envying you your holy solitude and opportunities to prepare for the last great change,

I am,
Yours faithfully in Dno.,
P. A. Ryan,
Abp.

Rocky Mountain Mission.—The novitiate at De Smet has now 27 scholastic novices and two brothers, Father Crimont having returned from Europe with four novices. Our six juniors have been transferred to St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. We have very little to send you for the *Varia* except that amid the hardships of our missionary life we find the greatest consolation in the fervor of our Indians. The novitiate is prospering and a wide field awaits each of the novices in the far North-West and Alaska. Mr. Howard Brown is stationed at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, and Mr. Nicholson at St. Peter's P. O., Cascade Co., Montana.—*Letter from De Smet.*

Rome, *A Letter from Father de Augustinis.*

ROME, August 21, 1893.

Rev. and Dear Father,

It is a duty for me to thank you for the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, which I receive regularly. I feel very grateful to you for this favor. The LETTERS speak to me of dear Woodstock present and past, and make me live in spirit amongst you all.

In your "Queries"—by the by, a very valuable improvement—n. vii, there is question of Fr. Kino. When I was in America, I found some precious documents about his labors in California. They are in a collection of "Lettres édifiantes" of the Austrian Province, published mostly in German in four

big volumes, which you will find in our Woodstock Library. Fr. Kino was a Tyrolese, from Trent, I think, and he was one of the most remarkable Jesuit missionaries of the last century, not long before the Suppression of the Society.

As you see, I write this letter from Albano, a famous and delightful little town near Rome. Here our scholastics take their summer vacation. This year, being the 25th after the cholera of 1867, which made terrific havoc in Albano, but was stopped at once by the miraculous intervention of our Blessed Lady, there has been here a great celebration in her honor, with the results of an imposing revival of christian life. A much venerated image of the Madonna, the one brought to Albano from Greece in the 8th century, which is now kept in the church "La Rotonda," was on the 5th of this month carried in procession to the cathedral by thousands with common and true enthusiasm. On the following day, Sunday the 6th, the celebration was solemnly opened by Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of the Holy Father and Bishop of Albano, in that large temple beautifully decorated for the occasion. From Monday the 7th to Sunday the 13th of August there was also a short mission given in the same cathedral by FF. Nannerini and Agostino Zagari. On Sunday general Communion was given by Cardinal Ricci, who is staying at our novitiate in Castel Gandolfo. During the whole time confessions were heard very extensively. The confessionals of our fathers were besieged; and the concourse of people continued on the eve and on the feast of the Assumption of our Lady. More than 6000 communions have been distributed: swearing has almost ceased; and everybody is struck at the singular change of life which has been effected by this truly grand celebration. It is also to be noticed that as long as these days of feast and joy lasted no one died in Albano.

In order to make all happy, one of our scholastics, Fr. Celebrano, went to the city prison, prepared the prisoners, and they all received holy Communion on Assumption day. I thought these few items would be of some interest to you.

Believe me,
Yours in Xt.,
EMIL M. DE AUGUSTINIS.

Our Scholasticates had the following numbers on Oct. 1st. The Rocky Mountain philosophers, besides two at St. Louis, are in St. Ignatius Mission; the two theologians, long course, at Gonzaga College, Spokane; of the short course men, two are at St. Ignatius Mission, the other in Umatilla Mission, Oregon. The California philosophers are at San Francisco.

	THEOLOGIANS			PHILOSOPHERS			
	Long crs.	Short crs.	Tot.	1st yr.	2d yr.	3d yr.	Tot.
Woodstock.....	67	11	78	14	9	12	35
Montreal.....	...	...	25	12	...	...	12
St. Louis	...	...	...	20	17	16	53
Grand Coteau..	1	3	4	7	9	12	28
California.....	...	...	...	...	...	5	5
Rocky Mts.....	2	3	5	...	...	3	3

South America, Ecuador Mission.—We are able to give you a satisfactory report of our Ecuadorian scholasticate of La Concepción, at Pifo, near Quito. Rev. Father Superior came for the first time in the beginning of September, to make his official visit. He even vouchsafed to give the annual retreat and repeatedly said he felt very much pleased and edified at the good spirit, regularity and fervor of the community. As regards studies, the arrival of the four fathers whom we received lately from Europe will enable us to start during the present year the course of theology in full. As formerly, Fr. Gomez will hold his post of prefect of higher studies and be professor of morning dogma. Fr. Jouanen who, last June, defended in such an able way the Grand Act in Dublin, will teach evening dogma. Fr. Palomino will give up philosophy and teach moral to all, and dogma to the short course. Our theologians are fifteen in number, most of whom have just come from the colleges where they were replaced by the new professors. This is a fair number to begin with. The number of philosophers and juniors is equally satisfactory, but there is a great drawback among the novices. Vocations are sadly wanting. *Rogate ergo Dominum messis.*—Fr. Proaño is in Quito, having just returned from a two years' trip to Spain. He is going to teach philosophy again and will introduce his own treatise, which was printed last year and has been adopted as text-book in the national college of S. Gabriel. It is expected to be a success. Furthermore, as the Minister of Public Instruction has urgently begged us to open a new study-hall for a division of half-boarders, there is a well-grounded hope that we will at least obtain possession of that part of our college-buildings, which for years past has been used as a barracks by the soldiers of the government. Our classes are just as numerous as they were before, although since last year the Christian Brothers have added to their course the teaching of Latin and Greek, in fact the work is far more plentiful than are the men who have to do it.—*Letters from Ecuador.*

Spain, Oña.—Our classes opened on Monday October 2. Our morning matter for this year embraces the treatises *De Angelis*, *De Deo Creante* and *De Incarnatione.* In the afternoon class we are to see—*De Gratia*, *De Sacramentis in Genere* and *De Baptismo et Confirmatione.* The theologians number seventy-two, counting Fr. Sullivan who is making the biennium. Long course, forty-six ; short course, twenty-five. There are seventy-one philosophers ; 3rd year, twelve; 2nd year, twenty-six ; and 1st year, thirty-three. Two of the philosophers are priests. The text-book in philosophy is Van der Aa.—In your last number you say that the castle in which St. Francis Xavier was born is now in the hands of Ours. This was not strictly true at that time. The legal transfer was not made until about three weeks ago. Previous to putting us in possession the Duchess of Villahermosa, the donor, spent $15.000 in refitting the castle, so as to put it as far as possible in the condition in which it was, when the saint dwelt there. I suppose you are aware that the Society, not being legally recognized but only tolerated in Spain, cannot hold property

in its own name. Hence bequests of this nature are nominally made to two or more individual Jesuits, who before the law are the owners. Generally such are chosen to represent the Society as have a brother or other legal heir in the same. This precaution is taken to avoid paying the very heavy tax which the government has placed on all testamentary bequests made to any but legal heirs. In case of death the person holding the property in trust nominally wills it to his brother or other relative in the Society. Were he to will it to one of Ours who is not his legal heir the tax would be levied. The ducal palace in Gandia once the home of St. Francis Borgia is also ours again. The saint made it over to the Society, after bidding farewell to the world; but like all our other possessions it was lost to us at the time of the Suppression. After our return to Spain, it was bequeathed to us anew. However, some of the heirs contested the bequest and a lawsuit was the result. This has lately been happily terminated in our favor, so that we are again the legal owners of a relic, dear to us by so many titles.

A few months ago Mons. Cretom, the nuncio of the Pope, took possession in the name of his Holiness, of the papal seminary of Comillas. This seminary is the gift of the late Marquis of Comillas to the Society. As we are merely tolerated in Spain and are sure to be banished, whenever the revolutionary element, which is very active and aggressive in the Peninsula, gets the upper hand, the Marquis, acting on the advice of Ours, in order to secure his generous donation, made it over to the Pope. One of the conditions of the deed is that the Jesuits are to have control of the seminary as long as they are in Spain. Should we be banished the Pope can place the institution in whatever hands he likes, but in case of our return we must be again installed. Another clause of the deed provides that the property is to revert to the family of the Marquis, should the government at any time refuse to acknowledge the title of the Pope. A further reason why our fathers preferred to have the seminary under the immediate control of the Pope is to prevent episcopal interference in the management. This might prove very detrimental, since the institution is intended not for a single diocese but for the whole of Spain. Each bishop has the privilege of sending a certain number of pupils. The only conditions required for admission are that the applicant be poor, talented and pious. Thus only the best material is chosen by each bishop; but the process of selection is not yet ended. The first six months in the seminary are a time of probation for all. If during this time a boy does not give full satisfaction in both virtue and talent, he is dismissed. The studies embrace the full course of the "Ratio" for secondary schools, besides three years of philosophy and four years of theology, Canon Law and Sacred Scriptures. This year the class of Humanities was begun. For a few years, in the interval between the courses of philosophy and theology, the students are at the disposal of the provincial of the Castilian province. During that time he may employ them as teachers or prefects either in the seminary itself or in one of the colleges of the province. The object of the seminary is to train

priests for the secular clergy. Vocations to the Society are to be rather discouraged than fostered. However, the students are not forbidden to enter the Society, if they have a vocation to the same. That great good must result from this enterprise is evident. The high intellectual and moral qualities required in the students and the long and thorough course of training given them cannot but produce men equipped with all the qualities of true apostles. At present there are one hundred and fifty boys in the classical course. Philosophy and theology have not yet been begun. The students are supported by the liberality of the present Marquis of Comillas, who is as generous as his father was and even a greater friend of the Society. It is confidently expected that he will enlarge the foundation, whose interest goes to the maintenance of the faculty and students, so as to extend even more widely the grand work so happily inaugurated. The seminary is situated in the most northerly portion of the Peninsula on the Bay of Biscay near Santander, one of the principal sea-ports of the kingdom. Built on an eminence, the edifice commands a fine view of the bay, which is only a five minutes' walk from the house. Extensive fields surrounding the building on all sides are laid out partly in playgrounds and partly in gardens. The seminary was erected at a cost of more than two hundred thousand dollars. This sum here is equivalent to at least twice that much in the United States. The adjacent lands were partly presented by the Marquis and his family, partly purchased by Ours.

The hall at Loyola, in which the late general congregation was held, is being preserved in the same state in which it was during the sessions. Desks, chairs, even the ink-wells and pens used by the electors remain as they left them. To each desk is attached the name of the elector who occupied it, and on one of the walls is a marble tablet bearing the following inscription commemorative of the great event that took place here :—

QVOD · AD · MAIOREM · DEI · GLORIAM
BENE · FELICITER · VERTAT
ANNO · CHRISTIANO · M · DCCC · XCII ·
HOC · IN · CONCLAVI
AD · INCVNABVLA · BEATI · PARENTIS · IGNATII
CONGREGATIO · GENERALIS · XXIV ·
SOCIETATIS · IESV
PRIMVM · EXTRA · VRBEM · AB · ILLIVS · EXORDIO · COACTA · EST
INQVE · IPSA · RITE · ELECTVS
PRÆPOSITVS · GENERALIS
LVDOVICVS · MARTIN
DOMO · MELGAR · DE · FERNAMENTAL · APVD · BVRGOS
VI · NONAS · OCTOBR · QVA · DIE · SOLLEMNITAS
SS · ROSARII · MARIÆ · IMMACVLATÆ · VIRG · DEIPARÆ
RECOLEBATVR
CASTELLANA · EIVSDEM · SOCIETATIS · PROVINCIA

HÆC · MARMORI · COMMENDAVIT
AD · FAVSTISSIMI · MEMORIAM · EVENTVS
PERENNANDAM

The fathers in Madrid, who lately edited the letters of our Holy Father St. Ignatius, are now collecting the letters which were written to the saint. They will be brought out, as soon as the collection is complete. The letters of Bl. P. Faber are ready for the press and will likely be printed soon.

Our retreat was given this year by Fr. Santos, a famous missionary of this province. Often, as many as ten or twelve thousand flock to his missions, so that he and his companion are obliged to preach in the open air. The missionaries carry with them a pulpit expressly constructed for this purpose. Incalculable good is wrought by these missions to the no small chagrin of the evilly inclined. These do their utmost to impede the holy work of the fathers, not even stopping short of violent measures to secure their object. Thus in the course of the last year the fathers were stoned on entering a village in Galicia to open a mission. Nothing daunted, the missionaries began the exercises. And most happy were the results. The very men, who had given so brutal a reception to the ministers of God, came before the end of the mission to cast themselves at their feet in a spirit of penance and were again reconciled to their God.

A few more facts to show that Ours are appreciated here and that they are up and doing. They concern the Toledo province. This province is just completing its new scholasticate, which has cost over two hundred thousand dollars. The Marchioness de Riva de Deva has given Fr. Sanz $350,000 to purchase the ground and build a church for the Sodality of St. Aloysius in Madrid. She made this gift in thanksgiving for the conversion of her husband at the hour of his death. A very fine church is also being built near the residence Isabel la Católica in Madrid.—*Letter from Mr. Otting.*

P. S.—A few corrections. Fr. Rector tells me that according to present legislation religious orders are again recognized in Spain. A number of decisions given by various courts in late years testify to this fact. Fr. Ocaña, S. J., who practised law before entering the Society is at present writing a treatise to prove this legal status of the religious orders. However, to avoid all difficulties Ours continue to hold the property of the Society in the name of individuals. I might mention here too that the tax on bequests, of which I spoke above, are not imposed in the Basque provinces and in the province of Navarre. In many things these provinces still retain their older and more christian laws.—Another little error crept in with regard to the funds that go to the running of the seminary of Comillas. It is true that the Marquis defrays all the expenses, but hitherto he has done so by yearly contributions. Meanwhile he is maturing the best plan to make his proposed foundation safe and perpetual.

Province of Aragon.—All the colleges of this province opened in October with an increase of students, Saragossa excepted. The increase at Barcelona,

where the great sodality of the Blessed Virgin under the direction of Padre Fiter is situated, is very remarkable. The new college at Sarria has 195 boarders and is meeting with great success. Our readers will remember that this college was formerly at Manresa but was obliged to be closed on account of difficulties with the mayor. The removal has proved beneficial to everyone except to the city of Manresa itself.—A new novitiate has been opened for this province in the old ducal palace of Gandia, formerly belonging to St. Francis Borgia. This palace, as announced above, now belongs to us and it was taken possession of last August by Father Cervos, who is rector and master of novices, and Father Mir. On the feast of St. Francis Borgia, in the presence of the Cardinal of Seville and invited guests, the house was solemnly opened. The novitiate at Veruela will also be kept so that this province will have two novitiates.

Province of Toledo.—This province has opened a new college at Villafranca de los Barros, Estremadura, and is building a magnificent house in Granada to serve as a novitiate, juniorate and house of study for the philosophers.

St. Inigo's.—On Sept. 24, a new Catholic church was dedicated on St. George's Island, St. Mary's county, Md., making the fourth Catholic church in the vicinity. The erection of the church is due in the main to the untiring efforts of its new pastor, Rev. W. Tynan, greatly assisted by persons of Washington and the islanders of St. George's. The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, provincial of the Maryland–New York Province, who had come from New York to be present at the ceremonies, accompanied by Father John Morgan, president of Loyola College, Baltimore, sailed across the river from St. Inigo's to conduct the ceremonies. The Rev. Father Giraud, of the county, was also present. The edifice is a small, neat wooden building about 60 feet by 40, with gable roof, a graceful cupola, on which stands a cross. To the rear are two small vestry-rooms. Its sides are painted a leaden hue, with red for the trimming. Substantial benches with comfortable backs are provided for three hundred worshipers, and to-day every seat was filled. One hundred people stood up in the aisle and two hundred more awaited on the outside to hear the sermon and the choir. The crowd was composed of about an even number of whites and colored. Services were begun at 10 o'clock and consisted of the blessing of the grounds outside, the building proper, by Fathers Morgan, Campbell and Tynan. After the chancel had been decorated, the cloths laid and the candles lighted, the services proper began. Father Morgan was the celebrant; Father Giraud, deacon; Father Tynan, sub-deacon. The dedicatory services were brief, and after the Mass had been celebrated Rev. Father Campbell preached a sermon, taking as his text "St. Francis Xavier," the name of the new church. He dwelt upon the sacrifices made by the saint and drew a touching picture of his closing days. He spoke of the great efforts made to rear the new church and admonished the islanders that they must do their duty in paying off the small debt which it was necessary to incur to

complete it. Rev. Father Morgan closed the services with brief congratulatory remarks upon the successful efforts of Father Tynan and expressed the hope that the church would grow and prosper.

Troy, The Boys' Sodality.—"Coming, To-night! With Three Hundred Torches and Plenty of Fun!" was the announcement found on the thousands of little hand-bills that were distributed throughout the southern section of the city yesterday Oct. 17. It meant that the Boys' Sodality of St. Joseph's church would honor the election of its new officers by a torch-light parade; the second event of the kind in the history of this popular organization. Promptly at the hour appointed the boys assembled on Jackson Street and fell into line in their respective companies. The Juniors, headed by the C. M. O. A. fife and drum corps, had the right of line. Company A followed. The Craver fife and drum corps led Company B, and after them were the South Troy fife and drum corps and Company C. While their marching was applauded at every turn and their appearance admired, it was not forgotten that these were the boys, who, a few months ago, were enlisted in the great army of total abstainers, thereby becoming torch-bearers in the cause of temperance. The regular weekly meetings of the sodality, held in the church on Monday evenings, have grown to be occasions of interest and edification to many older members of the parish. It is not to be wondered at then that South Troy was bright with Greek fire and that the coming of the procession was everywhere heralded by showers of rockets and Roman candles. Prizes had been offered to the company that did the best marching, the best cheering, and that had in line the largest percentage of its members. A boy can cheer well at any time; when three hundred boys have, as an incentive to extraordinary effort, a prize in view, cheering becomes a matter of business as well as of pleasure. The judges upon this point had a most difficult task to perform. The line of march extended from Adams Street on the north to Main on the south, and few of the streets between these were slighted. Houses were illuminated and bonfires blazed at every corner. St. Joseph's church bell rang while the line was passing. It was a night of triumph for the boys in every respect. If they had a regret it must have been that the end came too soon. Shortly after 9 o'clock the torches were extinguished, the notes of the fifes and drums ceased, and the brightest and liveliest procession of the season was over. The boys were dismissed on Third Street by their director, Rev. Father Quin, S. J., who accompanied them over the entire line of march. The pleasure of a demonstration like this is by no means confined to those who participate in it, and this fact was well attested by the crowds of spectators that waited on every street the approach of the long line of youthful torch-bearers. May their light continue to shine, a beacon to young and old. The sodality is in prosperous condition, with a constantly increasing membership. Success has attended all its efforts in the past, and the harmony and earnest endeavor that prevail in its ranks make bright the shadow of its future.

Worcester, College of the Holy Cross.—The Golden Jubilee which we celebrated on the 9th ult. was an eminent success. The festivities were begun with a solemn pontifical Mass at half past nine o'clock. Besides the prelate who officiated as celebrant and the Rt. Rev. Bishop who delivered the Jubilee sermon, there were two other bishops together with about fifty priests and a congregation of nearly three hundred. A superb throne had been erected on the gospel side of the sanctuary, and the altar had been decorated very tastily with rich plants and myriad lights in arch and pyramid. The altar railing had been removed the day before to afford greater room for the unusual ceremonies. Bishop Bradley chose from the eighty-sixth psalm the appropriate text: "I thought of the days of old and I meditated with my own heart," which he supplemented as appropriately with the words from St. Paul to the Philippians; "And I rejoiced in the Lord exceedingly." The burden of his sermon, replete with ringing words of wisdom, was that the education which the student receives at Holy Cross had for its object the harmonious development of the whole man; moral, intellectual, and physical; an education consequently calculated to fit him for citizenship in heaven, and because for citizenship in heaven, consequently for citizenship in the republic. The music of the Mass was rendered by the college choir of twenty voices. The boys' study-hall, which had been converted into a banquet room, was gorgeously decorated. The stage at the eastern end was devoted to the orchestra and was tastily set with fragrant flowers and garlands. Every door and window and pillar was hung with bunting of nicely blending colors in graceful waves and folds and every table laden with bouquets of chrysanthemum in crystal vases. After all the courses had been served Rev. Fr. Rector introduced Judge Fallon of Boston as toast-master of the evening. The first speaker whom the judge introduced was his Grace Archbishop Williams. He was received with great applause. He said that he was not an alumnus because the college was built three days too late for him and after he had begun his journey to Montreal. He spoke very laudably of Bishop Fenwick and told many anecdotes of his own early life when he was a protégé of the bishop. In conclusion, after congratulating Holy Cross College on its splendid work in the past, he said that he was happy to be able to say that the love and esteem which his venerable predecessor always entertained for the Society was shared in by himself, and he wished it to be distinctly understood that the Jesuits in his archdiocese had no better friend or truer admirer than the present successor of the illustrious Fenwick. Bishop Beavan arose next in response to the toast "Our Bishops" and he was followed by Mayor Marsh of Worcester. The mayor spoke flatteringly of the good that the Holy Cross graduates had done for the city. He said also, that, among the many institutions of learning with which Worcester was surrounded, in the College of the Holy Cross especially the city felt a just pride. It may be interesting to hear that the good fellow was severely rebuked in a daily paper issued not long after the celebration, under the auspices, it is supposed, of the A. P. A's, for

his criminal subservience to the interests of a detested religion and a still more detested institution! But the "Worcester Gazette" generously took up the cudgel in his defence and used it most unsparingly, and, it is to be hoped, with salutary effect. The subsequent toasts came in the following order: Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, Judge John W. Corcoran, Rev. J. Havens Richards, responding to the toasts of "The Society of Jesus," "The State," and "Our Alma Mater's Alma Mater" respectively; while Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D. spoke eloquently for "Our Alumni;" Dr. Walker J. Corcoran for "The Medical Profession;" Rev. John J. McCoy for "Our Students;" and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Michaud for "Our Holy Father."—In the night there was a display of fireworks, and the illumination of the entire building terminated the festivities of our Golden Jubilee.

The boys of the college had a sumptuous banquet spread for them at twelve o'clock for which a *menu* in Latin had been prepared. And in the night, after the study-hall had been cleared, they gave a literary entertainment where the literary work was pleasantly diversified by ringing choruses and stirring selections by the college orchestra. One other circumstance is well worth mentioning in connection with the celebration, although it did not act as a potent factor in the day's festivities. Among the many visitors and alumni there were about five who had witnessed the first struggles of the college for existence away back in the forties, and more than one of them witnessed the laying of the corner-stone on June 2, 1843 when the staff of officers in the nascent college consisted of only six Jesuits and three of these lay brothers. One old gentleman, who signed his name in the register at the door, wrote down under his signature that the first occasion of his visiting St. James' Hill was in '43 when the corner-stone was laid, and the second time this very 9th day of November, 1893.

Only a few changes have taken place during the past months of this new year and they have been in matters where a change had in years past been contemplated or actually inaugurated. The boilers are no longer in operation in the cellar of the house, but are lodged in a spacious brick structure at the foot of the second terrace between the wash-house and the college, and thence the steam is conducted through a twelve-inch pipe to the centre of the college building where it is distributed throughout the different floors and rooms. Various apparatus have been provided in each corridor and dormitory for preservation against the ravages of fire. Immense hose, and great axes, and spacious buckets greet one at every turn, and as the pressure is heavy enough to throw a jet of water from the terrace clear over the building, we are confident that fire will not make much headway before our own brigade is re-inforced by the city fire departments. The skating pond will this year be located on the terrace where the lawn tennis in summer reigns supreme.—*From Mr. Ambrose O'Connell.*

Zambesi.—We have received the following letter from Father Daignault, the late superior of this mission and now its procurator. He is at present in this country seeking aid and men for his mission.

Father G. Sidgraves writes from London, July 13. "Rev. Fr. Colly is expected back from S. Africa in two or three days. The fever seems interminable. A letter of Rev. Fr. Kerr of May 15 says, "All are well;" another of May 20 says, "All are down like nine-pins." Rev. Fr. Kerr fears lest Fr. Barthilimy be not able to stop in the interior for another wet season. He will be a great loss up there, as he was a great favorite with everybody and has done much good work. Even the Protestant ministers are loud in his praises. Rev. Fr. Kerr is in good spirits; he has a fine site, a mile from the centre of Salisbury, for the new house. Others are jealous, but Ours are in favor with the ruling powers."

Fr. A. Hartmann has gone to Capetown to print his grammar and dictionary of the Mashona language. The Beira railway across the Portuguese territory is now open and new-comers to our mission won't have to "trek" for months before reaching the mission. We shall be able to go by sea all the way to Beira, transfer there on small boats going up the Pungue River and then take the railway across the fever belt to Massi Kassi. The railway is to be made right up to Salisbury and surveyors are already at work to find the best road. The telegraph reaches Salisbury and a message can be sent from here to our fathers in about five hours. There is a regular weekly mail, carried part of the way by running oxen with relays every two hours and letters take now only two months to come to America. Formerly they would have remained on the road for some six or eight months. So you see that even in Africa things are going ahead. The country is opening and had we men and means many missions could be opened at once. The Protestant missionaries are coming in fast and getting hold of the place. Pray for us.

With kind regards and best wishes, I remain,

Ræ. Væ. servus in Xto.,

A. M. DAIGNAULT.

Since the above was written we have seen Fr. Daignault, who has kindly furnished us with the following items: Fr. Colly has arrived in England and has been appointed prefect of studies at Stonyhurst. Fr. John Ryan has replaced him and is at St. Aidans, Grahamstown. Fr. Hartmann has finished and published his grammar and dictionary of the Mashona language, and is now with the troops waging war against Lobengula. This war will not affect our missionaries unless Lobengula should succeed, then we will be driven out and Ours may be put to death; at present we are distant from the seat of war.

Home News.—On Nov. 16, Very Rev. William Pardow was appointed Provincial, on Nov. 27, Rev. William F. Clarke, Socius, and on Nov. 29, Rev. Joseph M. Jerge, Rector of Woodstock College. Fr. John Chester has been

appointed Procurator of the Province, and Fr. Boursaud replaces Fr. Fagan who has been assigned to teach the juniors.

Our Vacations.—The change of villa from St. Inigo's to Chapel Point was merely temporary. The sad accident at St. Inigo's made a change imperative; for after a space of one short year it would have subjected to a fearful strain the minds of those whose memories were so vivid with the scenes of that fateful night. This move necessitated the separation of theologians and philosophers. Fusion at villa is now a fact to be remembered, never, again to be realized. The philosophers spent their vacation at Georgetown College. Even though possessed with historic traditions and silvan walks and within easy reach of all the attractions afforded by the "city of beautiful distances," Georgetown cannot equal Chapel Point as a villa. True, St. Ignatius "loved the cities best." He thought of saving souls, not of the recreating of tired eyes and weary-minded scholastics. And compared to St. Inigo's whither the theologians returned this year Georgetown is far and away behind, since St. Inigo's is superior to Chapel Point. The greatest feature about Chapel Point was the novelty of the change. Its surroundings, land and water, are not so picturesque. Yes, the rooms were an attraction; but all had not eligible rooms, in fact Mrs. Malaprop would certainly call them "illegible." Bnt, by the way, Chapel Point has been sold, so there's an end to all controversy on the relative merits between it and St. Inigo's.

If an old-timer were to revisit St. Inigo's he would hardly recognize the place. The external barn-like appearance has disappeared. It shines like enamel in its new dress of paint, while two ample verandas outside the first and second floors run from the south-east along the south side around to the north-east corner, thus giving the old place the tone of a family hotel. When the contemplated wing is realized with its recreation-hall and rooms the internal arrangements will be complete. The old top dormitory has been changed into chapels. Imagine a rectangular room with walls and ceiling of narrow Georgia pine, latticed doors on both sides for ventilation and you have the domestic chapel. A door on the gospel side leads into the sacristy under the southern gable. On either side of the sacristy are two small chapels. This change into chapels is a fitting one, indeed, of a place where three scholastics met their sudden, but not unprovided death.—Fr. Colgan, who was our superior a greater part of the time, by his wonted kindness and generosity made our vacations so very enjoyable that we would have wished the time did not pass so rapidly.

The philosophers, as was said, spent their villa at Georgetown under the care of Fr. Harlin, who did all in his power to make the days of recreation as pleasant as possible. Among the most enjoyable days two deserve especial mention. On one a trip was made by stage-coach to the Great Falls of the Potomac, on the other by steamer, chartered for the day, far down the river below Mt. Vernon. The boating and bathing proved greater attractions than last year and many an afternoon was spent on the river. The philosophers

deemed themselves fortunate in being present at the celebration of Fr. Ward's jubilee, as many of them were his novices a few years ago at Frederick. Fr. Wm. Carroll endeared himself to all by his holy patience and unfailing good humor and all were eager to pass a pleasant hour in his company.

Faculty Notes.—The following changes have been made in the faculty: Fr. Walker is procurator; Fr. James Smith teaches the short course, *De Gratia;* Fr. O'Connell, Sacred Scripture and Hebrew; Fr. Barrett, Metaphysics; Fr. P. Casey, Logic; Fr. J. Brosnan, Chemistry, Mathematics, Astronomy and Geology; Fr. Mulry, Physics and Mathematics; Fr. Flynn, librarian.—During the first two months of class the above status has been changed as follows: Fr. Sabetti is prefect of studies; Fr. P. Casey teaches evening dogma, *De Re Sacramentaria;* Fr. Brett, morning dogma, *De Gratia;* Fr. L. Kavanagh, Logic; Fr. Freeman, Physics; Fr. Kayser, both classes of Mathematics. Fr. Sabetti is explaining the first volume of his Moral and Fr. O'Connell, the "General Introduction" to Scripture. Fr. Walker is pastor of Woodstock and Fr. Flynn attends the mission of Alberton.—On Aug. 29, 30 and 31, Mr. Eliseus Villota was ordained sub-deacon, deacon and priest respectively by Bishop Curtis in St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore. Fr. Rector and Fr. Sabetti assisted at the ordination.

Woodstock Academy for the Study of the "Ratio."—An academy under the above title has been inaugurated at Woodstock with the object of adding to the knowledge of our methods of teaching. The means adopted will consist of papers on general subjects connected with the "Ratio" directly or with pedagogics, illustrated by other essays rather intended to exemplify the rules and the various class exercises prescribed, special emphasis being laid on a commentary and discussion on the rules themselves taken in order. The officers elected on Oct. 13 were Messrs. A. J. Elder Mullan (President), Henry Maring (Vice-President), and Charles B. Moulinier, executive committee and Mr. James F. Dawson, Secretary. It is earnestly requested that communication be made to the Academy of the titles and places of publication of time schedules, special rules, lists of text-books, provincial regulations and, in fine, of all such flying sheets, articles, pamphlets and books as may in any way tend to throw light on the "Ratio Studiorum," whether in itself or in its practical application in our colleges, past and present, of the provinces in this and in foreign countries. Information of this kind will be very gratefully received by the Editor of the LETTERS or by any of the above-named officers.

Improvements.—For something more than two months decorators have been at work on the walls and ceiling of the domestic chapel. While making no important changes in the familiar outlines of the chapel, they have succeeded in giving it an air of fuller brightness and sunshine it did not possess before. The predominant colors are gold and shades of blue, green and olive, so faint as to be scarcely discernible from white. The organ has been repaired and moved backward two feet and on the north or gospel side wall are four gilt

frames which will soon contain two oil paintings and two statues. During summer vacation the refectory had been renovated after the same general plan. Nine large oil paintings now adorn the walls in the neighborhood of the fathers' table, and between the windows. The progress of improvements about the grounds, under the able direction and according to the artistic taste of Fr. Sabetti, continue as steady as heretofore. The wooden structure, in which the theologians used to recreate in summer, has entirely disappeared to make way for two imposing look-outs, that are suggestive of a castle, a light-house or a band-stand. The pavilion of the philosophers has undergone extensive repairs and is now furnished with a smooth pavement of cement. The slope to the west of the college, where the barn once stood, has been completely transformed. Several new paths have been laid between the house and the hand-ball alleys and this whole section has been beautifully terraced. Tennis on the front lawn is a thing of the past; as ample accommodations have been made on a plateau near the new hand-ball alley.

Fr. Daignault, the Procurator of the Zambesi Mission, spent a few days with us lately and entertained us for an hour with a description of the apostolic work our fathers are doing among the tribes of South Africa. His remarks were very instructive and at the same time filled all his listeners with new admiration for the labors and trials undergone in those distant parts of the Lord's vineyard.

Autumn Disputations.—Dec. 1 and 2, 1893. *Ex Tractatu de Gratia Christi*, Fr. Malzieu, defender; Frs. Trivelli and McLoughlin, objectors. *Ex Tractatu de Sacramentis*, Fr. Brounts, defender; Frs. Forstall and Cunningham, objectors. *Ex Sacra Scriptura*, "De Authentia Vulgatæ," by Fr. Guerrero. *Ex Ethica*, Mr. Corbett, defender; Messrs. McDonnell and Rousseau, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. O'Lalor, defender; Messrs. Kelly and Becker, objectors. *Mechanics*, "Friction," Mr. Donlon, lecturer; Mr. Dinand, assistant.

A Reception to Cardinal Gibbons in honor of his Silver Jubilee.—His Eminence had early in November kindly consented to be our guest on Monday, December 4. With Rev. Father Rector for escort he arrived at the college the evening before and said Mass next morning, at which all assisted and received holy Communion. At ten o'clock the community assembled in the library, which had been in the meantime tastefully arranged to represent a drawing-room. Japanese screens, rugs and potted plants lent the event all the characteristics of an unpretentious family function and inspired, no doubt, many of the happy allusions contained in the opening welcome of Rev. Father Rector and in the closing remarks of his Eminence, the Cardinal. As the Cardinal and Rev. Father Rector entered the library, the choir rendered with much feeling and artistic ability Gounod's impressive Processional. When all were seated Rev. Father Rector arose and in a few well-chosen words thanked our guest for this latest mark of his affection and with much unction voiced the sentiments that were uppermost in everybody's heart. The programme will give an idea of the details that followed.

Programme.

"Ecce Sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo et inventus est justus."—*Eccles. xliv. 17.*

Part First.

Processional: *Ecce Sacerdos magnus — Gounod.* . . . . . Choir

Greeting . . . . . Mr. Thomas Becker

Latin Ode: *Auspice Maria* . . . . . Mr. William Ennis

English Address: *Tu es Sacerdos in æternum.—Ps. cix.* Mr. Thomas Brown

French Poem: *Pontifex, id est, Sacerdos maximus inter fratres. —Lev. xxi. 10.* Rev. Francis Roy

Spanish Poem: *Quare ergo rubrum est vestimentum tuum.— Is. lxiii. 2.* Mr. Modesto Izaguirre

Solo: *The Evening Hour.— Dudley Buck* . . Mr. Patrick Casey

AVSPICE · MARIA
EMI · IACOBI · CARDINALIS · GIBBONS
QVINTVM · ABHINC · LVSTRVM
TEMPORA · PONTIFICALI · CINGVNTVR · MITRA
AMERICAE · GENTES · VNIVERSAE
CERTATIM · ADVOLANT · GESTIENTES · GRATVLANTVR
FIT · EVROPA · TANTI · GAVDII · PARTICEPS
EIA · SODALES · WOODSTOCKIANI · PROPERATE
VESTRA · REFERRE · VOTA
HVMANISSIMO · HOSPITI
PVRPVRATO · BALTIMORENSIVM · ANTISTITI
CONSILIARIO · PACIS · PRINCIPI
PATRONO · EXIMIO
FAVSTVM · FELICEM · QVE · *ΙΩΒΙΛΑΙΟΝ*
ADPRECANTES

"Quia cum jubilæi venerit dies, sanctificatus erit Domino."
Lev. xxviii. 21.

Part Second.

Greek Poem: *Ὁ Ἄναξ Ἀνδρῶν* . . . . . Rev. Amable Buendia

English Poem: *Princeps Pacis. — Is. ix. 6.* . . . . Mr. Owen Hill

German Poem: *Consiliarius. — Is. ix. 6.* . . . Mr. Albert Ulrich

Italian Poem: *Consecrator manuum.—Exod. xxviii. 41.*
Rev. Albert Trivelli

Jubilæus . . . . . Mr. Albert Brown

Chorus: *Lead, Kindly Light.*—CARDINAL NEWMAN.
Dudley Buck. Choir

SACERDOS · ET · PONTIFEX
ET · VIRTVTVM
OPIFEX
PASTOR · BONVS
IN · POPVLO

About the several efforts, suffice it to say that they were becomingly short, eminently tasteful and evoked much applause. The music was of a particularly high order. But the most entertaining treat of all came in the shape of a speech from his Eminence, the Cardinal. When the last number on the programme had been rendered, he arose and for ten minutes discoursed most beautifully. His theme was the dignity of the priesthood and the conspicuous position occupied by Jesuits in the pages of the Catholic history of the United States. Every word uttered was listened to with wrapt attention and duly appreciated. Indeed had he not mercifully introduced into his remarks a humorous vein of anecdote, that served to somewhat divert our minds, humility would have, perhaps, taken harm. Dinner closed the day's festivities and that evening with emotions of filial thankfulness and with a secret longing for his return in June, we bade farewell to our illustrious guest.

We have reeeived, too late to be noticed in their proper place, from Father A. Vivier, socius of the provincial of France, two copies of volume 1 of the "Catalogi Provinciæ Galliæ, 1819 to 1836." This first volume contains the catalogues from 1819 to 1827; they have never before been published. What adds much to its value is that it contains notes drawn from the archives of the province on the history of the different houses. Father Vivier hopes to publish the second volume during the next summer. It is hardly necessary to add that these catalogues are exclusively for the use of Ours.

OFFICE OF THE LETTERS.

This number having been delayed by various circumstances and the great amount of matter, is issued only in time for the holidays. With it we wish all our readers a holy, happy Christmas and a joyous New Year! It is the largest number we have ever issued. Our next number will be issued towards the end of March.

We once again beg our foreign readers to forward us a copy of the annual catalogue of their province, if they wish us to continue sending them the LETTERS. To those who do not send us their province catalogue, or notify us in some other way that they receive the LETTERS, the next number will not be sent.

Father Frisbee, though he has been transferred to Georgetown to be spiritual father, has still charge of the LETTERS. He is assisted by Mr. James A. Gillespie. The business manager is Mr. Bernard Keany. Communications for the LETTERS should be sent to Father Frisbee at Georgetown College, West Washington, D. C.

SUPPLEMENT

Jamaica and Honduras.

TWO FOREIGN MISSIONS FOR OUR AMERICAN PROVINCES.

THE MISSION OF JAMAICA.

Many of our readers are aware that there has been question for some time of adding a foreign mission to the province of Maryland–New York. Very Rev. Father General has just settled the matter, and, on November 1 of this year the decree was issued at Fiesole, transferring the mission of Jamaica from the English Province to that of Maryland-New York.

The following statistics from the official publication of the Propaganda will give our readers some idea of the work entrusted to us :—

Out of a population of 620,000 there are 12,500 Catholics. These are under the jurisdiction of a bishop belonging to the Society who has his residence at Kingston.

There are twenty-four missionary stations with 15 chapels which are attended by nine of our fathers and one secular priest. There is also one coadjutor brother.

There are two Catholic schools for boys with an attendance of 204, and one school for girls with 330 pupils. Besides, there are two Catholic schools for boys and girls mixed with 646 in attendance. *In all 1182 children attend school.*

There is also a college for boys with 30 pupils and an industrial school for boys numbering 24, and one for girls numbering 39.

There are two Orphan Asylums and two religious Congregations of women, viz., the Third Order of St. Francis with nineteen sisters, having their mother-house in New York, and nine Sisters of Mercy. There is also a Society composed of men, the object of which is to give christian burial to the dead.

Our Father General in transferring this mission to our province says, "This foreign mission, now entrusted to the Maryland–New York Province, will, I am sure, cause the zeal of our fathers to burn with a still more vigorous flame, for, being no longer confined to those united with them by the common ties of race, country, and education, it will stretch out to greater things beyond."

British Honduras.

At the same time that Jamaica was transferred to Maryland–New York, British Honduras was transferred to the province of Missouri. In return for these two missions, England has received the mission of Zambesi which up to the present has been independent.

The following is a synopsis of the "Missiones Catholicæ" in regard to British Honduras :—

Honduras is a Prefecture Apostolic of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The Territory of Honduras belonged to the Vicariate of Jamaica, but by a decree of May 16, 1888, it was separated and raised to a Prefecture Apostolic.

It is bounded on the north by the River Hondo, on the south by the River Sarston, on the east by the Bay of Honduras and on the west by a line which extends from Cataracta, Gracias a Dios, near Garbutts' Fall, to Chichanka.

Out of a population of 27,000, there are 19,000 Catholics who are under the jurisdiction of a Prefect Apostolic, R. P. Salvator Di Pietro, S. J., who resides at Belize.

Nine churches and thirty-two chapels are attached to the five missionary stations with residences, namely, Belize, Corozal, Orange Walk, Stann Creek, Punta Gorda, and the forty-two stations without residences, all of which are attended to by thirteen of our fathers, assisted by three coadjutor brothers.

There are twenty-six Catholic elementary schools, of which thirteen are for boys numbering 500, and as many for girls numbering 420. Of the two higher schools at Belize, one is for boys numbering 35, the other for girls numbering 75.

There are ten Sisters of the Order of Mercy. Besides, in all the stations having residences, there are sodalities of the Most Holy Rosary, of St. Aloysius, of the Children of Mary, a Catholic Society and the Apostleship of Prayer.

Monsignor Satolli Praises Catholic Schools.

HIS VISIT TO GONZAGA COLLEGE.

The importance of the following address of the papal ablegate, on the occasion of his visit to Gonzaga College on Thanksgiving day, has induced us to put it at once before our readers as a supplement, rather than to keep it till our next number. It is the first time his Grace has spoken so plainly, and, it is all the more marked, as it occurred on the occasion of his visit to our college and parish at Washington into the limits of which he has recently moved. The account is taken from the Evening Star *of Washington, Nov. 30, 1893.*

Monsignor Satolli, the papal delegate to the United States, is in favor of Catholic schools. For a long time, in fact, since he came to America, it has been charged that he was unfavorable to Catholic schools. This afternoon at the reception tendered him by the faculty and students of Gonzaga College he stated his position plainly on this subject. His remarks were in Italian, but the following is an epitome of his remarks as furnished by his secretary, Dr. Papi:

"All America gives thanks to-day to the Almighty God, whose kind Providence continues to spread its benefits on this glorious republic. As all power comes from God, so must we acknowledge as coming from God prosperity, fruit of peace and victory, fruit of duty performed. Now, this is the reason why holy Scripture calls God sometimes the God of hosts, sometimes the God of peace and charity. The kingdom of Christ on earth is the greatest manifestation of Divine Providence, and therefore the tribute of gratitude, when offered in the name of Christ, is more acceptable to the Almighty Father, and the prayer offered in Christ's name is more efficacious to obtain ever increasing benefits for a more and more prosperous future. And really we Catholics should be the first both to recognize the benefits of God and to thank Him for them. Since Catholics should be the most faithful and constant followers of religious and social virtues, so as to be living examples to all who do not share in their faith, they have indeed good reason to be proud and to think themselves privileged to conform on this day to the President's solemn invitation and to thank God for protecting and speeding the American republic.

PRAY FOR THE REPUBLIC'S PROSPERITY.

"The teachings of St. Paul to the Romans, and the teachings handed down by the early Fathers of the Church to the faithful, namely, that they should pray constantly for the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth, are the same teachings which the Catholic Church (faithful guardian of the ancient traditions) repeats to-day and insists on being observed by her children. Moreover, we have the important duty as citizens of this republic to show by the sincerity of our actions that we are worthy of enjoying the freedom and prosperity of this noble land. And for this reason you, pupils of the Gonzaga College, could not have selected a better day for a reception to the apostolic delegate than this Thanksgiving day, devoted to a social recognition of God. Among the Jews and Romans and Greeks no feast was celebrated without the cheerful participation of the young. The joy which radiates from the souls of youth on festival days, and likewise the grief which they show in the days of mourning, naturally create the same sentiments among the masses of the people, and seem to be a more pleasing offering to the heavenly throne, and to bring thence down on earth the graces and favors of God.

"In the days of Augustus, the poet Horace composed a hymn, 'Carmen Seculare,' to be sung by the boys and matrons in the streets of Rome, and that is one of the noblest productions of the Muse of Latium. And your present celebration and songs rise above all other voices, which from every part of the country are directed to heaven in thanksgiving for the past, in prayer for the future.

VALUE OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

"We may be sure of this, that all the Americans (of whatever Church they may be members, even if of none) recognize the value of the Catholic school; they are interested in it; they honor it; they wish it to continue and progress; they have learned by experience that citizens educated in those schools do not fall short in knowledge and in love of the American Constitution; that they do not lag behind the most progressive of the American people; that they are endowed with steadiness of character, with constancy of right purpose; that they are just, active, charitable, and generous unto sacrifice.

"Such then is the magnificent spectacle presented to America by the Catholic schools, not unlike the spectacle given by the first Christians to the whole world in the early centuries of the Church. In those days it looked as if pagans and philosophers might despise the faith, and calumniate the customs and religion of the Christians, but in reality they could

not conceal very long their true judgment, nor hide their astonishment at the spectacle of the social and religious virtues preached by Christians. How advantageous it would have been for the public welfare if they had favored the new religion instead of persecuting it ; and if they had recognized and fostered harmony between Christian truth and morality on one hand, on the other hand the spirit of social and public life ! It was impossible at the time to bring about this harmony, because the civil constitution was imbued with errors and superstitions and because it was believed, with no good reason, that ruin of the state would follow inevitably the disappearance of those superstitions. But thanks to God, and glory to the men who inspired the American Constitution, such a state of things as obtained in Rome is not possible here.

FAVORABLE TO THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

"And I will say that whoever seriously meditates on the principles of the American Constitution, whoever is acquainted with the present conditions of the American republic, should be persuaded and agree with us that the action of the Catholic faith and morality is favorable in every way to the direction in which the Constitution turns. For the more the public opinion and the government will favor the Catholic schools, more and more will the welfare of the commonwealth be advanced. The Catholic education is the surest safeguard of the permanence throughout the centuries of the Constitution, and the best guide of the republic in civil progress. From this source the Constitution will gather that assimilation so necessary for the perfect organization of that great progressive body which is the American republic.

"That is the sincere expression of my conviction, and so to speak, the profession of my faith in this matter. Up to the present it has been inexplicable to me, and never perhaps shall I find out, what was the origin of the suspicion that my views were not favorable to Catholic schools. Those who, at first, or ever after, have attributed to me such an absurd opinion ought to point to some word or action of mine to justify themselves. Had I spoken differently I should be unfaithful to my mission, ungrateful to the generous hospitality which I have enjoyed and am enjoying in America ; and, moreover, I should have given the lie to my first and unchangeable convictions. Every Catholic school is a safe guardian of youth, and it is at the same time for the American youth a place of training, where they are brought up for the advantage of Church and country.

BECOME NOBLE CITIZENS.

"Grant, heaven, that the Catholic schools may continue, increase in number, grow stronger, reach the highest perfection, endowed with the blessings of God, commanded by the authority of the Church, and the holy Father, honored and appreciated by every honest citizen, from the illustrious President down to the most humble workman. Those only are against them who do not know them, or who are not animated by the spirit of the Church, and are wanting the sentiments of true liberty. This college of St. Aloysius well deserves to be situated in the seat of the federal government, and we may say to rest under the shadow of the Capitol. Young men, you have before you the great and noble array of those who have gone before you, and who are to-day able and honored citizens. Follow, then, their example; devote yourselves, mind and heart, to the lessons that are here imparted to you, and you will certainly become the new generation of Aloysian alumni, a band of noble and honorable citizens. May, then, heaven bless you, and I, as the humble representative of the holy Father, bless you with all my heart."

"A PRINCE OF ROME IN AMERICA."

Monsignor Satolli during the month of November left the Catholic University and moved into a house which has been purchased for him in Washington. This house is in St. Aloysius' parish, so that the Monsignor becomes a member of our parish. The "Illustrated American," a non-Catholic journal, publishes an article entitled "A Prince of Rome in America," with illustrations of the house and the different rooms of the Apostolic Delegate. At the same time this journal defends Archbishop Satolli from the attacks of Bishop Coxe, a Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, well known for his hostility to the Church. We think it worth while to reprint a few lines from this article, which is all the more valuable as coming from a non-Catholic source.

Despite the terrible warning given to Monsignor Satolli by a Protestant bishop, there has as yet been no considerable popular demonstration against the Papal Ablegate to the United States. Nor has there been given any signal evidence of a wide-spread alarm among the American people regarding the encroachments upon their constitutional rights by the Jesuits.

It will strike the average citizen of the republic as rather presumptuous for A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western

New York, to say to the distinguished ambassador of the Vatican: "During the past twelve months you have continued to place yourself before the American people in a manner alike aggressive and offensive—offensive not only to the Protestant convictions of our people, but to the honest citizenship of many who profess the Roman religion."

The question at once suggests itself to every equanimous student of the subject: Who is Bishop Coxe, or, rather, what is he, that he should take upon himself to predicate it as the sentiment of the American people that Monsignor Satolli has been conducting himself "in a manner alike aggressive and offensive?"

Even were Bishop Coxe justified in presuming to address himself to the Ablegate on behalf of the citizens of the United States, he has no right, in reason or seemliness, to employ terms of such obvious discourtesy. And as for his observation to Monsignor Satolli, that "you are evidently as ignorant of our institutions as you are of our language"—it is difficult to comment on its impertinence in terms of becoming patience. Suffice to say that Bishop Coxe is himself sadly ignorant of the attainments and erudition of men who rise in the Catholic Church to the rank achieved by the present papal ambassador to the United States.

In his animadversions upon the religious order of which Monsignor Satolli is assumed to be a member, the Protestant Bishop displays not only a most unchristian-like temper, but, what is of more importance, genuine ignorance of the actual tendencies of that body. He does not scruple to call it "that corrupt society," and to proclaim himself its antagonist. "So are thousands of professed Roman Catholics," adds Bishop Coxe, again taking it upon himself to indulge in audacious generalizations, he trusts that "many of them will aid me to awaken my countrymen to the fact that it is a band of secret conspirators against all liberty and all laws. I shall prove that it is the duty of all free people to limit and control, if not to banish the Jesuits from their coasts."

There is such a touch of mediæval forensics in this utterance, such an air of old tragedy, that it would smack of the humorous, coming as it does in these piping times of peace from an ecclesiastic of Western New York, were it not that it is outrageously unjust to a body of men whose works, so far as they have had a part in American history and affairs, are entitled to the commendation of every good man, be he Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan. The perils and privations undergone by men like Fathers Martinez, Rogers, Baptist, Marquette, Breboeuf, and Lalemant, are not to be contemned by moderns because Bishop Coxe decrees the order to which they belonged a "corrupt society." It is not a hopeless organization that gives to the service of religion and civilization such men as Father Jogues, of whom Bancroft wrote: "Roaming

through the stately forests he wrote the name of Jesus on the barks of the trees, graved the cross and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God, often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banners and the faith to the confines of Albany."

It is really idle, though, to discuss at any length Bishop Coxe's tirade against the Jesuits. In these days men are judged by their deeds, not by their motives. If the Jesuits occupy themselves with works of charity and civilization, it is of little concern to mankind that they are prompted thereto by a desire to enhance the glory and power of the Mother Church. And so it is not likely that the Bishop of Western New York will succeed in his frenzied determination to awaken the nation "to the fact that it [the order of Jesuits] is a band of secret conspirators against all liberty and all laws" and that "it is the duty of all free people to . . . banish the Jesuits from their coasts."

Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Maryland. Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1ª Jul. 1892 ad diem 1ᵐ Jul. 1893

DOMICILIA	Baptizati	Hæret. Convers.	Confess. partic.	Confess. gen.	Commun. extra T.	Commun. in T.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revalid.	Extrem. Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1ᵐ Com.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Festus SS. Cordis	Exerc. Spir. Sacerd.	Exerc. Spir. Relig.	Exerc. Spir. Stud.	Exerc. Spir. priv.	Mission. (quot hebd.)	Novenæ	Tridua	Visit. Hospit.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puell. in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.
BALTIMORE	39	30	75739	1873	6078	36190	41	4	26	426	87	135	23	354	1500	...	7	6	...	1	...	5	789	375	1170	2	1200	200	250	450
BOHEMIA	11	3	1900	70	20	480	3	1	12	55	35	.....	.....	110	.....	...	.....	...	...	.....	...	...	.....	.....	23	1	130	.....	.....	35
BOSTON COLLEGE	25	35	107724	2469	40000	90000	4	.....	566	419	251	327	109	455	11380	2	6	3	...	.....	5	4	1003	.....	690	5	1620	.....	.....	1650
" St. Mary's	190	21	67424	9660	4423	60000	75	.....	224	100	150	132	26	600	6000	...	4	...	...	1	1	...	116	48	48	6	2745	500	525	1100
" Holy Trinity	278	2	22364	322	140	21550	80	.....	54	590	61	132	.....	84	.....	...	.....	1	...	.....	...	3	30	.....	517	4	1805	200	260	400
CONEWAGO	101	1	24128	81	696	29240	24	2	36	370	.....	.....	.....	229	600	...	2	...	...	.....	3	...	.....	.....	288	6	1300	220	200	.....
FORDHAM	32	1	12255	243	4026	3500	2	.....	40	100	28	.....	27	105	200	3	5	...	2	.....	...	5	43	.....	88	3	153	.....	.....	.....
FREDERICK	111	22	20040	753	1407	14234	18	3	75	359	34	.....	6	332	1170	...	5	...	...	6	...	2	45	51	757	4	543	79	46	414
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE	4	2	12491	384	17968	4914	.....	.....	12	259	23	12	75	154	230	...	7	1	3	.....	...	6	330	.....	5	2	127	.....	.....	.....
" Holy Trinity	190	4	2100	50	58	13142	21	.....	67	150	175	.....	.....	250	500	...	.....	...	...	.....	...	...	.....	.....	120	4	500	100	150	652
JERSEY CITY	290	22	51030	1065	4880	36643	76	4	140	522	165	199	16	300	6000	...	2	...	...	2	3	3	4	3	1539	6	1357	420	436	785
LEONARDTOWN	317	4	13858	528	570	9059	53	3	83	179	227	.....	.....	154	710	...	.....	...	...	.....	...	...	35	8	70	4	135	.....	.....	367
MANRESA	.....	.....	350	100	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	12	.....	.....	...	.....	...	88	.....	...	...	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
MISSIONARIES	.....	152	83408	40953	.....	.....	6	42	3	51	1293	2800	.....	2888	.....	4	12	8	1	112	...	11	5	6	24	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	320	193	174000	1000	.....	191000	245	17	1916	565	262	262	331	892	1500	10	8	3	2	9	4	4	1380	434	280	4	900	500	570	800
" St. Lawrence's	253	10	49349	429	245	60000	88	7	65	207	33	3	20	138	7000	5	3	2	...	.....	...	1	27	.....	730	10	1759	250	300	350
" B.V.M. Loretto	677	1	4600	1900	.....	7000	120	.....	100	50	21	.....	26	48	.....	...	.....	3	...	.....	4	...	5	3	170	3	210	.....	.....	200
PHILADELPHIA, Gesù	155	57	117661	3948	619	108925	67	.....	315	294	142	16	.....	203	40000	...	8	...	...	.....	3	2	632	182	350	4	1005	230	264	700
" St. Joseph's	161	34	59068	3325	420	33600	42	12	198	395	123	231	17	140	8200	...	1	1	...	1	3	4	3	.....	794	4	2660	210	255	520
" Messenger Miss'ns.	1	1	865	112	800	.....	2	.....	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	146	.....	...	1	1	...	.....	...	1	1	1	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
PROVIDENCE	198	16	33832	560	484	33116	48	1	198	192	92	78	8	85	.....	...	.....	...	...	.....	4	1	.....	.....	78	4	830	210	390	370
ST. INIGO'S	19	3	1073	25	100	900	3	.....	4	15	76	.....	.....	30	300	...	.....	...	...	.....	...	...	.....	.....	50	.....	.....	30	50	.....
ST. THOMAS'S	115	3	6287	100	506	3940	14	2	65	192	40	.....	.....	151	.....	...	1	...	...	.....	...	...	.....	.....	30	2	75	.....	.....	120
TROY	243	13	43850	299	712	41250	32	.....	267	30	375	894	.....	97	7300	...	2	2	...	.....	...	...	50	.....	790	5	2820	530	632	675
WASHINGTON	247	37	52456	1280	1032	46800	52	2	395	299	175	425	.....	762	7000	...	5	1	...	1	6	5	215	10	910	5	1330	150	500	750
WHITEMARSH	70	3	1670	41	11	2975	5	1	5	60	.....	.....	.....	72	765	...	.....	...	...	.....	...	...	1	1	12	.....	.....	.....	.....	253
WOODSTOCK	31	2	9073	53	1780	1050	4	.....	28	50	35	.....	30	83	.....	...	15	4	2	.....	...	3	1	.....	56	3	290	.....	.....	104
WORCESTER	6	1	8518	144	956	8865	.....	.....	2	36	7	7	45	92	285	...	5	...	...	1	...	3	7	1	21	2	152	.....	.....	.....
SUMMA	4084	673	1056113	71767	87925	858393	1125	101	4904	5965	3910	5653	771	5320	103340	24	99	36	98	134	36	63	4722	1123	9633	93	23646	3829	4828	10695

Students in our Colleges in the U. States and Canada, 1892-'93

Place	College	Province	1892-'93									'91-'92		
			Number of students	A. M. in course	A. B. in course	College course	Grammar	Latin Rudiments	B. S.	Commercial course	Preparatory	Number of students	A. M.	A. B.
Classical Course														
New York	St. Francis Xav.*	Md. N. Y	568	10	8	86	163	173	.....	.....	146	551	19	12
Montreal, Can.	St. Mary's	Miss. of Can.	458	.....	6	143	235	80	2	.....	.....	498	13	7
Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross	Md. N. Y.	332	.....	33	198	107	27	.....	.....	.....	330	.....	29
Georgetown, D.C.	Georgét'n Univ.†	" "	282	9	17	93	113	76	.....	.....	.....	284	5	10
Baltimore, Md.	Loyola*	" "	219	.....	5	34	89	96	.....	.....	.....	203	.....	6
Omaha, Neb.	Creighton*‡	Missouri	178	.....	5	45	61	65	.....	.....	.....	252	.....	.....
Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's*	Md. N. Y.	144	.....	.....	20	90	34	.....	.....	.....	129	.....	.....
Galveston, Texas.	St. Mary's Univ.*	N. O. Miss.	127	.....	.....	37	54	.....	.....	.....	36	143	.....	.....
Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's*	Md. N. Y.	125	.....	.....	.....	95	30	.....	.....	.....	126	.....	.....
Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga	Turin	100	.....	.....	39	34	.....	.....	.....	27	84	.....	.....
Classical and Commercial														
New Orleans, La.	Immac. Conc.*	N. O. Miss.	439	8	10	74	60	.....	.....	116	181	483	9	13
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius*	Turin	430	.....	2	41	64	62	3	28	235	565	2	1
Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier*	Missouri	423	.....	20	67	127	87	.....	98	43	449	1	9
Boston, Mass.	Boston*	Md. N. Y.	386	.....	20	120	133	103	1	30	.....	340	.....	14
Chicago, Ill.	St. Ignatius*	Missouri	381	.....	6	60	135	86	.....	66	34	334	.....	7
Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius	German	343	.....	7	62	105	.....	.....	123	41	365	3	8
St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis Univ.*	Missouri	318	.....	8	86	83	47	.....	64	38	384	.....	4
Fordham, N. Y.	St. John's	Md. N. Y.	297	.....	10	80	64	153	7	.....	.....	361	2	13
Detroit, Mich.	Detroit*	Missouri	294	.....	12	65	107	79	.....	43	.....	310	6	4
Kansas	St. Mary's	"	277	.....	14	61	54	27	.....	104	16	298	.....	6
Milwaukee, Wis.	Marquette*	"	264	3	3	45	95	60	.....	64	.....	246	3	5
San José, Cal.	St. Joseph's*	Turin	210	.....	.....	.....	38	38	.....	40	94	123	.....	.....
Cleveland, O.	St. Ignatius*	German	200	.....	.....	22	55	34	.....	57	30	179	.....	.....
Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara	Turin	200	4	1	65	42	19	.....	46	24	164	4	1
Washington, D. C.	Gonzaga*	Md. N. Y.	144	.....	.....	8	27	47	.....	62	.....	120	.....	.....
Spring Hill, Ala.	Spring Hill	N. O. Miss.	140	1	10	44	33	.....	6	63	.....	169	5	12
Manitoba	St. Boniface	Miss. of Can.	112	.....	4	20	34	.....	.....	26	28	88	.....	7
Denver, Col.	Sacred Heart	Naples	109	.....	4	15	34	24	.....	.....	36	143	2	2
		Total	7500	35	285						Total	7337	74	116

* Day College. † School of Law, 227; School of Medicine, 126; School of Arts, 282; Total, 635.
‡ School of Medicine, 33 matriculates; 1 graduate (First Year).

Students in our Colleges in the U. States and Canada, Oct. 1, 1893

Place	College	Province	1893										1892		
			Number of students	Boarders	Half boarders	Day scholars	A. M. in course	College course	Grammar	Latin Rudiments	Commercial	Preparatory	Boarders	Day scholars	Number of students
Classical Course															
New York	St. Francis Xav. *	Md. N. Y.	640	.....	.....	640	.....	110	242	162	.....	126	.....	485	485
Montreal, Can.	St. Mary's	Miss. of Can.	437	155	60	222	.....	156	243	127	.....	48	163	273	436
Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross	Md. N. Y.	266	197	.....	69	.....	174	80	12	.....	.....	218	75	293
Georgetown, D.C.	Georget'n Univ.†	" "	265	205	5	55	12	92	98	63	.....	.....	176	61	237
Baltimore, Md.	Loyola *	" "	196	.....	.....	196	.....	42	154	.....	.....	.....	.....	195	195
Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's *	" "	153	.....	.....	153	.....	24	95	34	.....	.....	.....	139	139
Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's *	" "	143	.....	.....	143	.....	20	85	38	.....	.....	.....	110	110
Omaha, Neb.	Creighton *‡	Missouri	132	.....	.....	132	.....	40	92	.....	.....	.....	.....	165	165
Galveston, Texas	St. Mary's Univ. *	N. O. Miss.	92	.....	.....	92	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	143	143
Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga	Turin	78	40	.....	23	.....	28	25	15	.....	10	64	21	85
Classical and Commercial															
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius *	Turin	527	.....	.....	527	.....	39	131	52	7	298	.....	428	428
Chicago, Ill.	St. Ignatius *	Missouri	390	.....	.....	390	.....	65	156	74	62	33	.....	325	325
Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier *	"	368	.....	.....	368	.....	74	108	76	92	18	.....	392	392
Boston, Mass.	Boston *	Md. N. Y.	362	.....	.....	362	.....	135	112	97	18	.....	.....	360	360
New Orleans, La.	Immac. Conc. *	N. O. Miss.	315	.....	.....	315	8	65	61	.....	83	106	.....	403	403
Detroit, Mich.	Detroit *	Missouri	293	.....	.....	293	.....	89	163	.....	41	.....	.....	277	277
Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius	German	271	120	.....	151	.....	55	95	.....	104	17	144	182	326
St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis Univ. *	Missouri	270	.....	.....	270	.....	80	85	41	51	13	.....	331	331
Fordham, N. Y.	St. John's	Md. N. Y.	249	172	1	76	.....	75	106	67	.....	.....	188	70	255
Milwaukee, Wis.	Marquette *	Missouri	231	.....	.....	231	.....	70	110	.....	51	.....	.....	246	246
Kansas	St. Mary's	"	225	209	.....	16	.....	83	59	.....	83	.....	232	23	255
Cleveland, O.	St. Ignatius *	German	190	.....	.....	190	.....	25	46	43	44	12	.....	198	198
Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara	Turin	151	108	3	40	.....	59	38	35	7	10	126	38	164
Spring Hill, Ala.	Spring Hill	N. O. Miss.	138	138	.....	.....	.....	47	31	.....	60	.....	130	.....	130
San José, Cal.	St. Joseph's *	Turin	130	.....	.....	130	.....	1	35	22	21	51	.....	143	143
Washington, D.C.	Gonzaga *	Md. N. Y.	130	.....	.....	130	.....	.....	70	17	43	.....	.....	140	140
Denver, Col.	Sacred Heart	Naples	91	51	2	38	.....	14	24	33	4	16	70	23	93
Manitoba	St. Boniface	Miss. of Can.	76	29	.....	47	.....	16	21	.....	27	10	28	52	80
		TOTAL	6819	1424	71	5399	20					TOTAL	1539	5298	6837

* Day College. † School of Law, 218; School of Medicine, 116; School of Arts, 265; Total, 599.
‡ School of Medicine, 42.